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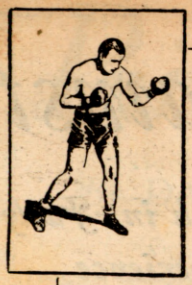

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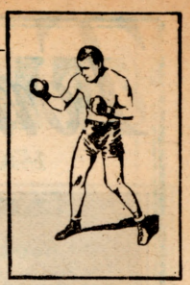

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

What part does a manager play in the development of a star fighter? How much credit does he deserve for the success of his charge? You'll find these and other interesting points answered in a timely, excellently written article, "Meet the Manager," by T. W. McNiel.

New York in "the good old days" was a picturesque fight ground. It was the stamping ground of more famed pugilists than any other part of the world. The Bowery theaters, the amusement places where Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Dixon, Walcott, McGovern, and other stars of bygone days frolicked, played a prominent part in the history of New York fisticuffs. George T. Pardy, a veteran who has seen 'em all and knows how to tell a story, takes you through those days in "When Miner's Was a Battleground."

The newspapers have carried several items recently about the physical condition of a once great gladiator, Sam Langford. The Old Tar Baby is totally blind in one eye and has almost lost the sight of his other. He was a ring marvel in the days of Johnson, Jeffries, and Fitz. Webb Kyle reviews his achievements in "The Boston Tar Baby."

Then you'll enjoy the splendid fiction of Gene D. Robinson, "Camp Calamity," the story of a fighter who overcomes the fear handicap, and a thrilling wrestling fable.

These in addition to contributions by Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Arthur T. Lumley, and A. D. Phillips and twelve pages of wrestling stories and pictures.

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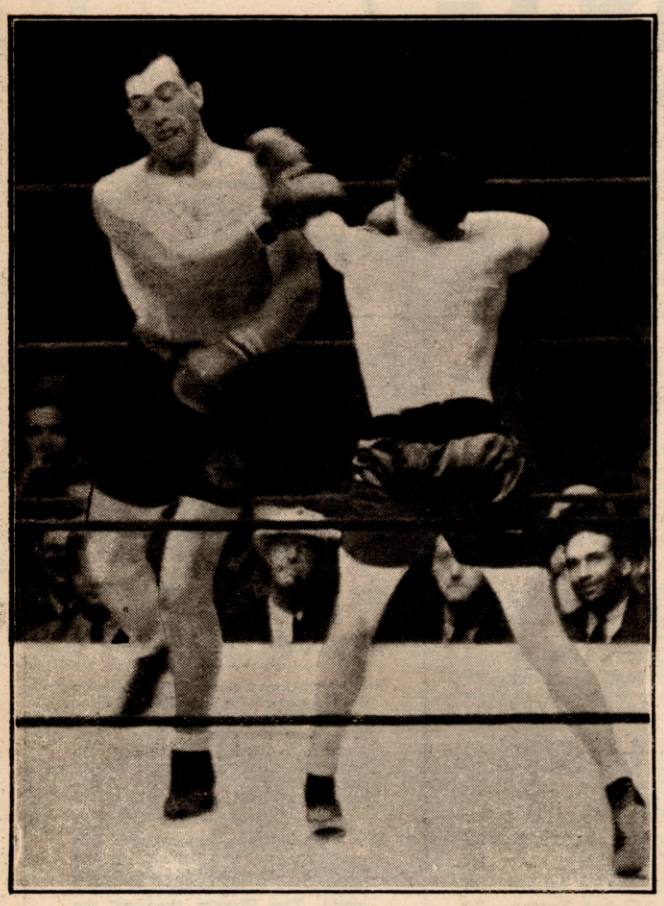
Tommy's Technique Against

Loughran's Failure to Cash in Fully on His Speed and Experience Amazed Experts



Carnera's weight against Tommy's arm almost tosses Loughran off balance as he misses a left.

THE scuffle that ensued at Miami Beach when Tommy Loughran made his bid—against Primo Carnera for the heavyweight championship of the world—demonstrated many things, quite apart from the main point that Tommy could not win against a man so big and so rough—and can't do it on any occasion, no matter what he may think about it.

One thing that was demonstrated was that a man may wait fifteen years for his chance and then help to beat himself out of the success at which he clutches by his own mistakes. Granted that Tommy couldn't win and that he did well to go fifteen rounds against the rough-house tactics of his mammoth opponent, whatever opportunity he might have had to make it close was lost by his repeated failure to keep Carnera from crowding him into a corner where he would be at the mercy of the champion.

It was in the corners, and along the ropes as he escaped from the corners, that Tommy took the most punishment and came closest to going down for the count.

This is especially interesting in view of what Loughran said about his plan of battle within a few hours of entering the ring.

"The way to fight that big fellow," Tommy said, "is to keep him in the center of the ring. This goes for anybody—but particularly for a fellow like myself, who must spot Primo eighty-six pounds. He likes to pin his opponent into a corner and belabor him with fists, forearms, and elbows and, when his opponent clinches in a desperate attempt to avoid punishment, to lean his great weight on him and wear him down.

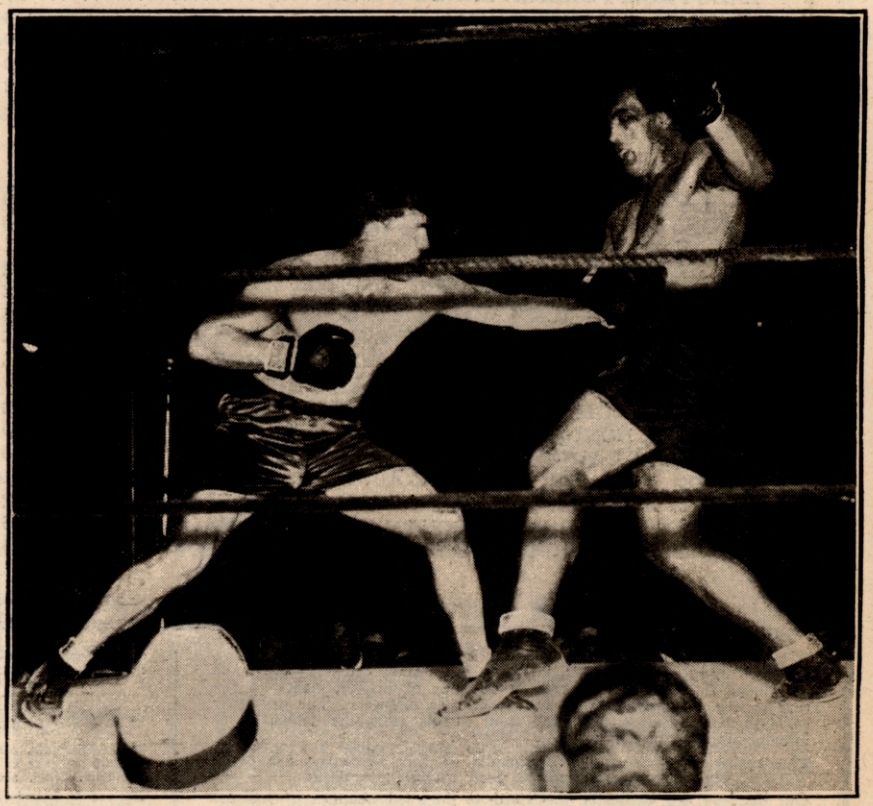
And yet, presumably with that thought in mind as he climbed through the ropes, Tommy allowed Primo to chase him into a corner time after time, to pummel him and rough him and throw his great weight on him in the clinches. This produced an exhaustion on Tommy's part that precluded a possibility of a rally in the last couple of rounds. Indeed, in the last couple of rounds, Tommy was hard put to it to keep from falling down.

* * *

THE fight began with Carnera taking the upper hand, although it rather generally was expected that Tommy, by reason of his superior boxing, would step neatly around the champion, bewilder him with a series of left jabs, tip him off balance with a right cross and, what with one thing and another, tie him up in the early rounds and then blow the fight as his strength waned.

Instead, Carnera plastered Loughran hard a couple of times in the first round, took a decided edge, and won the second round as well, thus stowing away two rounds in the "rounds won" column before Tommy could unwind himself and begin to catch the attention of the referee and the judges.

Also, in the first round, Carnera got in one of his best "punches"—a left with the foot. Within thirty seconds after the bell had



Tommy's left reaches Carnera's body but does no damage as Primo catches the blow with his right. Note how Carnera steps on Loughran's toes. Loughran declared after the fight that the foul tactics employed by his opponent were responsible for his tiring after the tenth round.

Primo, Full of Errors

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

rung he clamped down on Tommy's right foot with his own gigantic left, causing Loughran to complain and the crowd to roar, but neither complaint nor roar could cause Referee Shea to bat an eyelash. The stepping on of feet again figured in the eleventh round, although this time it appeared to be accidental.

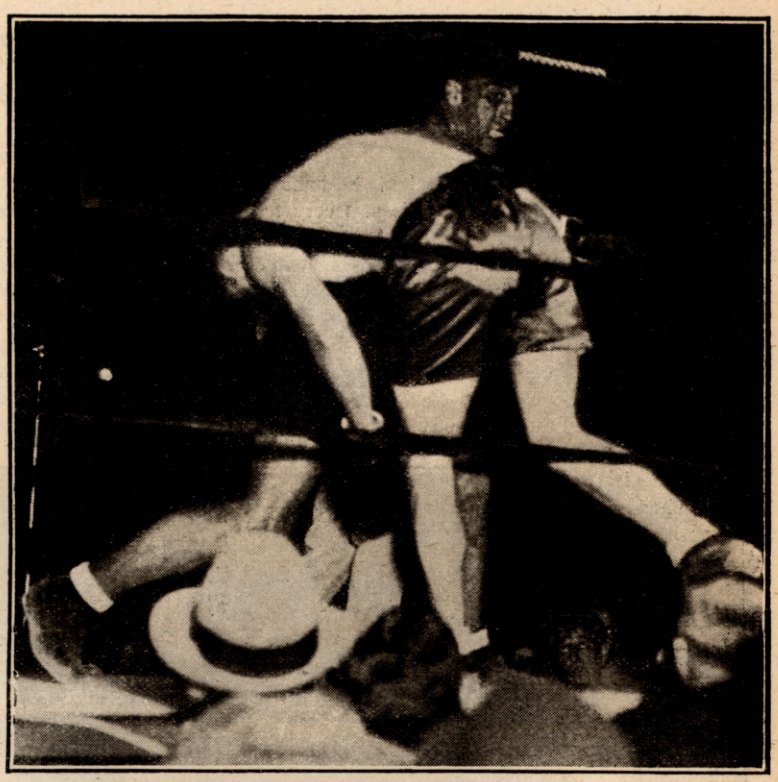
Whether it was or not, it undoubtedly hurt. After the fight, Tommy was more concerned about his damaged pedals than he was about the lumps that Primo's fists raised on the left side of his face and head.

Along about the third round, Loughran began to do well. He took that round and the fourth as well. The fifth wasn't quite so good, but the sixth was his best round. He stabbed Primo with a left, made him miss frequently, and twice actually staggered him with sharp, shooting rights to the chin.

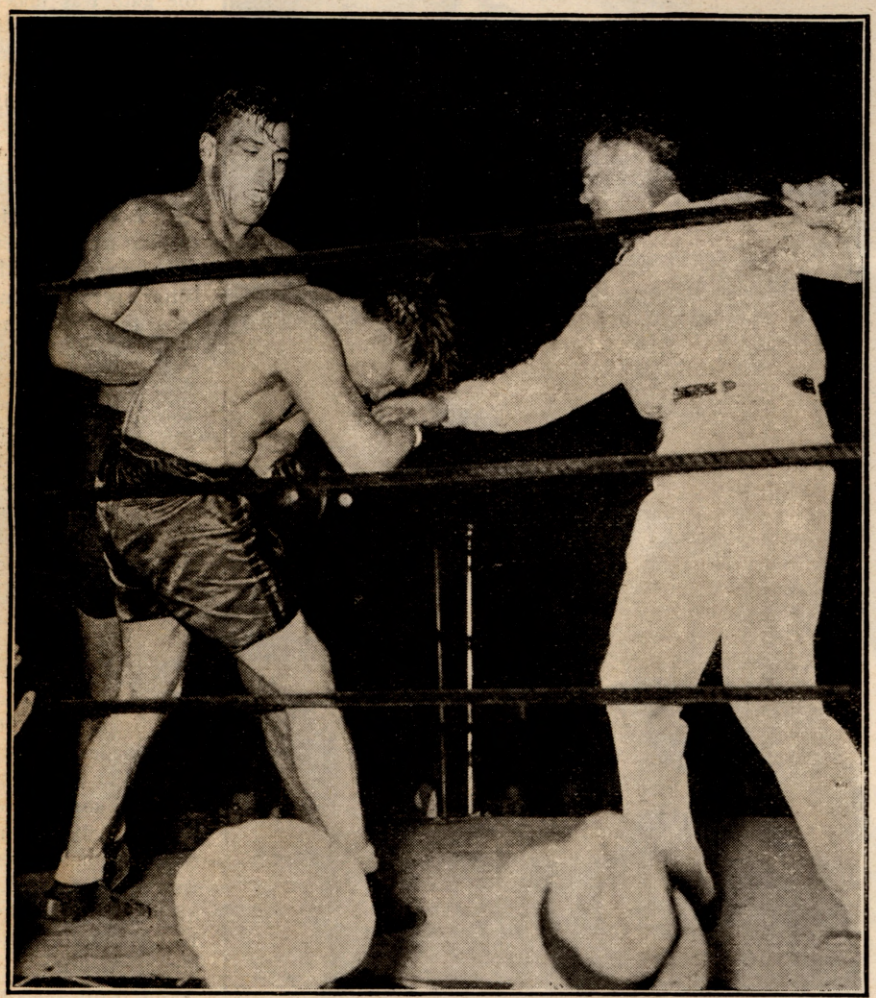
As it appeared later, he practically expended his ammunition in this round, for not again did he come close to belting and befuddling the champion in that manner.

* * *

AS the fight wore on, Tommy succeeded in proving only that he was game and that Carnera is no man killer. Since both facts had been brought out in previous fights, the onlookers were not precisely



Note the awkward position of Loughran in the fifteenth round. Here he is on the verge of collapsing yet Carnera was unable to reach his body with a right. The punch missed by a "mile."



Helpless, almost at the end of the bout, Carnera, towering over the weary Loughran, comes in close to attempt to land the finishing blow but without success. Referee Leo Shea is pulling Tommy away from the ropes.

stunned by this expensive—for the Garden—pugilistic experiment.

Tommy would throw a long left to Carnera's chin, throw himself headlong after it, and wind up in a clinch during which, at times, he would try to hold his own in the matter of rough stuff, but there, of course, he had no chance. Or, retreating before the rushes of the giant Italian, he would find himself in a corner and then have to fight or wrestle his way out of it.

Now and then he managed to win a round, though not by a very clear margin, and after the tenth round, he did not win any. Belted, flayed, clubbed, elbowed, and stepped on, and fighting back against terrific physical odds, he had lost sight of his plan of battle and of everything else save Carnera. By the time he got to the end of the fourteenth round the fog was settling about him, and as the bell rang for the cessation of hostilities, he walked to the wrong corner, bewildered.

Seated on his stool at last, he seemed to have come to his senses, but he hadn't. He was fighting purely by instinct, and when the bell brought the men to the center of the ring again, he had no notion that it was the last round.

He was about to haul off and let go with a left jab and a roundhouse right when Shea brought him up short by getting between him and Carnera and having the men shake hands. Through the last round he fought gallantly but blindly.

CARNERA-LOUGHRAN

Florida Adventure of Garden Proved Only That the Fans Want to See Max Baer in Action Again

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast—and in the heavyweight division. Every fight of any consequence in that class is hailed as the certain solution of the problem which has beset it ever since Gene Tunney retired and Jack Sharkey set up house as the heir apparent. And, as fights come and fights go, the heavyweight situation continues to labor under handicaps, misapprehensions, and political complications.

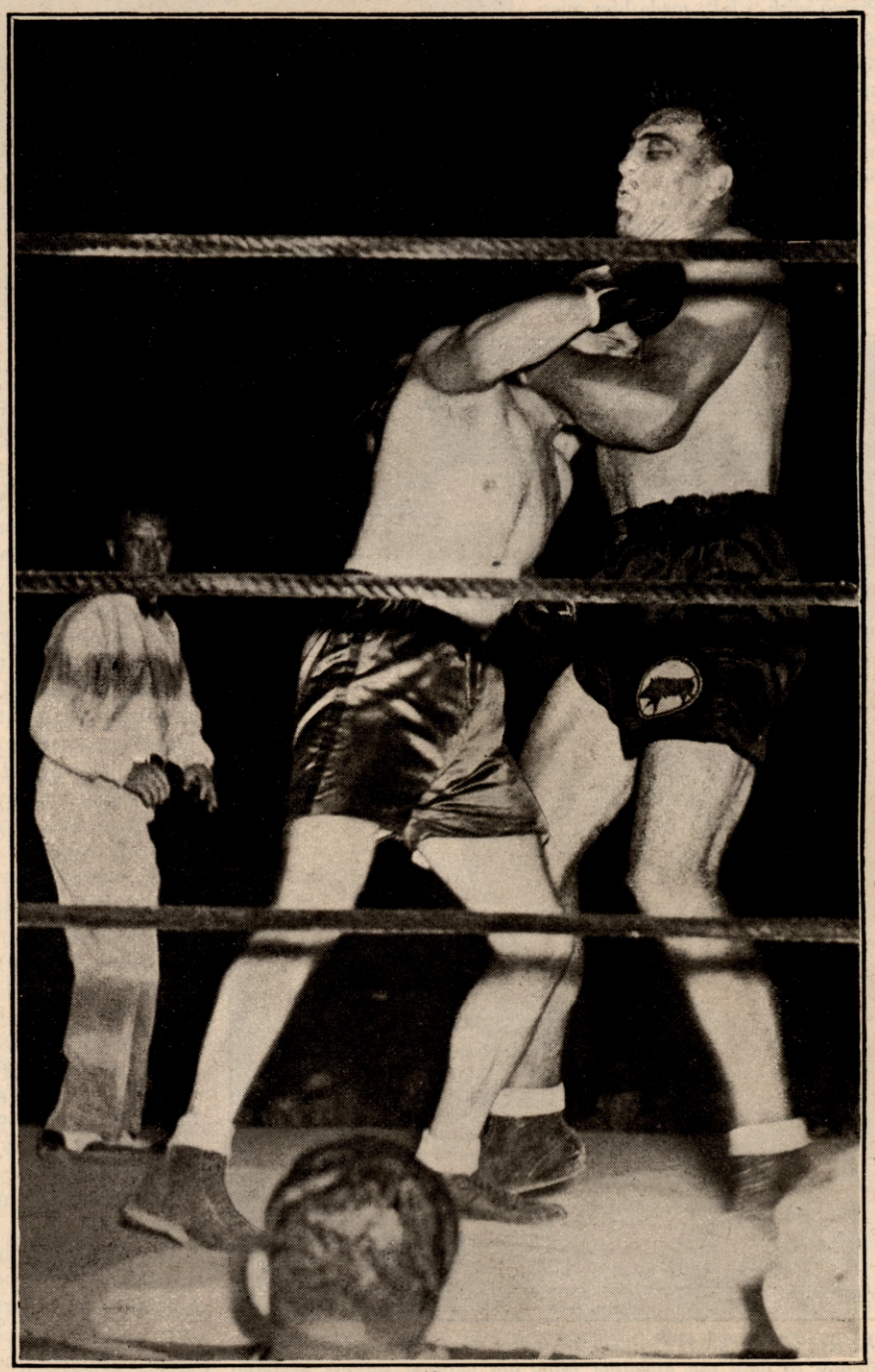
When Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey for the world's heavyweight championship, it was said that at last the light could be seen ahead. At last the division had acquired a real title-holder who would fight often and, through his manifold attractions as a battler and a freak, would keep the customers in a froth of financial willingness with his ability.

What helped to intrigue the well-wishers of the sport was the fact that Carnera's triumph over Sharkey came right in the wake of Max Baer's knock-out victory over Max Schmeling. Hey, nonny, nonny, and hot-cha cha! Here was a dish for the fistic gods. Here a morsel fit for the pugilistic gourmet, unsatisfied since the heydey of Jack Dempsey and yearning for the color and the power which had burgeoned all over the ring with the rise of the Manassa Mauler!

But things have not gone so well since that night that Carnera beat Sharkey. First let us examine into the Baer side of the situation. Max has done no fighting since he stopped Schmeling. Here was a man who had done nothing startling for himself in a financial way, and who could cash in heavily on his triumph over Schmeling. Here was a chance for Baer to arouse popular interest in the game, and build up an ideal situation leading to a Baer-Carnera encounter and, who knows?, perhaps the revival of the million-dollar gate, lush in the days of Rickard, but now only a legend.

But the fight public counted too heavily on Baer's having a sane attitude toward boxing and his golden opportunities. And that stuff about Baer being crazy about fighting certainly must have been exaggerated, for Max has shown no such enthusiasm.

Baer should have made at least one demonstration in New York this winter. Carnera should have fought in New York. In fact, the Carnera-Loughran affair should have been staged in the Garden, where it most certainly would have done twice as well—if not better—as it did in Miami, where the gate was under thirty-eight thousand dollars in the biggest season Miami has enjoyed since the big boom.



The Italian Behemoth gets a jolt. From the expression on Carnera's face, it is plain that he did not like the feel of Tommy's roundhouse right as they went into a clinch.

* * *

THE Carnera-Loughran battle was a far better fight and a much better spectacle than even the most sanguine well-wisher of Loughran and of Jimmy Johnston had dared to hope for. Despite a handicap of eighty-six pounds in the weights, Loughran put up a gallant, game, and unswerving contest.

That he made his mistakes was patent even to the tyro at the ringside. That Loughran should have made such errors in judgment was startling. But of this we shall treat in other columns in this issue. The technical analysis of the Loughran fight needs another treatment.

But, with Loughran going fifteen rounds, what was proved, and wherein

Bout Helped Little

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

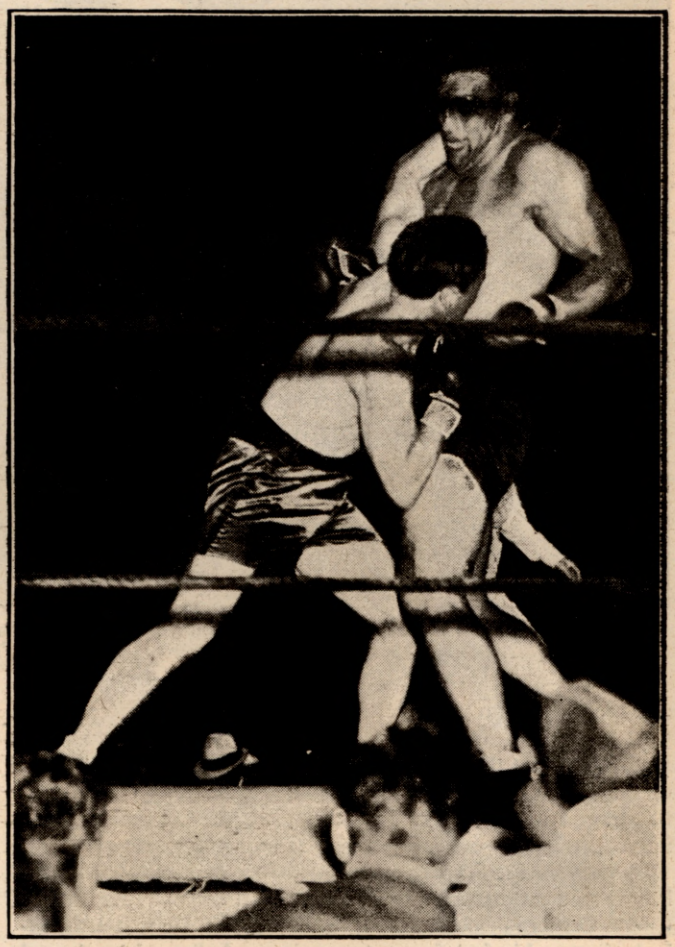
did the heavyweight situation benefit? You might ask, wherein would it have benefited had Carnera knocked out Loughran? Or even, had Loughran knocked out Carnera? And that question would be pretty meaty, because there is no real answer. There was no great demand for the fight as a featured competition, in a synthetic picture of synthetic lurid interest.

As I said, it would have been a peach of a Friday night attraction in the Garden in New York, and I say this with the greatest regard for Loughran and interest in his welfare. Tommy is the unswerving gentleman, and it is just too bad that he was not able to take advantage of his opportunity that night in New York when he left the light-heavy title behind and sailed after the bigger game, and Sharkey. Sharkey stopped Loughran—Tommy was out standing up—and then and there Loughran left his grand chance behind him.

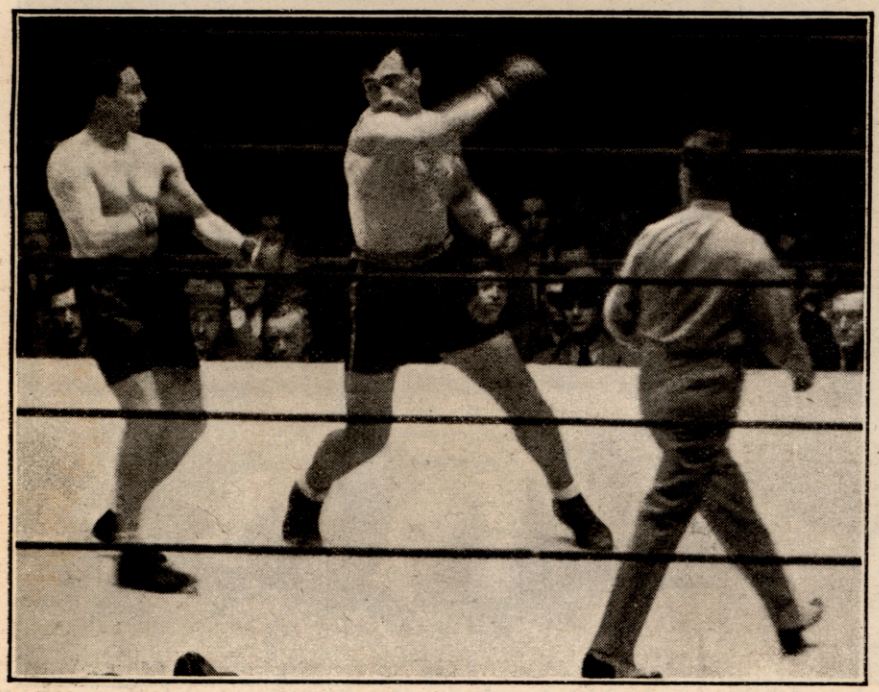
A victory for Loughran over Carnera would have been a backward step for the heavyweight division. You see, the man in the street believes Loughran has seen his best days. And Loughran himself perhaps feels that way despite his impression that, had he followed his original plan and boxed Primo in the center of the ring, he would have outpointed the ponderous pituitary specimen.

If Loughran were as well fixed financially as he was before Philadelphia real estate took a Brodie, he very likely would follow Tunney into retirement, carrying with him the respect and the well wishes of every man following boxing. The game has had many admirable characters, but none so high in sporting instinct and popular regard as Loughran — no, not even Dempsey.

So, you see, my estimate of Loughran's fistic standing is not tinged with any lack of regard for the man himself. This is just a kindly analysis of men and a kindly view in which the wish for better things is father to the thought that better things had better start moving into view fast.



Close fighting. Two hundred and seventy pounds of beef and muscle against Tommy as Loughran tried to shoot up a right hook to the body.

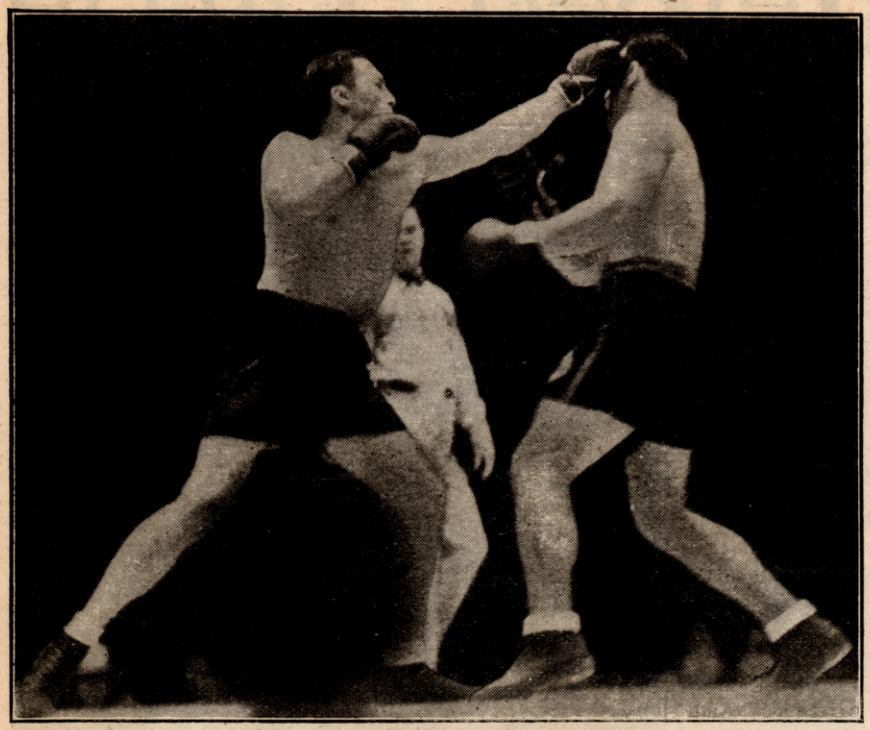


Swinging like a barn door. A miss that made the world's heavyweight champion look like a raw novice. Tommy sidestepped as he saw the punch coming, and Primo swung himself halfway around from the effect of the miss.

AFTER Carnera had won the championship, the public began to look for most interesting developments. The fact that the Garden management could offer nothing more attractive than the match with Loughran made the public feel that the entire situation had reached a low ebb and that truly interesting fights could not be expected. The fans felt that all the good soup—little of it there had been originally—had been ladled out and that the promoters had started to add hot water for the paying guests.

How much will Carnera himself be able to do in lifting the game out of the slough? After Primo had beaten Sharkey, a lot of well-known critics raised the cry, "A killer! A man mountain! A wonder!" When Primo had his troubles with Paulino in Rome, the shouters let down a bit in volume and tempo.

After the Loughran fight, the Carnera Marching and Chowder Club resumed hollering the praises of the carpenter from Genoa. Now the fight clan is a house divided on the question of Carnera's real class. Many competent experts say that Primo is a real champion, that he is a better fighter than some of the champions of the past showed themselves to be, and that he will rule for a long time



Loughran's left finds its mark to Carnera's head. Tommy was extremely clever but, unfortunately, the weight of his opponent and Carnera's height, proved too much for him.

and beat Baer with no great trouble. Other experts, after seeing Carnera wallow around uncertainly for fifteen rounds against Loughran, insist that Primo has something of that definite aroma of the Cheese Champion. With eighty-six pounds in his favor, this largest of all heavyweight champions did not make a very impressive picture or an impressive fight.

The estimate of Carnera's true standing, perhaps, should be a happy medium between the Hosannah Boys and the Cheese Criers. Carnera demonstrated a surprising left. He was astonishingly fast on his feet for so tremendous a hulk, and he showed that he was coming along in the technique of the game.

However, Primo is a synthetic fighter. He is not what you would call a mental giant. He fights in flurries. When he remembers what he has been told to do, he cuts loose, but soon he reverts to the mental and physical torpor of the pituitary freak and dawdles to the consternation of his handlers and the dissatisfaction of the paying guests.

There are many experts for whose judgment I have the greatest respect, and they tell me that Carnera will beat Baer. They base this impression on three factors: First, their belief that Baer beat nobody much when he stopped Schmeling, and is an overrated battler, who was tiring fast when he happened to stop the German; second, their impression that Baer will ruin himself physically before he goes into a ring with Primo; third, because of their idea that Carnera's tremendous size presents an insurmountable handicap for an opponent.

* * *

YOU see, they believe that, while Carnera may not be able to score any notable triumphs himself, he presents so formidable a proposition in weight and size, if not in fistic ability, that nobody will be able to score a success against him.

I am reminded of an afternoon at Orangeburg, N. Y., when Sharkey was training to meet Carnera. Jack was relaxed in his dressing room after a workout. "This big Italian is going to be no easy guy to fight," said Sharkey. "Say, suppose he did not lay a glove on you for fifteen rounds, but just stepped on your feet. Why, he'd kill you. Suppose he merely jostled you around with that size and weight of his. He'd wear you down. I am not going to let him step on my feet or jostle me." But Carnera landed heavily on the Boston Lith, and that was that.

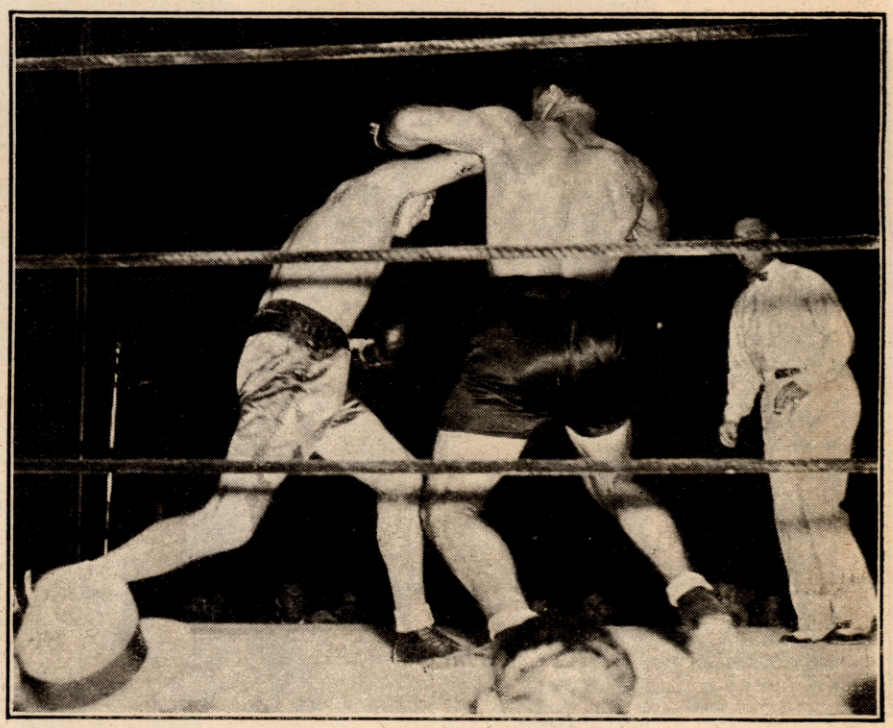
Carnera is not a great fighter, and he is not a tramp. If you can arrive at some point in between these two stages of fistic development, you will have the real assay of the Italian's technique and potentialities.

As for the Baer-Carnera fight, which has been signed for June, it is the one and only stand-out, and the one bout for which the public will go in a big way. It should draw $750,000. If Baer trains faithfully, he has a fine chance to win the title. Primo is learning, taking pretty good care of himself, even if he does like to eat too much, and Baer, contrary to expectations, won't find a sucker in the Italian. Incidentally, Carnera could have been in better fettle for little Loughran. But it is understood that, for the three days preceding the encounter, Primo cut loose as a gormandizer and lacked the proper despatch against the speedy Tommy.

Baer should understand that the motion pictures are interested in him only as Baer, the challenger or champion, and it therefore behooves him to be in prime fettle. If Baer thinks he can last in pictures merely on his physique and his histrionic abilities, he is dumber than most folks believe he is.

The Carnera-Baer go will fire popular imagination and pack 'em in at the Garden Bowl. It will pull the game out of the red.

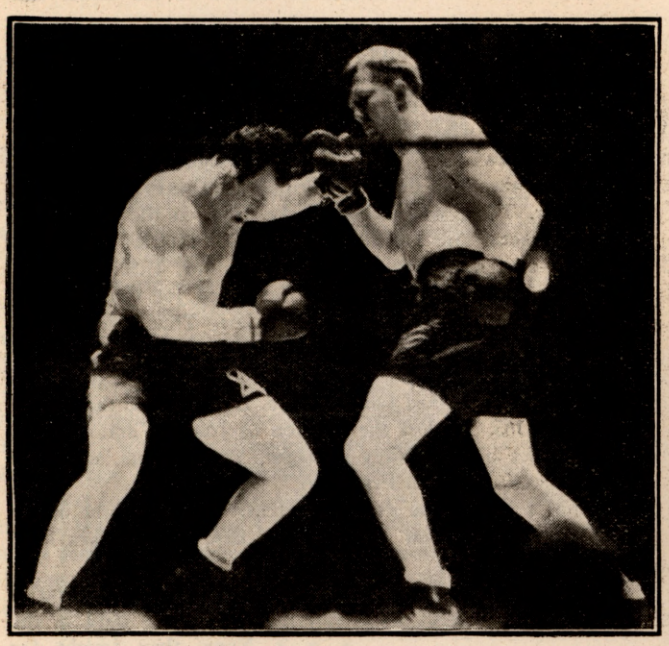
And in the meantime, the Garden folks in New York play around with the Miami deficit, and are impressed with the fact that they had better call the Carnera-Loughran their last venture in Florida, and stick closer to home—and sane promotion.



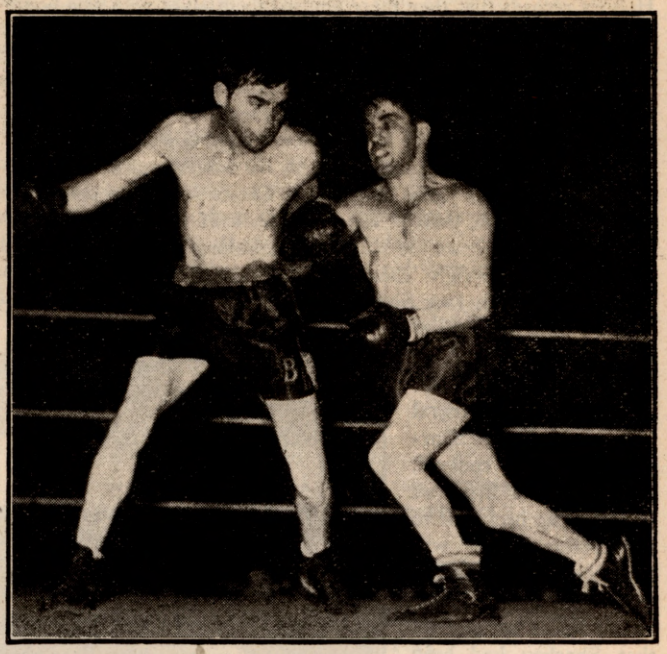
Loughran slips inside—as pretty a piece of boxing cleverness as was seen through the fight—and shoots a right hook to Primo's jaw, meanwhile letting Carnera's left hook pass over the head.

BATTLES *of the* MONTH

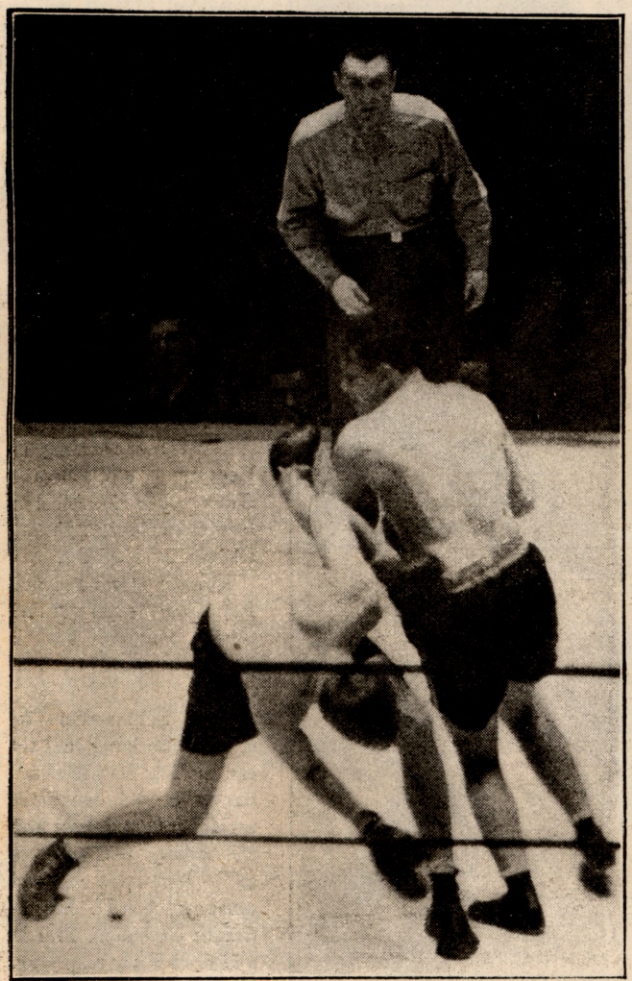
Some Stirring Action Scenes of Leading Bouts Here and Abroad Which Held Public Interest



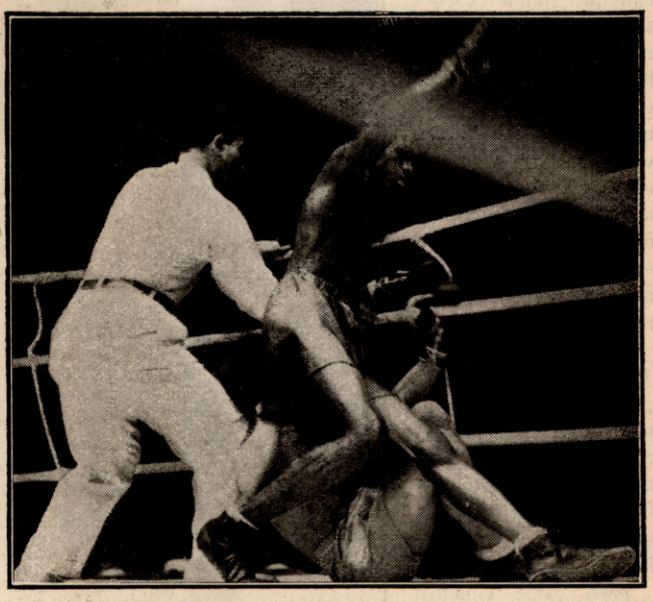
King Levinsky and Walter Neusel in their Madison Square Garden mill. As for championship caliber, neither seems to possess it. Both are showy, colorful fighters, but that's as far as they go.



While Jimmy McLarnin has been living the life of Reilly on the Coast since winning the welterweight title, Barney Ross has been campaigning with Jimmy's title as his goal. Here is a scene in the bout between Ross and Frankie Klick, junior lightweight king, which ended in a draw. The bout took place in San Francisco.



Here is another scene in the bout between Neusel and Levinsky. Note how awkward they appear. The German is almost touching the canvas after Levinsky ripped in a left.



Young Perez down, floored by Al Brown, the bantam champion, in their titular match in the Palais des Sports of Paris, which Brown won. Brown continues to remain abroad where the bantams have a better chance than in this country.

BOXING ACCOMPANIES

"BASEBALL follows the flag," is a time-honored axiom that can best be vouched for by the fellows who saw Filipinos out in Manila, in the "Days of the Empire," playing ball while garbed in baseball caps, shirts, breast protectors, gloves, but wearing no shoes or pants.

However, to go baseball one better, boxing *accompanies* the flag. When Richmond Pearson Hobson dropped the *Merrimac* neatly into the channel at Santiago de Cuba in '98, Spanish launches swooped down upon the gallant Yankee band that did the job and slapped them into the dungeon keep at Morro Castle. History records that they there amused themselves with *two* boxing gloves, both left hand mitts. It would have been a fine spot for a southpaw.

Wherever the Navy goes, you'll find boxing blooming. That holds good from the Naval Academy (where more youngsters fall out upon reporting for the boxing team under Coach Spike Webb than they do for football), down to the lowest enlisted grade. Man for man, more "gobs" know that Lesson One is to stick out a straight left jab, than in any other walk of life.

For years and years the Navy plugged along trying to produce a world's heavyweight champion. They reached the goal for the first time with Jack Sharkey, unless you want to count Gene Tunney in as a "service-made" product and put the Marine Corps where it belongs, as an integral part of the Navy. Sharkey, Navy men contend, really reached his peak the night he beckoned to the referee and was bopped over by Dempsey.

And there are those among us who contend that Sharkey had been fouled plenty before he ever squawked.

Twice before, the Navy came close, *very* close, to the title. There was Tom Sharkey, for example. Tom came along when Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Ruhlin, Choynski, and Maher were up there, and these wallopers, dear children, were *heavyweights* for whom Primo Carnera might be permitted to carry towels and buckets—if he behaved himself and didn't talk out of turn.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY, in his great fights with Jeffries, came so close to placing the Blue and Gold of the Navy in the heavyweight throne room that there was little kidding about it.

Then came Gunboat Smith. The Gunner was not half bad. Recall that he banged out wins over such as Jess Willard, Sam Langford, Frank Moran, Jim Flynn, Boer Rodel and a flock of others. Dempsey caught him when he was no longer torrid and slapped him out.

Frank Moran, who fought Willard and Johnson, two great fights, was likewise a Navy-made heavyweight.

In classes other than the heavy brigade, the Navy has not done badly either. There was Sailor Burke, now on the New York Fire Department. This Dutchman's name was Charles Prasse. He was an ex-apprentice boy on the old monitor, U.S.S. *Florida*. He was the first man to stop the iron-jawed Joe Grim, and he also shaded Billy Papke when the Kewanee Thunderbolt was a real fighter.

Not only was Burke a great fighter, but he also was quite a prophet. In 1906 he boxed Jack Johnson. Bear in mind that Burke weighed but 165. He lost the decision to Johnson and then sat down to write his old Navy manager, Paddy Ryan, who now runs a gymnasium in San Francisco.

"Tonight I lost to the greatest defensive heavyweight in the game. He will take Jim Jeffries some day." Four years later Johnson did just that.

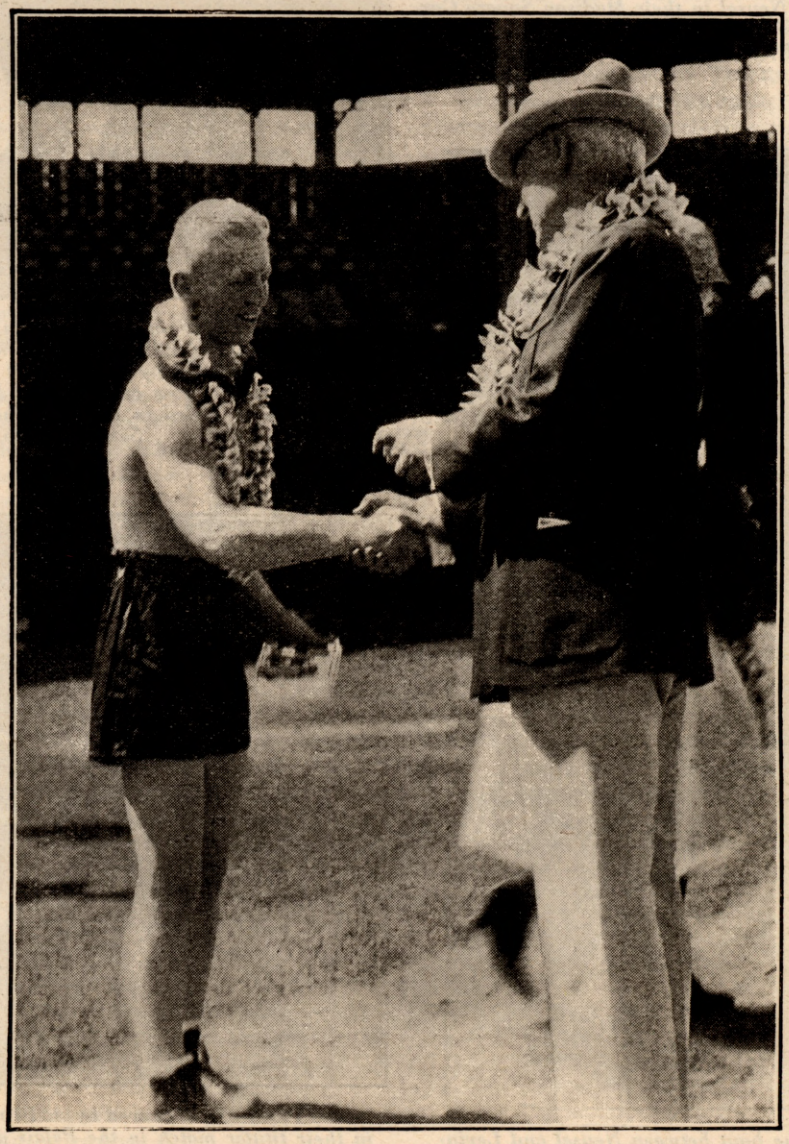
And then the Navy turned out Ed Petroskey and Charles Grande. Although both were still gobs on active duty in the Navy, they fought for the middleweight championship of the Pacific Coast. Grande won the first fight. Petroskey won the second.

Grande fought two great draws with Jack Dillon. He also beat Tom McMahon after the latter beat big Jess Willard. Grande stopped Willie Meehan who later defeated Dempsey. Grande, who weighed but 158 and was short for his weight, went the limit with big Harry Wills when Wills really *was!* Grande went twenty rounds to lose a close decision to Jimmy Clabby.

Petroskey fought George Chip, Frank Klaus, Bob McAllister, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, and others.

Neither Grande nor Petroskey even scaled titular heights, but it took champions to beat them.

Phil Schlossberg—he it was who hung that tin ear on Big Vic McLaglen when Vic was still trying to be a fighter and the movies had not yet called him—was national amateur A.A.U. heavyweight champion. Phil is a retired Navy man now. He brought Ernie Schaaf along. Phil never weighed over 165 but he was heavyweight champ



Governor Farrington, of Hawaii, congratulates Ritchie King upon winning the Navy lightweight championship. King fought many professional bouts in California and in the East.

THE FLAG

By
MAJOR
HARVEY L.
MILLER
U.S.M.C.R.

Bantamweight champion of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, 1905. Featherweight champion of the Far East, 1907-1909. Lightweight champion of the Far East, 1908-1909.

of the Navy for years.

Larry Prendergast (sometimes known as Bill Shevlin, the brother of the great welter, Eddie Shevlin) was national A.A.U. lightweight champion. Like Schlossberg, he also served twenty years in the Navy and was for many years the Navy's lightweight champion. For several years after retiring from the Navy, he coached boxing at Harvard University, while Brother Eddie, a wartime gob, coached at Dartmouth.

Many there are who believe Gene Tunney was the first world champion from the Marine Corps—a part of the Navy. Back in the days of old, Corporal George LaBlanche "jumped ship" at Mare Island, Calif., Marine Barracks, to sneak ashore and there knock out "The Nonpareil," the original Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion of the world. The records tell you LaBlanche did the trick with a back-handed pivot blow, since listed as a foul wallop, while rolling helplessly and hopelessly along the ropes.

I cannot join the pack and take glory away from the memory of the old Marine Corporal, LaBlanche, since he was in there and on his feet for seventeen long rounds against the great Dempsey. He must have been not so bad indeed. And the pivot blow was not foul when he connected with it.

* * *

THE Navy also produced another smart world champion in little Johnny Buff. As Gunner's Mate Spike Lisky, Johnny Buff learned to box on the U.S.S. *Rhode Island*. He was no spring chicken when he laced on his first pair of mittens. He won the world's bantamweight championship by defeating Pete Herman, and the American flyweight title by whipping Frankie Mason of Fort Wayne. He lost the two titles later to Joe Lynch and Pancho Villa, respectively. Buff was a small fellow, even for a flyweight.

Remember, just before Joe Dundee won the world's welter title, a lad named Joe Roberts banged him out in a round. Roberts credits all he ever knew about boxing to the Navy where he appeared on the muster rolls of the U.S.S. *Arkansas* as L. L. Rowland, Fleet welter champ.

Many others came from the Navy. There was Eddie Huffman, a very good light-heavy; Leo Lomski, a punching middler. Hundreds could so be named, not to overlook Sammy Robideau, Honeyboy Finnegan, Young Dencio, and a flock of smaller battlers.

There is a practice among unscrupulous fight managers to take most any boxer from the Navy and label him "Champion of the Navy." That burns us Navy folk, since Navy titles are very tangible, concrete, and definite.

Each year eight men, from flyweight to heavy, are selected on each ship to represent the ship. They fight it out for the honor. These ship champs are then matched with other ship champs until there is a squadron champ in each weight. These squadron champs then meet each other. The eight winners are awarded gold belts as "champions of the Fleet." Then the Atlantic and Pacific Fleet champs meet, once each year, and the winner is "Champion of the Navy." He wears a belt proudly wrapped about him by the admiral of the Fleet. "Champions of the Navy" can usually fight.

* * *

IT is a significant fact that Jack Sharkey never won a Navy championship. He tried for it and was beaten. He learned his stuff later. Ernie Schaaf, on the other hand, was not only a Navy champion but an inter-Service champion, having won the latter title at the Philly Sesqui bouts.

Honeyboy Finnegan was featherweight champion of the Navy for years. When the Garden ran off its featherweight tourney to determine a successor to Kid Kaplan, the irony of the situation was that about two-thirds of the mittmen in that tourney had been decisively defeated by Finnegan. He had whipped Johnny Dundee, Mike Dundee, Babe Ruth, Danny Kramer, Babe Herman, Chick Suggs, Jose Lombardo, Red Chapman, Joe Glick, Steve Smith, Tommy Noble, Bobby Garcia, and a lot of others. Featherweights gave the Honeyboy plenty of room. He was a southpaw who knew how to box and, what is more, how to hit 'em so they *stayed* hit.

The Navy turns 'em out in fistiana and plenty. You can go back to the days of Yankee Sullivan and find the tattoo marks of the Navy on good fighters, not to exclude big George Gunther a sailor who was too black to show tattoo marks. Even old Billy Jordan, who was a great ring announcer before Joe Humphries got out of swaddling clothes, used to be "middleweight champion of Farragut's squadron" in the Civil War.

When old age descended on Billy, he fooled 'em all by checking in at the Yountville, California, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, his privilege as a sailor in the Union Navy during the War of the Rebellion.

Here are this year's all-Navy champs:

Heavyweight—Solly Pace, Trenton.
Light-heavyweight—Pete Long, West Virginia.
Middleweight—Bill McCawley, Pennsylvania.
Welterweight—Dale Sparr, Melville.
Lightweight—Benny Friedman, Northampton.
Featherweight—Ossie Volpe, Salt Lake City.
Bantamweight—Lefty Misa, Oklahoma.
Flyweight—Frisco Ramirez, New York.

* * *

THE two best boxers in the Navy today are Ken Overlin, middleweight on the U.S.S. *Idaho*, basing at Norfolk, Va., and Frankie Remus, middleweight on the U.S.S. *Tennessee*, basing at San Pedro, Calif.

Overlin, who has just won his thirtieth straight contest, has not been set back since World's Champion Vince Dundee shaded him several years ago. Overlin boxes main bouts in Norfolk, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York armory shows. He is an all-round athlete, the captain and field general of the *Idaho's* crack football team, the star of the *Idaho's* basketball team. He wants to box Dundee for the middleweight title. He says he can take Vince now.

Frankie Remus is the former middleweight champion of the Asiatic Fleet, from which far-flung Navy outpost many good fighters have come. He has been boxing professionally on the West Coast. Three times he knocked out Jimmy Walsh, the middleweight champion of the U. S. Fleet. Walsh is quite a main attraction about Los Angeles. Remus recently suffered his one lone setback when Gorilla Jones defeated him in Seattle.

While fight clubs throughout the country have been curtailing their boxing programs, the Navy has been increasing that sport until today, it is the most developed of all athletic competitions in Uncle Sam's sea service. There isn't a vessel on the high seas that hasn't its boxing champion and when one of our sea fighters anchors in a foreign port, our boys usually furnish much of the entertainment with exhibitions. When it comes to boxing, the Navy has the talent. Much of the credit for the development of that talent, is due our pal, Spike Webb, who through his knowledge of the art of self-defense has taught the young officers of the Navy how to box and they, in turn, have imparted that knowledge to the jolly tars.

The KINGFISH

By WILBUR WOOD

WHENEVER the name of King Levinsky—or the Kingfish as he prefers to be called—is mentioned in a get-together of fistic followers, somebody is certain to reel off a funny yarn about him and all will enjoy a good laugh. The Kingfish is an odd character. For years he was looked upon mainly as a clown, a Queensberry joke. He did not take himself seriously, so why should any one else? But no longer is the Kingfish a joke. Nor is he by any means a sucker. He may have funny ways, in the ring and out of it, but he is no laughing matter for the guy in there with him.

It seems to me that the boxing game as a whole, and the heavyweight division in particular, owes a debt of gratitude to Levinsky. He has done more than any other big fellow to keep the fans interested in the doings of the heavyweights since the division went into the doldrums. At this writing, all the talk is about Carnera and Baer. That's natural, but while Primo and Max were loafing, Levinsky kept right on fighting and helping to keep alive a spark of public interest in heavyweights.

Levinsky may never mount the heavyweight throne. He is a battery all in himself—both pitcher and catcher. Fighters of that type seldom wear the royal purple. Men like Levinsky have served as wheel horses, but the supreme reward has eluded them.

The Kingfish may upset precedent, however, by winning the championship. Hardly this year, but maybe in 1935 or 1936. And if he should get to the top, there would be no end of excitement. He is no shrinking violet. Also, if he should succeed he'll owe it to his guide and mentor, Foxy Old Pete Reilly, who has taught him things since buying an interest in his contract.

* * *

AS a boxer, Levinsky may be crude, but the heavyweight division would be better off with more like him. The Kingfish conducts himself on the old-fashioned theory that it is a fighter's business to fight—the more often the better. Nor does he lose his zest for fighting after he gets into the ring, as is the case with so many fellows who talk a great fight but become painfully careful after the bell rings.

There never was a fighter who talked a better fight than Jack Sharkey up to the moment hostilities began. But all too frequently the Loud Lithuanian did not live up to his pre-battle mouthings. Levinsky talks a good fight and backs it up by fighting a good fight.

The presence of Levinsky in the ring is a guaranty that there will be action. It is up to the other fellow to fight or jump over the ropes. The fans know that full well, which is the reason the Kingfish has remained a good drawing card throughout the depression and in spite of suffering numerous defeats. The fans have a much greater fondness for action fighters who lose, than for safety-first performers whose only idea is to eke out a victory at the least possible risk, without taking into account the fact that the customers' chief desire is to be entertained.

Levinsky is one of the few who can both give it and take it. He throws more gloves in the course of ten rounds than almost any one you can mention. And he is a cinch to eat a carload or more of leather during a fight. The Kingfish is easy to hit but very hard to hurt. His offensive specialty is his famous roundhouse right.

Theoretically, no clever boxers ever should be hit by one of Levinsky's rights. He telegraphs the punch. Even the boys in the back rows see it coming in time to shout a warning to the other fellow. But in spite of all the theories, the Kingfish usually manages to land that punch on his opponent's chin a few times, and quite frequently when it lands the recipient hits the deck with a crash. I haven't the records to check up, but I hazard the statement that more than half of his opponents have been on the floor.

THE best boxer in the heavyweight division today is Tommy Loughran. It always has been Tommy's boast that nobody who throws a right as does the Kingfish can hit him on the chin. Yet in their first fight Levinsky floored Loughran, and in a return match the Kingfish put the clever Philadelphian on the canvas three times.

In recent months, Levinsky has undergone some intensive drilling under Pete Reilly, the Silver Fox of Fistiana. It always had been Reilly's ambition to own a piece of a heavyweight who could both give it and take it. So he bought himself a slice of the Kingfish and set to work to polish him up sufficiently to make him a bit of a boxer without depriving him of his power in the process.

Levinsky's first showing after undergoing the Reilly treatment was highly disappointing. He hooked up with Charlie Massare, a fast-coming youngster, in the Madison Square Garden ring and for seven rounds had all the worst of it. The Kingfish's attempts to box were pathetic. After the seventh, he went back to his old style and by sheer strength and determination did fairly well. He received the verdict, even though a great many disagreed with the official decision, I among them.

* * *

IN his next start, with Walter Neusel of Germany, in the same ring, Levinsky put up what many consider to have been the best fight he ever made. He displayed a shortened and effective left hook and he was at least fifty per cent better at infighting, a department of the game in which he previously had been woefully deficient. For seven rounds he slammed the blond Westphalian around scandalously, apparently having the verdict sewed up.

For some reason not yet satisfactorily explained, he tired in the last three frames and Neusel came on with a rush. That late assault by Neusel apparently made the referee forget all about what had happened in the first seven sessions, for he awarded the fight to Neusel when the judges disagreed. It was one of the worst verdicts in years. Levinsky won all by himself.

The critics and the customers raved and ranted. But the Kingfish himself, the chief sufferer by that obvious miscarriage of justice, laughed it off. "What the devil," he said. "The main thing is that it was a good fight. That's what boxing needs—good fights. I gave the customers a good fight and they liked it, even if they didn't like the decision. So what's the use of squawking. I'm big-hearted. I know I licked the guy and so does he."

* * *

IF more fighters had the same ideas, the boxing game would be in much better shape. When we get a bunch of fighters whose main idea is to fight—fellows like the Kingfish—the boxing game will stage the long-awaited comeback.

As I said earlier, the Kingfish is no sucker. He has lost many a decision but he always has been a "repeater." The fans like to see him again, even if he loses, whereas they won't turn out to watch some safety-first boxer who wins decisions without giving the boys who lay their dough on the line a run for their money. As a result, the Kingfish has made a lot of money while most of the other sort have had to be lucky to earn enough to pay expenses.

One evening in the early spring of 1929, Tommy Loughran and Mickey Walker boxed in the first boxing show held in the Chicago Stadium, that great temple of fistiana in the City of Pineapples. A husky youth in an old sweater crashed the gallery entrance and eluded the special cops to find himself a seat up near the rafters.

Some twenty months later, the same youth who had crashed

BECOMES SERIOUS

Levinsky, Under Guidance of Pete Reilly, Drops the Clown Act

his way into the Stadium as a spectator to watch Loughran and Walker do battle walked down an aisle of that same arena with fighting gloves on his hands, vaulted over the ropes as thousands shouted his name in acclaim, and shook hands with Loughran, his opponent for the evening.

I suppose you have guessed the answer. In case you haven't, it was King Levinsky who was the hero of this amazing chronology. Amazing, to be sure, but then the Kingfish is an amazing fellow.

* * *

LEVINSKY, who started his ring career as an amateur, probably was the most complete bust in the history of Chicago Simon-pure boxing. He had a score of fights but not once did he come close to winning a medal. He did not even win one single, solitary decision. He ate a lot of leather every time he went to the post.

But did that discourage him? Not at all. Unable to win as an amateur, the Kingfish came to the amazing conclusion that he would do better as a professional. So he quit the amateur ranks and blossomed out as a professional. As a pro he still fought very much like an amateur, but he began to win and within a short time he was Chicago's greatest ring favorite.

Levinsky's real name is Harry Krakow. He was born in New York's Bronx in September of 1910. When he was still a babe his parents removed to Chicago. He never saw the Bronx again until he came to New York in 1931 to box Loughran. He made a trip to look at the neighborhood of his birth, but was unimpressed. "I like it better down town," he said after looking over the Bronx layout.

When he decided to turn professional, he had an idea that maybe he would do better under a new name. He figured to call himself Knockout Reilly or One-Punch Murphy or something of that sort. Al Miller, who had assumed the management of the youngster, ruled against that.

"Listen," said Miller. "You are a Jew. There is a fortune waiting for a good Jewish heavyweight. So why should you try to disguise yourself under an Irish moniker? You wouldn't fool any one, anyway. If you want to take another name pick a good Jewish fighting name and cash in."

"I guess you got the right idea, at that," replied the fighter. "Let me think, now." He scratched his head. "I got it," he yelled. "I'm Kingfish Levinsky. Battling Levinsky was a Jewish champion. So I'll take up where he left off."

So it was settled, except that he was rechristened King instead of Kingfish. He had picked up the Kingfish from listening to Amos 'an' Andy.

* * *

AFTER he began to go places and do things, Levinsky came under the management of Ray Alvis. Ray made a deal for a match with Tuffy Griffiths, another red-hot Chicago favorite. Alvis was so eager to get the fight that he signed a contract that resulted in Griffiths getting $25,000, while Levinsky's bit was only $4,000. This pay-off made Mrs. Lena Levy's blood boil. Mrs. Levy is a sister of the Kingfish. She just couldn't see that kind of a deal.

"For that kind of business you are paying a manager a third of your money," she said to her brother. "I can manage you better than that myself. Get rid of that guy and I'll be your manager."

It sounded like sense to Levinsky, so Alvis was given the air and Lena took charge. She has done the managing ever since, with Harold Steinman acting as trainer. Six months ago, as already noted, Pete Reilly bought himself a piece of the Kingfish, but Mrs. Levy is still the big boss, even though she refers to Reilly's judgment in some matters.

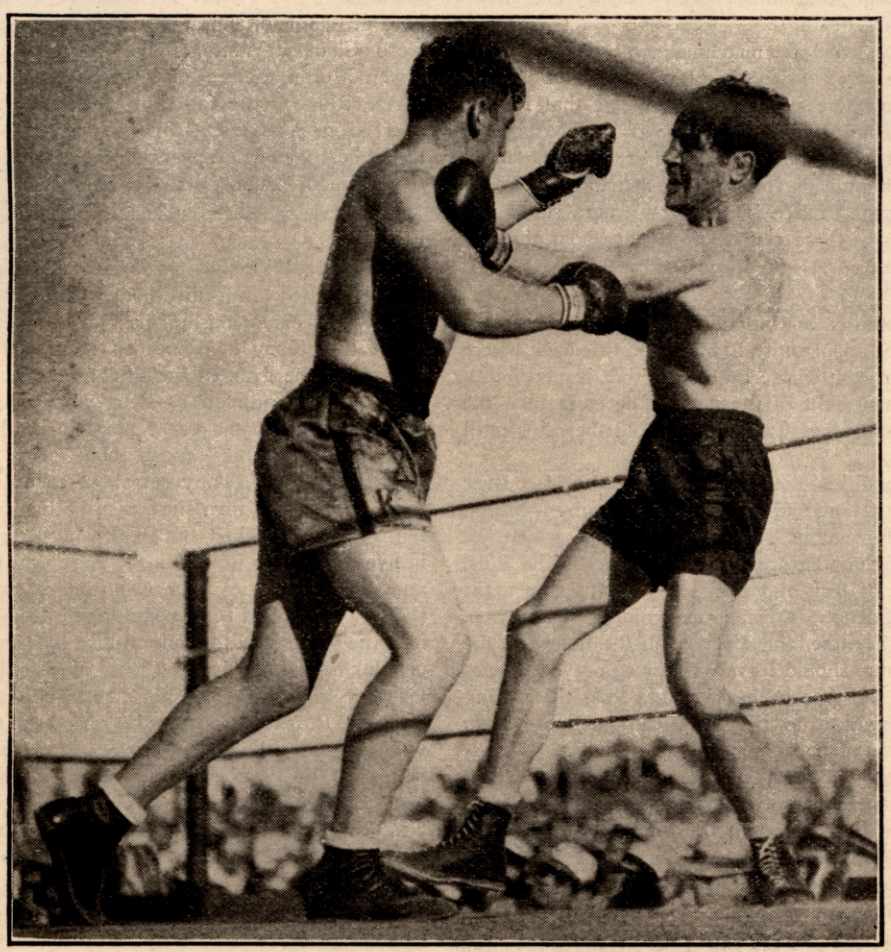
The writer will never forget the first time he laid eyes on Levinsky. It was when the Kingfish came to New York to meet Loughran in the Garden. Levinsky was led into the office of the Garden promoter to get acquainted with the newspaper men. He wore an expensive camel's hair overcoat, a snappy *chapeau* and spats, among other things. When he removed his overcoat and muffler it was seen that he was without the benefit of a necktie.

Somebody commented on that fact. The Kingfish was no whit abashed.

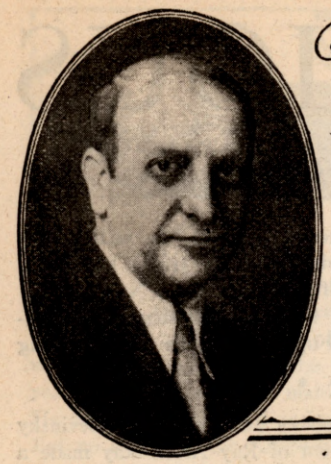
"I got a necktie, but I must have forgotten to put it on," he said. "I always was a bit careless about clothes."

Speaking of Levinsky's carelessness about his toggery, there is an amusing story about one of his early fights. He had trained well and apparently was in great shape. But as he sat in his dressing room waiting for the call to action he seemed uncomfortable and ill at ease.

(*Cont'd on page* 46)



King Levinsky (left) and Max Baer in their twenty-round fight in Reno, Nev., which Baer won on points.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Signing of Baer Brings New Life to Fistic Sport
June Championship Bout Will Aid Boxing Recovery
Canzoneri Earns Right to Return Bout With Ross

THE best news that has emanated from within boxing circles in many moons was the announcement that Max Baer has been signed by the Madison Square Garden Corporation to fight Primo Carnera for the world's heavyweight championship next June in the Garden's Long Island Bowl. And next in importance, fistically, was the announcement by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst that her Milk Fund will share in ten per cent of the gross. That, in itself, might be insignificant so far as the general public is concerned, but to those who follow sports closely and know the lay of the land, such a hook-up for a world's heavyweight titular bout not only assures the success of the affair because of the publicity it will receive, but assures, in addition, a gate of $500,000 or more. It will not be surprising to see the bout gross $750,000.

And still another reason for rejoicing is the further news item that Jack Dempsey, most popular fistic figure of modern times, will share in the receipts, in the promotion of the mill. That should result in a ballyhoo such as a fight has not had since Jack "promoted" the bout at Miami between Sharkey and Stribling after Tex Rickard's death.

That's why fight fans, promoter matchmakers, boxers, seconds, and the scribes—yes, every one who has the least bit of interest in pugilism—are so happy these days. They realize that for the first time since the second Dempsey-Tunney affair, boxing will again hit the high spot in sports, and that the present-day "natural" in boxing will be the means for bringing fisticuffs out of the doldrums into a new span of life. The Baer-Carnera scrap will end the fistic depression—there can be no doubt about that.

* * *

THE match has enthused boxing fans also because it affords to an American the opportunity to bring the title back where it belongs, and the man upon whose head rests that responsibility is the outstanding heavyweight of the day. If he can't turn the trick, then it is a certainty that Carnera will hold the reins until he is ready to retire.

In proper physical condition, there is no reason why Max Baer shouldn't succeed. He has everything a fighter requires—youth, vim, courage, and a tremendous sock, in addition to which, he is the most confident fighter before the public today. If he fails, it will only be because of lack of proper conditioning, the night life lure, and overconfidence. It is an opportunity the average fighter gets once in a lifetime, and Baer, with the hopes of the Americans pinned on him, should leave no flaw to prevent a successful mission. He is the type of heavyweight king the boxing world needs and he owes it to the American public to train as he never did before to make good.

Carnera has nothing but a good left and tremendous weight and height as his assets. He has repeatedly proved that, yet to date they seem to have been sufficient for him to triumph over every man he has recently met. Baer, on the other hand, has proved by his knock-out of Schmeling, after Max had beaten Sharkey but lost the title through a fluke verdict, that he is the hardest hitter in captivity, a magnificent physical specimen and a natural-born fighter who is a rarity these days. With all that in his favor, he should be a favorite to whip the champion.

But to do so, Baer must forget several things—the movies, night life, and love. That's the kind of life Baer must give up to attain his goal. He must leave others to take care of the beautiful girls while he pays strict attention to training, and unless he agrees to that, Carnera will whip him with greater ease than he did Loughran. That's my prediction.

* * *

THE recent death of Joe Azevedo, one of the greatest of American lightweights a score of years ago, recalls many thrilling battles in which Joe was a participant. Joe was one of the few fistic stars who hailed from Portugal. Like the great Daniel Mendoza, the greatest of all Hebrew fighters, the original father of scientific boxing, Azevedo first saw the light of day in Oporto and made the journey to the land of his adoption, the United States, when only a youth.

He settled out on the Coast and started his professional fighting career at Sacramento in 1912 with a twenty-round draw with Solly Salvator, and a month later, again held his rival to a draw in twenty cantos. He beat Ad Wolgast in a twenty-round bout at Oakland, and among his other most prominent opponents were Charley White, Benny Leonard, twice, Willie Ritchie, Owen Moran, twice, Johnny Dundee, and Frankie Burns.

Azevedo was the father of four sons, all of whom know the sport from A to Z. One of the boys, trained by his father, is one of the best young scrappers on the Pacific Coast. He fights under the name of Young Joe Azevedo.

* * *

THE recent campaign of Tony Canzoneri in the West, in an effort to gain a third bout with Barney Ross for the world's lightweight championship, has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Tony continues to outrank the field of contenders and should be granted the titular match. By taking the measure of two such headliners as Pete Nebo and Baby Arizmendi, Canzoneri has eliminated every possible challenger.

After losing his second bout with Ross at the Yankee Stadium last fall, Tony set about to prove his right to a third encounter, and in turn since then he has beaten Frankie Klick in ten rounds, knocked out Kid Chocolate in two, Cecil Payne in five, beat Cleto Locatelli, the European lightweight king, twice, and scored victories over Nebo and Arizmendi. Those victories should be sufficient for recognition by Ross of the fact that he owes it to the public and to Tony to give him another chance. Both are popular boys, and if they should clash either in New York or in Chicago in a championship bout, such a contest would gross $150,000. Ross and Canzoneri, as has been told in a previous issue, were voted by the leading scribes of America as the outstanding boxers of the year, the boys who did most to boom the sport in 1933, and as such, each is to receive a handsome belt from THE RING publisher. The belts are on exhibition in THE RING office in Madison Square Garden and will be awarded on the first appearance of each in a New York fight.

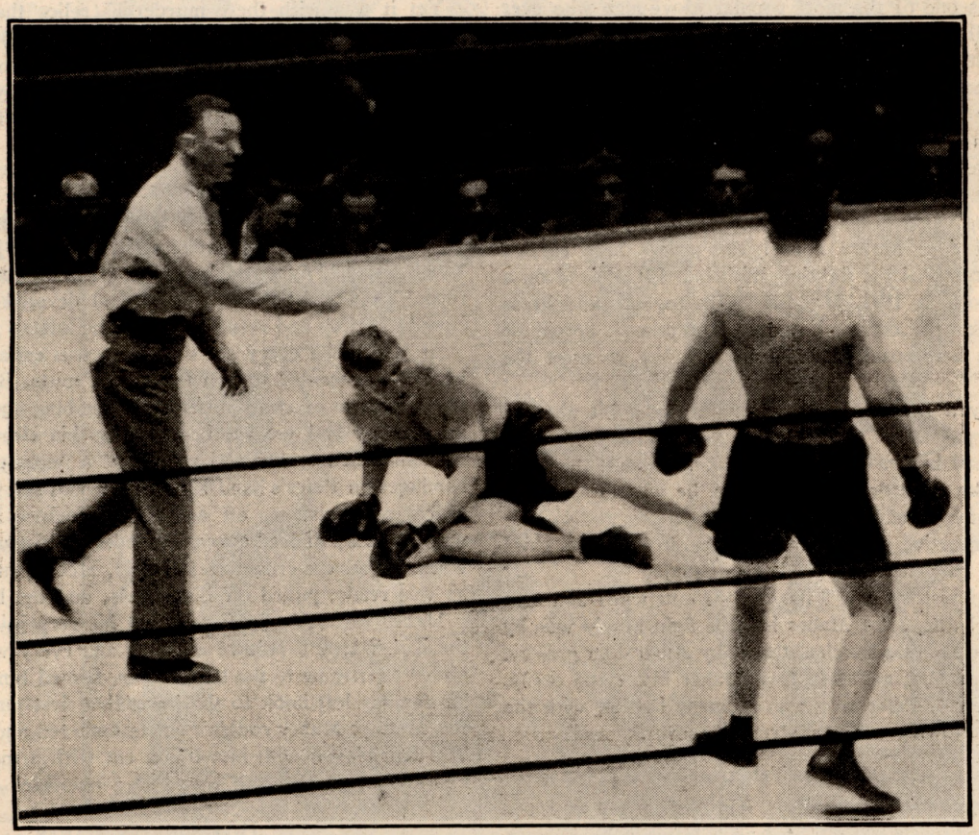
The signing of Baer and Carnera by Jimmy Johnston, after Colonel Kilpatrick, the head of the Garden, had failed in the mission, has strengthened the position of the Garden's matchmaker. Prior to the coup, it had been strongly rumored that Johnston's days would be over with the coming of the circus, but

now even his strongest enemies admit that he has entrenched himself with the directorate by signing Baer and that with that bout certain to yield the Garden a profit of $100,000, Jimmy will undoubtedly be seen at the helm for many more months.

If Johnston should succeed in signing the winner of the June bout for a September mill, he will be sitting pretty. It is a well-known fact that Johnston opposed the Miami bout but was overruled. He thought from the start it would be a bloomer, but the Garden directors were so eager to take any kind of a chance to get out of the red that they went in deeper where, had they listened to the sound advice given by Johnston, there would have been no winter bout in the City of the Palms, and the Garden directors would have saved themselves many headaches.

But what's the use of crying over spilt milk? All hands should now pull together for the success of the next heavyweight encounter, and that means, newspapermen as well as promoters, managers, and fans. Here's a chance to get boxing out of the red and to start the ball rolling toward another prosperous era, but it cannot be accomplished without concerted action and 100 per cent help.

* * *



Although King Levinsky, in the opinion of most fans and writers, gained six of the ten rounds with Walter Neusel and floored him for a count of nine in the second, the German was awarded the decision. The Kingfish and his opponent fought a real dock brawl, the kind of a fight that keeps the fans on edge. The wallop that put Neusel down was so hard, according to Walter, that he didn't come to for almost five rounds.

THERE dogs the trail of featherweight champions a jinx most persistent. Five featherweights have outgrown the division. Terry McGovern ate himself out of the featherweight title thirty years ago. In 1925, Johnny Dundee, unable to do 126 pounds, turned the crown over to the New York commission, which organized a tournament from which Louis (Kid) Kaplan emerged as champion. After about a year, Kaplan also outgrew the title and handed it back to the New York commission. After a series of elimination matches, Tony Canzoneri was generally recognized as champion. He lost the title to Andre Routis of France, who in turn was dethroned by Bat Battalino of Hartford. Bat speedily ate himself into the lightweight division and was declared null and void. Kid Chocolate was recognized in New York after some time. Meanwhile, the National Boxing Association staged an elimination tournament and crowned the victor, Tommy Paul, as king of the 126-pounders—He lost it to Freddy Miller. A short time ago Chocolate announced he could no longer make the weight and on top of that was deposed by the New York commission for failure to accept a challenge from Frankie Klick, who had flattened the Cuban in an overweight match in Philadelphia on New Year's Day. So now the championship is open again.

A strange feature is that Dundee, who gave up the title in 1925 because he could not make 126 pounds, now can do the weight easily and would like to get back into the game and earn some dough to help pay off the $42,000 he owes the Federal Government on income taxes. All that is keeping Dundee from reclaiming the title is the fear that people would think him punch drunk. Johnny is anything but that. He seems as spry as ever. He explains that he never really learned how to live properly until after he got out of the game. Johnny works out frequently in various gymnasiums and shows the youngsters a lot of tricks they never knew before.

Mushy Callahan, who once was junior welterweight champion, has broken into the movies as a property man for Warner Brothers in Hollywood . . . . Johnny Keyes, long a prominent manager around New York, liked California so well when he went West with Midget Wolgast that he remained in Hollywood, where he now operates a spaghetti emporium . . . .

* * *

THERE is nothing so dastardly as bigotry in sports. True sportsmanship caters to all creeds and all races. That is why the Olympic Games in its many years of existence, has been so whole-heartedly supported by the nations of the world. A nation that harbors race or religious hatred, particularly in sports, is a nation that cannot hope to survive. Such a nation is the German nation of today.

This publication, independent in spirit, catering to the best in true sportsmanship in the field of boxing and wrestling, cannot ignore the attitude of the Hitler government in banning the great movie, "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." The "Mad Monkey of Germany," the moustached bigot of a hitherto great country, by his most recent act against the Jews, not only has drawn upon himself and his outrageous, lunatic government the wrath of the people whom he is persecuting, but has caused the Jews of this country to demand that a ban be placed upon all German athletes who come here to take away our dollars to spend in the land of Hitlerism.

Max Baer's movie has been barred in Germany because Baer is listed as a Jew. What a small potato this so-called giant of Germany has proved himself! Were this "Mad Monkey" in this country, he wouldn't reach first base as a politician. How silly and how childish his attitude!

It is my opinion that Hitler is more of a Jew than is Baer. I have often declared that Baer has no Jewish blood in him, but it has been proven that Hitler has. Baer, it is said, assumed that distinction—for such it is, despite Germany's "Mad Monkey"—only to enhance his value as a drawing card for his fight with Max Schmeling, from whom Herr Hitler, the Jew Hater, can take a few lessons in true red-blooded sportsmanship.

Battlers of the Irish Brigade

TIME was when "second crop" Irish were looked upon as the real ace ring material, witness the ruling of the pugilistic roost by John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and Jack McAuliffe in their day. Oddly enough, the native-born Celts, with the exception of Mike McTigue and Jimmy McLarnin, never attained to championship rating. Big Jim Coffey was once listed as a championship possibility but failed to make the grade, as did Peter Maher. Yet the latter, in his prime, was one of the most popular glove-men who ever answered the call of time. A fine athletic specimen, carrying a punch like a mule-kick in either hand, Peter was freely boosted as a worthy successor to Sullivan, and for that matter, John L. thought Peter was a grand boy and sure world-beater. Today Peter, broken in health, is working as a dock watchman in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Billy Madden was responsible for Maher's start in this country. Madden knew the value of publicity as well as any living man, and for weeks before Maher landed, the papers here carried stories of the coming of the fighting Irish lad. He arrived on a fine summer's morn in 1891. Madden had a tugboat and brass band chartered for the occasion, and an enthusiastic crowd of Tammany sports accompanied him down the bay to meet the incoming liner.

Peter was only a raw lad then and naturally a bit abashed over the honors paid him. They couldn't have made more fuss over him if he had been a visiting potentate. Though the Irish champ didn't make the title goal over here, he was loyally supported by those of his blood, despite his early defeats, and so long as he remained in active service, he drew the crowds. His chief trouble was lack of generalship and ring cunning.

It's a matter of history how Fitzsimmons outtricked and beat him in their first battle, after Maher had the fight nearly won by virtue of a hard right that knocked the lanky Australian groggy. Fitz stalled, played safe, and then took Maher into camp easily. Yet after that defeat, Peter won a good many battles, with the result that his following was as strong as ever.

Kid McCoy's Trick

ALSO, that master of ring craft, Kid McCoy, put up a job on the unsuspecting Celt. It was a bitter cold January night and the old club on Coney Island wasn't any too warm a spot even in springtime. On that particular night, the atmosphere was so sharp that the breath curled out of the patrons' mouths like smoke. It was bad enough for warmly wrapped folk, but a good deal tougher for a chap dressed only in fighting shoes and trunks. Maher was first to enter the ring, with a bath robe thrown over his fighting costume.

The Kid stayed in his dressing room so long that the crowd grew uneasy and began to yell for the staging of the main bout. Meanwhile, Maher sat in his corner, hugging his robe closely around him, and shivering when some unusually biting blast from the ocean drove through the many chinks and holes in the thinly constructed shack and chilled his muscular frame. After the Kid had delayed as long as possible, without starting a riot, he made his entry. He had his fighting trunks on, but over them he wore his trousers, a heavy sweater, and bath robe.

The only icy thing about McCoy was his infernal grin, which he always flashed as he ducked under the ropes. He sat down leisurely and put in ten minutes or so, nodding to and speaking with friends at the ringside.

All this time, poor Peter glowered indignantly, wondering why the proceedings didn't begin. McCoy was well aware that nothing unnerves the average scrapper so much as to be kept at high nervous tension when he's keyed up to concert pitch, anxious to hear the bell and get it over with. Furthermore, the Kid knew that the colder the thinly clad Irishman got, the closer to zero sank the latter's chances of victory.

McCoy wasn't merely playing the psychological end of the string, he was figuring on the purely physical as well. When the gloves were produced, the Kid objected. They weren't what he wanted!

There was another delay, while McCoy sent one of his seconds to his dressing room. The second was gone nearly fifteen minutes, but finally returned carrying a set of old mitts. They were black with age, all of the padding was worked off the knuckles, and to fight with them would have been equivalent to using skin-tights.

Yet it was with these murderous relics that McCoy said he wanted to perform. He knew that the club officials wouldn't consent, even if the Maher contingent had been crazy enough to give in to him. But the foxy one was simply playing for time, and the production of the battered gloves furnished material for a lengthy wrangle.

Maher Frozen

HAD Maher's seconds been wise, they would have dressed Peter up in something to keep his bones from being racked by the cold, or have taken him back to the dressing room. They did neither, but instead devoted their energies to cursing McCoy and refusing to use the latter's gloves.

At last, when every one's patience was exhausted, McCoy reluctantly consented to don the official mitts. By this time, Peter was a picture of chilly misery, his lips blue and teeth chattering, but McCoy had yet another card up his sleeve. He walked to his opponent's corner and registered a fierce protest against the bandages on Peter's hands. Nothing would suit but they must take gloves and bandages off again and convince McCoy that there wasn't a lump of lead concealed under the fist wrappings. Finally, when the restive crowd waxed ugly, McCoy suddenly announced he was ready, pulled off his clothes, and the battle was on.

Maher was so badly frozen that his very joints creaked, while the Kid, warm, supple as a snake, and every whit as dangerous, glided swiftly up to the bigger man, feinted him out, and crashed his famous left hook to the jaw. That first punch won the fight for McCoy. Maher couldn't get unlimbered and strike his stride. The Kid played with him like a cat with a mouse and knocked him kicking in the fifth round of a one-sided contest.

Impersonates Maher

WHILE McCoy proved a hoodoo to Maher, it is doubtful if the Kid ever caused Peter a tithe of the trouble that another slugger, not so famous in ring history, and known as Jerry Slattery, did. Jerry was a longshoreman by profession, or courtesy rather, for he never worked if he could help it. He was a tall, athletic fellow, greatly resembling Maher, but possessing an amount of monumental gall with which nature failed to provide Peter.

Also, Jerry was not unknown as a glove-wielder. Most of his battles were of the rough-and-tumble variety, but occasionally he donned the mitts and took a whirl with some local light.

Those were the days when Miner's Bowery Theater was a favorite spot for ring champions to disport themselves, meeting all comers in four-round bouts. Jerry was much in demand when some prominent middle- or heavyweight needed a victim, and it made no difference to him that he was usually required to "lie down." Jerry cared nothing for glory; so long as his fee was forthcoming he was satisfied.

Like Maher, Slattery was Irish, although born over here, and it is doubtful if Peter himself packed a harder right-hand punch than the husky longshoreman, even though Peter did knock out Jerry in one round in 1905. Slattery made the latter fact painfully evident at Bob Fitzsimmons' expense on one occasion. Bob took Jerry on at Miner's, with the understanding that Slattery was to flop in the second frame. But early in the first, while Fitz was carelessly jabbing him, Jerry saw an opening and swung his potent right. The glove landed squarely on the freckled hero's jowl, but, fortunately for Bob, about an inch above the fatal "point."

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

As it was, the blow dropped Fitz to his knees, and when he arose, his legs were rocking and eyes goggling. Whooping triumphantly, Jerry rushed in for a finish, but Fitz promptly slid into the saving clinch and hugged the round out. Aided by his wonderful recuperative powers, Fitz was himself again in the next session, and retribution came swiftly to the crafty Slattery. Jerry was knocked cold, but ever afterwards was wont to boast of his exploit.

"Oi just missed bein' champeen av th' wurruld by wan inch!" was his declaration, and it was not without a foundation of truth, either.

MAHER'S GREETING

WHEN the delegation made up to meet Maher on the latter's arrival in the U. S. assembled, Jerry, who was well acquainted with Madden, was on hand. He was one of the first to grip Peter's fist and welcome him to the land of the free. In fact, he stuck close to Madden and his champ for several days, joining in the festivities which were gotten up for the occasion, and making himself so conspicuous that frequently he was pointed out to enthusiastic Celts as the new Irish ring star. At last, even good-natured Billy Madden lost patience, and Jerry was, metaphorically speaking, thrust forth into the outer darkness.

Scenes in the training camps of Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, as illustrated by a "Police Gazette" artist in 1896.

But he had his revenge. During the first couple of weeks following Maher's landing, Madden took his champion around among the better class of sporting resorts, making him acquainted and building up his popularity. At the same time, Slattery was busy undermining the said popularity in a lower branch of sporting society. The newspapers printed a good deal about Maher then, and the Irish-American sports were correspondingly elated over the boosting of their pugilistic idol.

Jerry attired himself in a suit of white flannel and a straw hat of the latest style. Thus sportingly clad, he would select some saloon kept by a Celt in a likely neighborhood, enter, order a glass of beer, and stand drinking it slowly at the bar. Presently Jerry's confederate would appear, order a drink, and start dramatically as his eyes fell upon Slattery. He would then call the proprietor to one side and whisper cautiously in his ear.

"Do you know who that feller is? It's Peter Maher, the Irish champeen. Whist, don't be afther telling him I told you. He's a modest sort of bhoy an' don't like to be pointed out."

After which it never took long for the adoring proprietor to approach "Mister Maher" and having gently hinted that he knew who he was, beg the honor of drinking his health.

The much surprised "Maher" then reluctantly acknowledged his identity, accepted the host's hospitality, and talked entertainingly of the future awaiting him, when (*Continued on page* 46)

GRIFFO, RING'S

BOSTON, in the last half century, has seen every pugilist of note in action, but it is doubtful if any more colorful character has ever been seen in action there than Albert Griffiths, best known to fistic fame as "Young Griffo," the Australian featherweight, who died in New York six years ago.

He has been heralded as the cleverest and most scientific glove wielder of all time when he came to the East, and he soon proved that he was. Ordinary adjectives failed to describe him and even superlatives carried little impression of his marvelous skill. He had won over everybody in his class in his home country, including even middleweights, and in his American campaign he repeated.

Coming to this country in the summer of 1893, when there was little boxing on the Pacific Coast, he decided to go East, and his first stop brought him and his manager, Hughey Behan, to Chicago. After several minor affairs there, he boxed Solly Smith and George Lavigne, two great gladiators, and then came his bout with Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider," one of the niftiest men of his weight of that time. They were scheduled to go six rounds, but Griffo raised such havoc with Weir that the police interfered and put a stop to the proceedings.

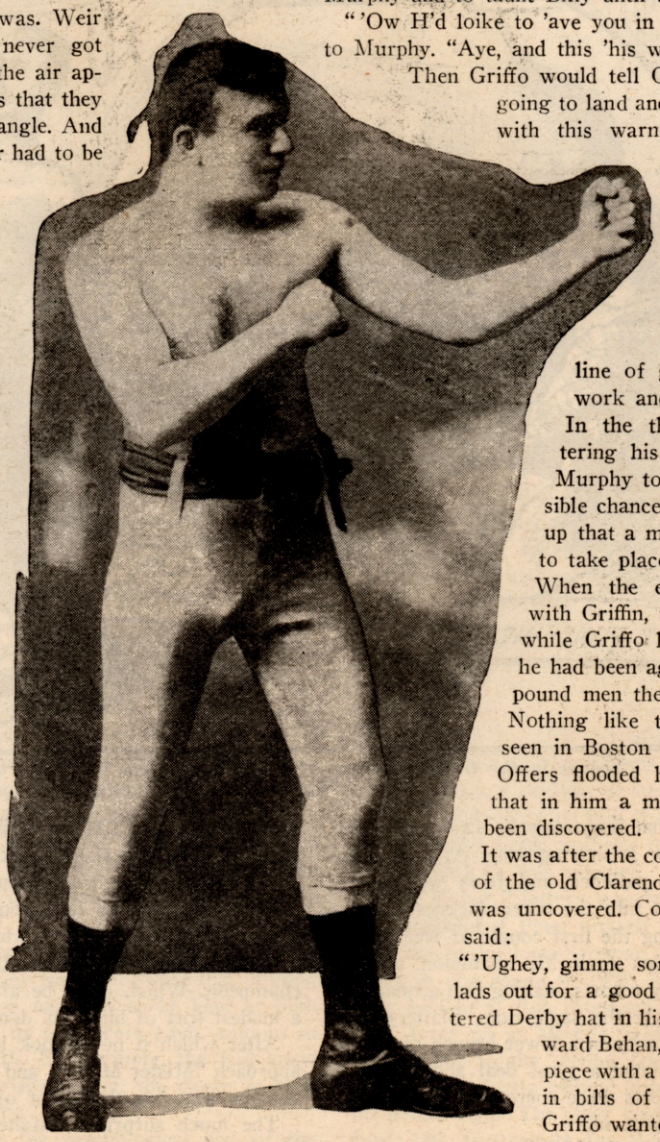
Boston then woke up to what a real marvel the man from "Down Under" was. Weir returned home declaring that he never got started against the Australian, for the air appeared to be so full of flying gloves that they hit the Spider from every possible angle. And any man who could do that to Weir had to be a wonder. Still it was Weir who was Griffo's biggest booster, and it must be remembered that Ike was a marvel, himself.

Johnny Griffin, the "Braintree Lad," then in his prime, was a great favorite with Boston lovers of boxing, and a match was arranged between him and Griffo to be decided at the old Cyclorama building on Tremont Street, afterwards the home of the Armory A. A., which is still in existence. The distance was to be eight rounds, with the then common understanding that if both men were on their feet at the end of the contest, a draw was to be declared.

Australian Billy Murphy (Little Dynamite), who had been beaten by Griffo in the old country, helped train and coach Griffin, who was always a conscientious fellow in his preparatory work. Murphy was also Griffin's chief second in the bout, and it was this fact that opened the way for any number of side issues during the entire eight rounds.

Stories of Griffo's lack of training and his unorthodox method of living had filtered out, and it was figured that even if a small part of the tales were true the Australian was due for a hiding.

While the men were in their corners getting their gloves on, Griffo began a running fire of conversation with Murphy across the ring. He paid absolutely no attention to Griffin. What a raft of repartee passed between the two countrymen during the proceedings! It was witty, sarcastic, and, with Griffo's distinct Australian cockney dialect, kept the crowd in a roar of laughter.



Young Griffo, the will-o'-the-wisp of the ring.

* * *

WHEN the bell sounded, Griffo advanced almost flat-footed, erect, his right hand at low guard, with the left advanced on a line about three inches above the waist. He seemed to glide toward Griffin, and then like a flash he shot out his left with the precision of a sharp-shooter and it struck its target—Griffin's nose. Griffin's attempt to counter found the Australian merely moving his head from side to side, drawing back his body beyond the range of his opponent's leads and blocking so perfectly that few of Griffin's leads ever touched him. Griffin was amazed but not half so much as the spectators who were led to believe that the Australian's poor physical condition would make him a mark for Griffin's blows.

But the wonder of it all was that Griffo appeared to be paying more attention to Murphy in Griffin's corner than he did to the man he was boxing. He would work Griffin deliberately into the latter's own corner in order to be better able to abuse Murphy and to taunt Billy until the latter was crazy mad.

"'Ow H'd loike to 'ave you in 'ere, yer bloomer," said Griffo to Murphy. "Aye, and this 'his wot Oid do to ye. Now watch."

Then Griffo would tell Griffin just what punch he was going to land and where it would land, and even with this warning, Griffo invariably scored just as he said he would and then taunted Murphy with another remark in which there was more than a fair share of Sydney billingsgate. The crowd went wild. The spectators paid as much attention to the Australian's line of gab as to his marvelous footwork and sharpshooting.

In the third round, Griffo, still plastering his opponent, actually challenged Murphy to meet him at the earliest possible chance. In fact, Billy was so worked up that a match was made the same night to take place a week later.

When the eight rounds had been boxed with Griffin, the latter was badly outpointed while Griffo had not a mark to show that he had been against one of the sturdiest 128-pound men the East had ever produced.

Nothing like the Australian had ever been seen in Boston before. Griffo's fame traveled. Offers flooded him. The fistic world realized that in him a modern pugilistic superman had been discovered.

It was after the contest, while in the dining room of the old Clarendon hotel, that the real Griffo was uncovered. Coming over to his manager he said:

"'Ughey, gimme some pelf, sos H'i kin toike the lads out for a good time," Griffo had an old battered Derby hat in his hand and this he extended toward Behan, who proceeded to fill the headpiece with a handful of loosely tossed money in bills of small denomination, the pelf Griffo wanted. Taking the money, he went to the bar, dumped it on the mahogany and invited everybody to drink until the "'atful

CLEVEREST BOXER

By NAT FLEISCHER

of pelf" was gone. Just like poor Griff!

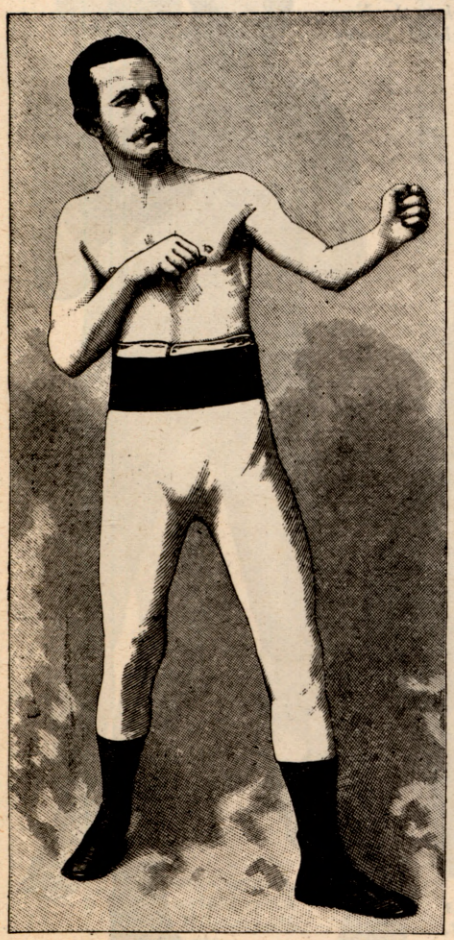
When the money had been spent, Griffo got another hatful and then started off with a bunch of cronies. Money meant nothing to him.

The match with Murphy came off two weeks later and was a repetition of the Griffin match, except that Griffo was a bit more spiteful in his work against Murphy. He dislike Billy and was most anxious to show him up, and he surely did.

Then came the proposal to match Griffo with George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," then the world's champion. In the meanwhile Griffo would disappear sometimes for a week at a time, but Behan appeared to be about the only one who did not worry.

"When I want him I know where to lay my hands on him, and when he gets in the ring, he'll be ready to fight," was all the satisfaction one could get from Hughey.

An example of how troublesome Griffo was, because of drink, may be cited in the following. Griffo had been so drunk for a week before the fight with Murphy, that Behan finally had him arrested and fined, then appealed the case, but left Griffo in jail to sober off. An hour or two before the time to enter the ring, Behan secured a bail commissioner, put up the bond for Griffo and took him direct from Charles Street Jail to the clubhouse. A dash of water on the face was all the training he got, but from what he did to Murphy, that "training" was about all Griffo needed.



Australian Billy Murphy who lost to Griffo.

* * *

IT was the same with the Dixon match, which was for twenty rounds for the world's championship. Griffo was locked up a week before the date of the show, bailed out in time to get to the clubhouse, and then showed Dixon more boxing than even the then great "Little Chocolate" ever realized could be shown him. They went the distance and, while it appears as a draw in the records, there was no doubt about the Australian's superiority

Jack Grace, the globe-trotting fighter and manager, who toured this country with Griffo.

After that bout, Griffo drifted away, and gradually slipped into oblivion, but not until he had come from a year's sentence at Brooklyn and entered the ring against Joe Gans the very day of his release and made a monkey out of the colored man.

The only adverse decision ever given against him in this country was when he boxed Jack McAuliffe, then still lightweight champion, at Coney Island. Maxey Moore, a great amateur referee, judged the bout.

It was in that contest that Moore counted the points with a "counter" in each hand, one for McAuliffe and the other for Griffo. Moore became badly mixed and did all the scoring on the McAuliffe counter, and gave the award to Jack at the end of the tenth round. But there was no doubt in the minds of any spectator that a wrong decision had been made and that Griffo should have been the victor. Even McAuliffe only a few weeks ago said that he was surprised when the decision was rendered as he realized he had been beaten.

Griffo kept going down hill, finally landing in an insane asylum in Chicago where he remained for a long time. Several years ago, he recovered sufficiently to be discharged and friends made up a purse to send him back to Australia. He spent the money, however, and dropped completely out of sight until about three years later he was discovered panhandling in the Great White Way of New York.

Probably the best way to get an idea of Griffo's skill is to recall his offer to bet Jim Corbett $1000 that he could stand on a lady's handkerchief, with the butt of a cigar in his mouth and without shifting his feet from the piece of linen, and Corbett could not knock the cigar from his mouth in one three-minute round. Just how much truth there is to that offer will never be known, but it was current at the time and so far as the writer is aware, was never denied. Corbett always laughed when the story was related, but never denied it. And those who saw the Australian box feel sure that he would have won the bet if such a match had been arranged

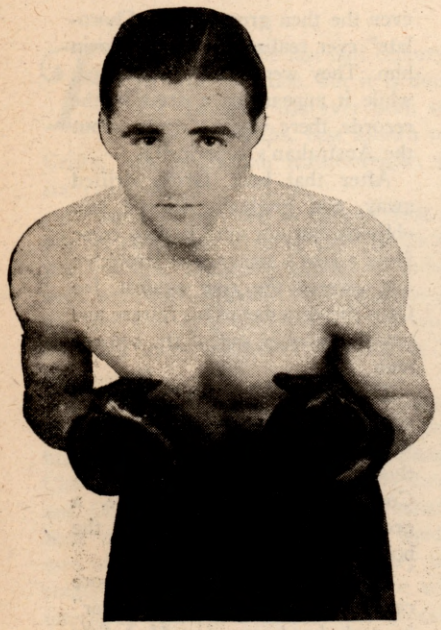
* * *

ONE of the favorite tricks of "Griff" was to pick up a fly between his thumb and forefinger with a flashing gesture that beat even the speed of that nimble insect.

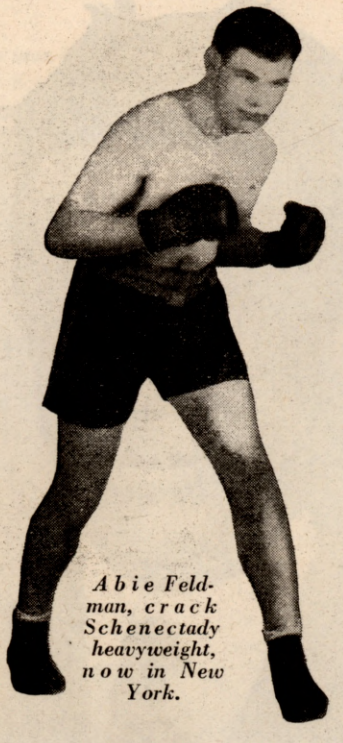
One day, hungry and broke but without admitting his predicament, he bet the proprietor of a fruit stand he could take an apple without being seen, "Try it," he was told.

There was a flash upward of a heavy-looking right hand. The fruit man blinked. Young Griffo walked away and a few feet from the stand pulled an apple from his pocket and began munching. In the fraction of a second—in the veritable wink of the proprietor's eye—Griffo's left (*Continued on page* 44)

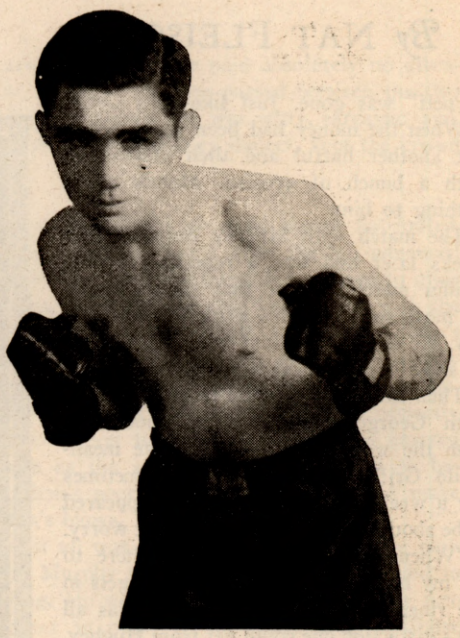
Destined to Reach the Heights



Lou Salica, former amateur bantam, making great strides among the pros.

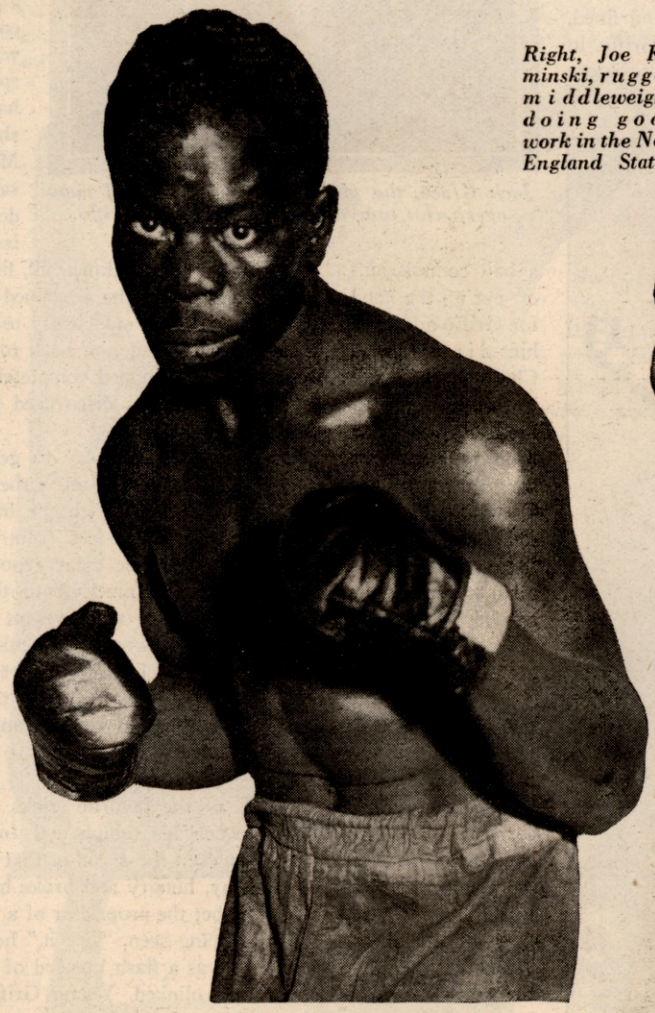


Abie Feldman, crack Schenectady heavyweight, now in New York.



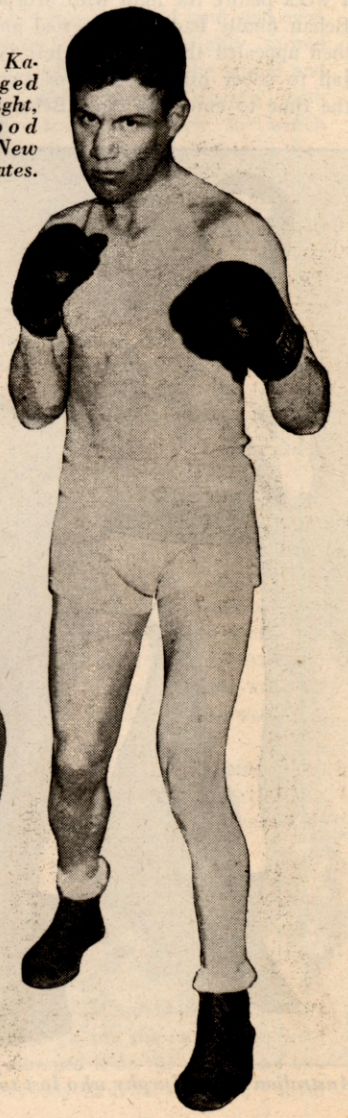
Frankie Covelli, aggressive, two-fisted Brooklyn featherweight.

Leonard Del Genio, hard-hitting New Yorker, in the lightweight class.

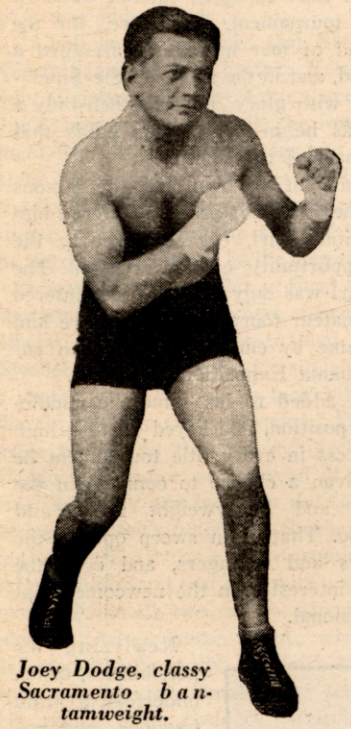


Leroy "Tiger" Smith, Rochester's hard-hitting southpaw welterweight.

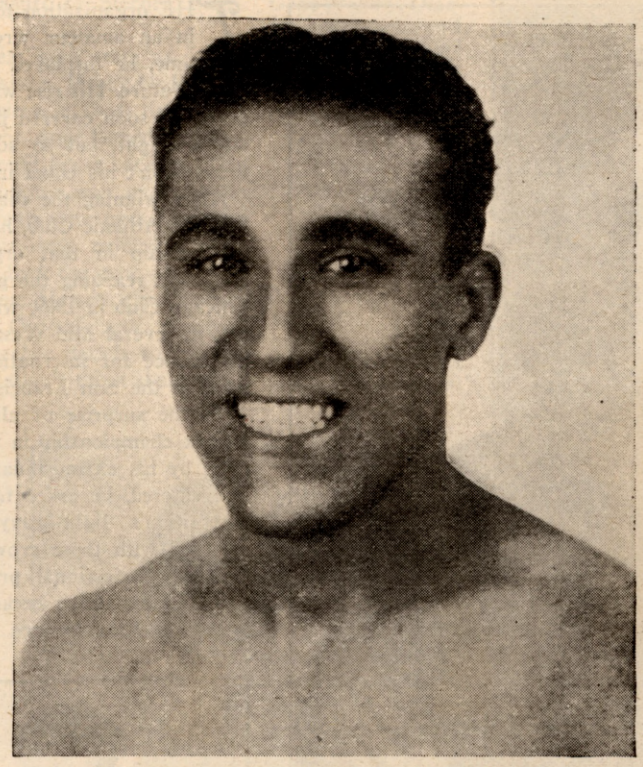
Right, Joe Kaminski, rugged middleweight, doing good work in the New England States.



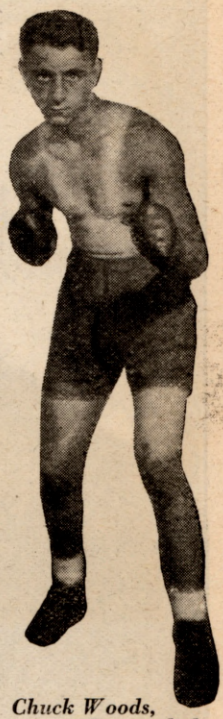
Climbing Steadily



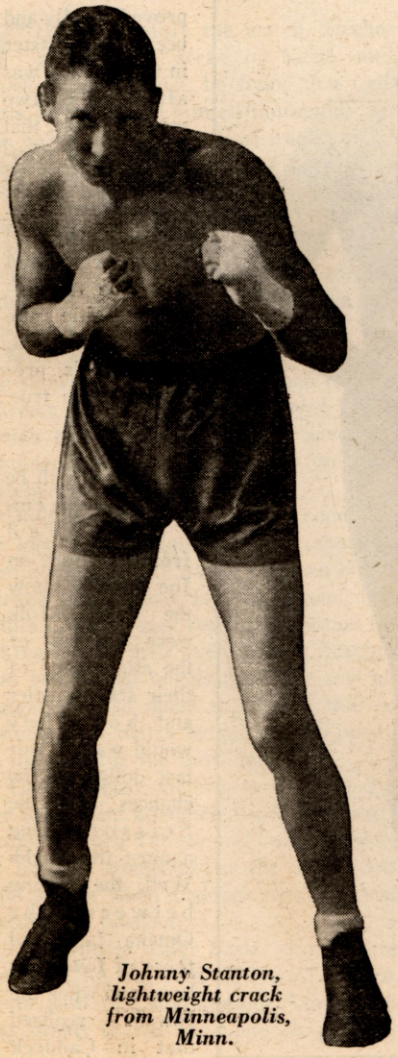
Joey Dodge, classy Sacramento bantamweight.



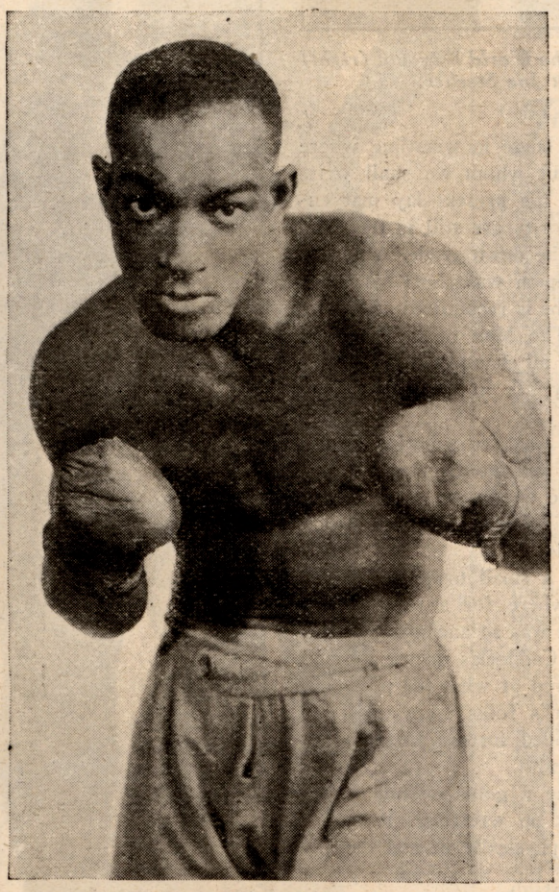
Tony D'Alessandro, former New York middleweight, now in Holyoke.



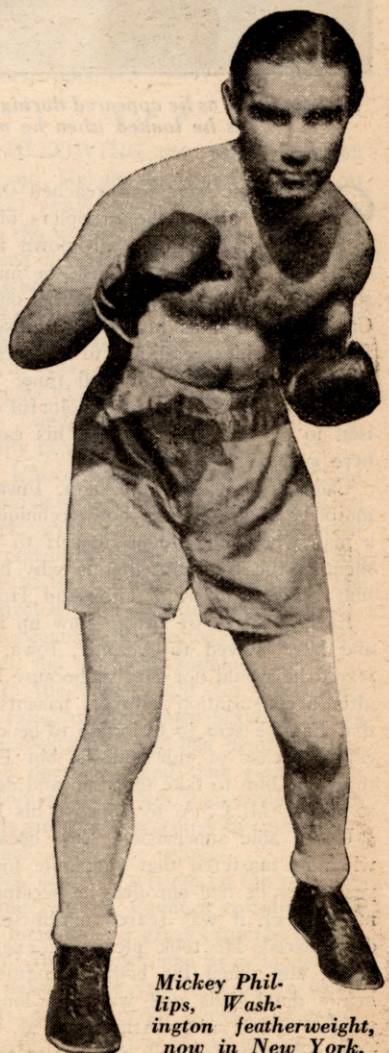
Chuck Woods, coming Detroit lightweight.



Johnny Stanton, lightweight crack from Minneapolis, Minn.

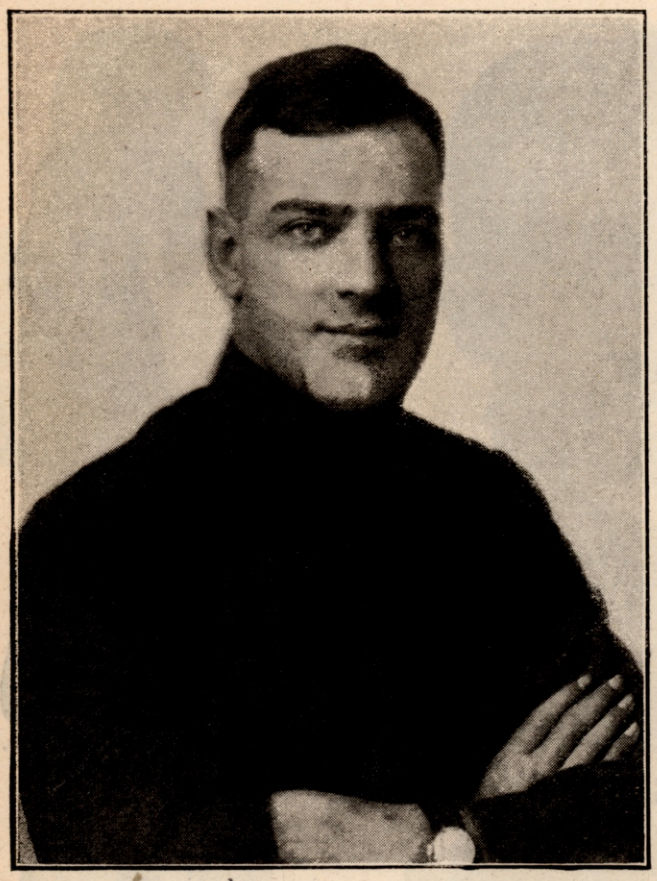


Six Second Powell, New Jersey's welterweight flash.



Mickey Phillips, Washington featherweight, now in New York.

From MILO to LONDOS



Earl Caddock as he appeared during the World War and (right) as he looked when he met Joe Stecher.

WE have now reached the stage in wrestling where all of the grapplers about whom we shall write are quite well-known to the present-day mat enthusiasts because the majority are still in the field, some still as stars and others far on the down grade. Although Caddock's reign as heavyweight champion was short-lived, his fame was widespread, and to this day he is recognized as one of the greatest wrestlers of all time. "The Man of a Thousand Holds" was one of the most colorful of all champions. We promised to say something about his early life in this chapter, so here goes.

Caddock, a native of Anita, Iowa, was far superior to the majority of matmen in both technique and intelligence. He was a man who could adapt himself to the conditions as he found them in the ring and that is why his western admirers called him "The Man of a Thousand Holds."

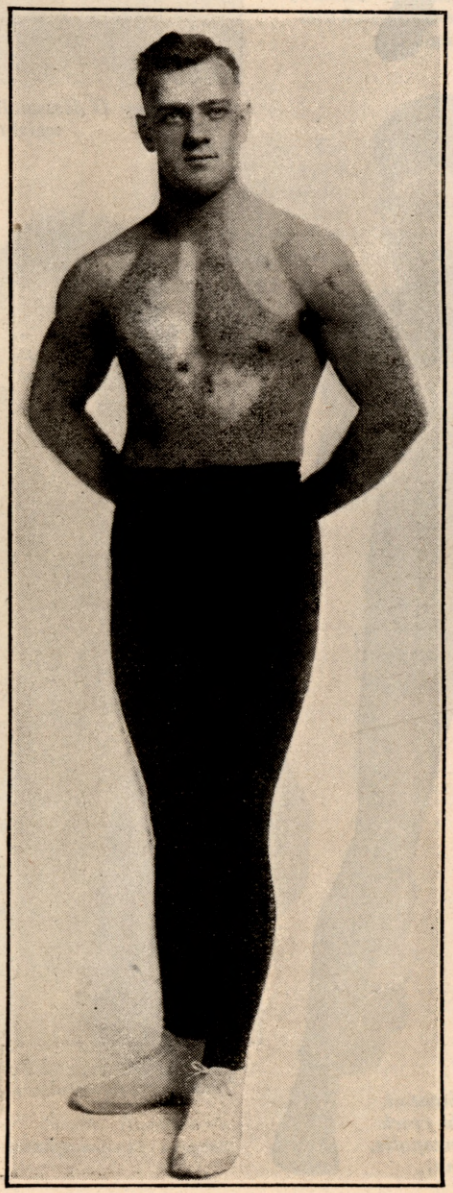
Earl, a native of Iowa, grew up in a small town at Walnut and later moved to Atlantic, Iowa, where for a time it was feared he would not survive because he was so anaemic. In fact, after a consultation with his parents, Caddock's doctor advised that Earl be sent to Colorado to be cured of what the physician called a case of tuberculosis, but Earl's folks were too poor to enable him to take that trip and decided, instead, to send him to the Y. M. C. A. to improve his health.

Under able supervision, Earl became a good swimmer, and when he mastered that sport, he took up wrestling. Within a year after he had enrolled, he became physically fit and the ailment which it was feared might send him to an early grave disappeared. He took plenty of exercise. He loved calisthenic work, and when his body strengthened, he worked with the heavy dumb-bells and was, ere long, the best physically developed athlete at the Atlantic Y. M. C. A. Just another proof of what perseverance and will power can do for a person.

THE organization to which Earl belonged entered Caddock in an amateur wrestling tournament, and there, for the first time, he displayed a brand of mat work that presaged a bright future. His rise was rapid, and in the ranks of the Simonpures, he soon covered himself with glory. He was then only a middleweight, but so adept was he in the various holds that there wasn't his equal in any part of the country.

After winning the championship of his own club, the famous Chicago Athletic Club, having heard of his prowess, offered him membership in that organization. Earl, eager to get to the front and realizing the great opportunity, quickly accepted. The Chicago Club in 1909, when Earl was only 20 years old, entered him in several Mid-Western amateur tournaments and gave him his chance for international fame by enrolling him as an entrant in the San Francisco Panama Exposition Olympiad.

To the surprise of all, Earl added to his fame the middleweight championship in that exposition, and keyed up to a high pitch by his extraordinary success in every title tournament he had entered, he asked to be given a chance to compete in the Exposition's light-heavyweight and heavyweight ranks and emerged with those crowns also. That clean sweep opened the eyes of professional promoters and managers, and even the great Frank Gotch became so interested in the newcomer that he urged Earl to turn professional.



Realizing his possibilities, Gotch undertook to train Caddock, and under Frank's tutelage, Earl improved rapidly and became a master in the sport. It was after only two weeks' work that Gotch publicly announced that he was confident that Caddock would defeat Stecher and win the heavyweight title the first time they met, and Gotch's prediction came true.

* * *

IT will be remembered from our story on Joe Stecher, how the Omaha folk were jealous of the attainments of their star wrestler and how they would wager their last dollar on the chances of the Scissors King against the world. Well, the feeling between the Omaha fans and those of Iowa was keen, and when the Iowans realized that in Caddock

to BROWNING

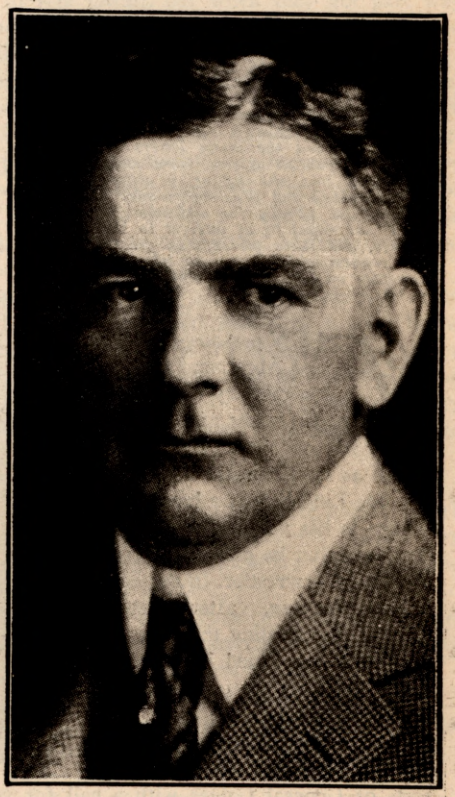
By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

CHAPTER XIX

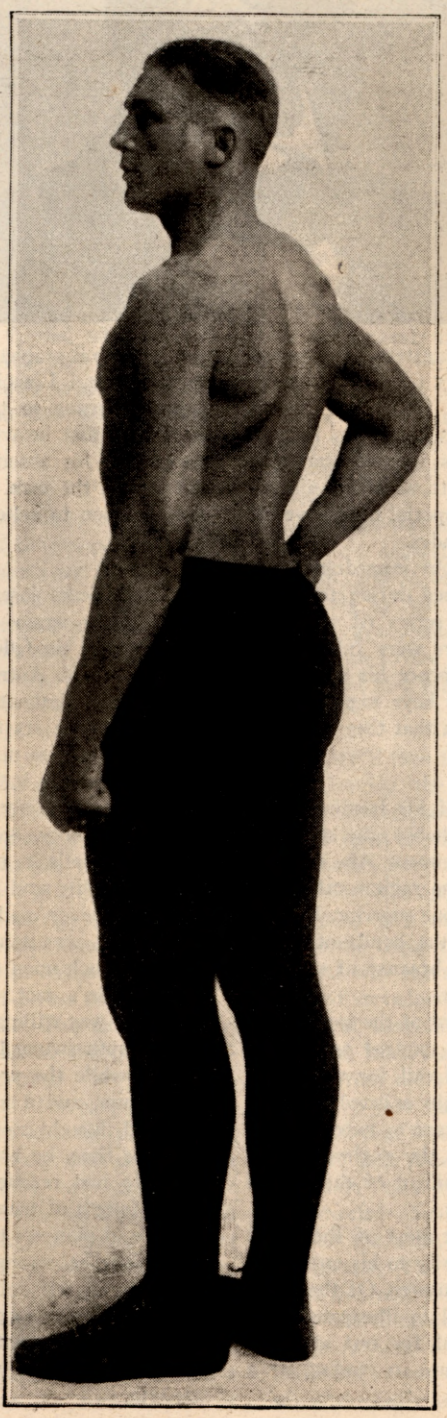
they had a man who might take the measure of Stecher, their glee was unbounded.

It will be remembered that Stecher beat such stars as Jesse Westergaard, Marin Plestina, Yousof Hussane, Henry Ordeman, John Frieberg, Charley Cutler, and Americus in short time, and Joe's success seemed to rile the Iowans, who since Gotch's retirement were on the lookout for one who could bring back to that state its wrestling prestige. Stecher's success was more than they could stand. The Iowans urged Gotch to come back into active competition, but he realized his days were numbered and he urged that Caddock be the man to bring back the state's laurels.

It was through Gotch's urgings that Gene Melady, the Omaha sportsman who had become manager of Caddock and also his official trainer, was able to land the Stecher match for Earl. Stecher was chock-full of confidence. He didn't think there was a chance for any one to beat him and therein he was sadly mistaken. He had made such a hit that Joe didn't concede Caddock a chance, and instead of taking Earl seriously and being on the spot for at least a week's tuning up, Stecher went out on the Coast for a barnstorming tour. After winding up that tour with a victory over Ad Santell, two falls in fifteen minutes, he visited Butte, Mont., where he defeated Pat Connolly, the Irish lad, before starting for Omaha, the scene of his match with Caddock. That's how much faith Joe had in his ability.



Gene Melady, Omaha sportsman and manager of Earl Caddock, who was largely responsible for Caddock's rise.



Joe Stecher, the Nebraska farm boy, as he appeared at the heighth of his spectacular career.

* * *

THE day before the match, Stecher reached the scene of battle, and, much to his surprise, he found that Caddock had prepared himself thoroughly for the task ahead of him, Earl was in prime condition while Stecher was tired from his long tour and was far from ready for a proper defense of his title. Caddock was fit as a fiddle. He was trained for a king's ransom. Nothing was left undone to aid in bringing to Iowa the championship.

Melady's handling was that of a master showman and friend. He had enlisted Farmer Burns and even the great Frank Gotch to visit with Earl and give him confidence and tips on how to go after Stecher.

Despite Caddock's wonderful condition, he lost the first fall in a little short of two hours. Stecher was tired when he returned to the mat for the second fall, while Caddock was ready to continue for all night. In a little over an hour, Stecher was beaten, flat on his back. He was all fagged out, so much so in fact that he forfeited the match by refusing to return to the mat for the third fall.

The Dempsey victory over Firpo and the excitement attending the "long count" match between Tunney and Dempsey were as nothing compared to the furor and wild scenes when Caddock was returned victor over Stecher.

The Omaha Ball Park, owned and managed by the veteran Pat O'Rourke, never saw such wild acclaim. The crowd was simply crazed and Caddock, possessing wonderful personality, good looking, clean living, made a great hit and became immensely popular.

* * *

FOLLOWING the match, Caddock and Melady announced themselves as ready and willing to meet any man in the world. Twenty thousand people witnessed his next match at Des Moines, Iowa, when he wrestled Wladek Zbyszko. He also defeated him in a best-two-out-of-three match and a short time later, Caddock, in the same hall, defeated Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the same style, finish match. Caddock became a great card, especially in the Middle West.

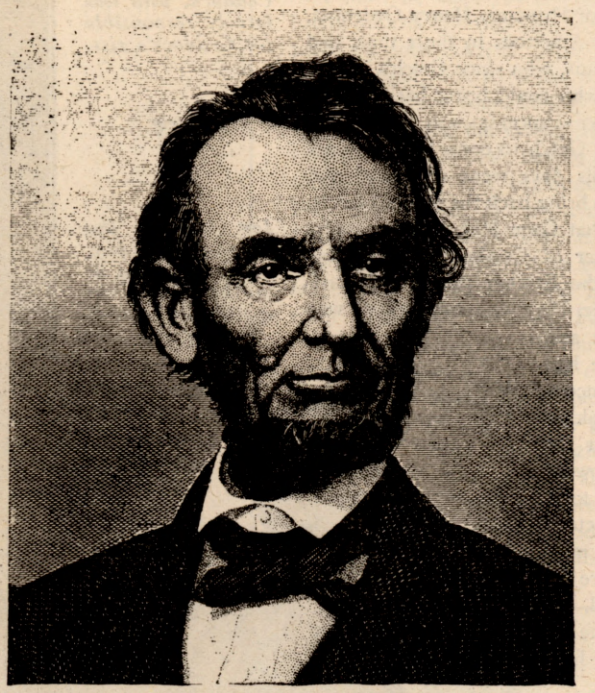
The United States entered the war in 1917, and before the draft law was in effect, Caddock, with his title and all, reported at the recruiting office and volunteered his services at the call of his countrymen. He was rejected after careful medical examination because of affected tonsils. This, however, did not deter Caddock for long. He left the same night for Rochester, Minn., called on the famed Mayo Brothers at their sanitarium, and had them perform a tonsil operation, and then returned to Des Moines, Iowa, less than a week later and this time was accepted by the examiners and joined the colors.

A book could be written on the romance following this act. Caddock certainly conducted himself as a great example for the youth of the country and as a model for his profession. He was assigned to headquarters, doing duty for General Johnson's staff in the sol- (*Continued on page* 45)

LINCOLN, *the Wrestler*

By NAT FLEISCHER

(In the February issue of this publication, in commemoration of the 125th birthday of Abraham Lincoln, we carried a story, "Lincoln, the Prairie Panther." In appreciation of the splendid response of our readers to the anecdotes pertaining to Lincoln's wrestling and boxing ability, and the many letters urging us to publish a few more stories along that line, the Editor, a collector of Lincolniana and Washingtoniana, has searched his library for additional material that might be of interest to RING *readers, and takes pleasure in granting their request with a few more interesting anecdotes on Lincoln, the athlete.)*



FEW persons ever think of Abraham Lincoln as a military man, except in terms of association with the Army of the North as its Commander-in-Chief, yet Abe Lincoln was a brave, good soldier in his youth and it was in the army that he gained his greatest skill as a wrestler. In the Black Hawk uprising, after General Gaines, commanding the American regular force, found he could not check the rampage of the famous leader of the Sacs, he called upon Governor Reynolds of Illinois for aid. The Governor seconded the efforts of General Gaines with a call for volunteers, and among the first to enlist to fight the Indian invaders was Abe Lincoln.

The bulk of the Illinois volunteers came from New Salem, Menard County, and Clary's Grove, Lincoln's home, and because of his fearlessness, the Clary's Grove boys insisted that Abe accept the post of captain. It was an office to which he did not aspire, and for which he felt that he had no special fitness, yet he accepted because of the urging of his comrades.

Being a hardy, outdoor enthusiast, Lincoln immediately put into effect plans for the recreation of his men during their idle periods, and included in his plans was a series of wrestling and boxing matches. The Clary's Grove boys were fully aware of Abe's prowess as an all-around athlete, hence his suggestion was met with popular approval because the boys expected that he would join with them in wrestling and in that they were not disappointed.

* * *

LINCOLN was most popular because of his hardiness and his strength and as wrestling was his hobby, the sport became an everyday amusement in his regiment. Abe engaged in many bouts and came within reach of the regimental championship, but failed to win it because he had one superior. Lincoln tossed seven men before he met defeat at the hands of Hank Thompson, a big, burly fellow who won, not because of superior skill but because of superior muscular power.

Lincoln and Zachary Taylor were members of the same regiment, and after their enlistment period had expired and Black Hawk again threatened the whites, a second call for volunteers was made and both Lincoln and Taylor again enlisted, but this time only as privates. And it is most significant to note that the two simplest, homeliest, and truest men in the regiment were these lads, both of whom later became President of the United States.

It is also noteworthy that to Lincoln went most of the credit for the fine discipline of the men, due primarily to his entertainment with sports events in which he was a master. Of the many anecdotes in Lincoln's career which I found to illustrate Abe's tremendous strength, I have selected several for our army of readers, who, I feel certain, will find pleasure in reading of a phase of Lincoln's life seldom touched upon.

AN instance of the practical humanity practiced by Lincoln in his youth and the strength in his sturdy frame may be recorded in the following:

One evening, while returning from a "raising" in his wide neighborhood with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a man who was accustomed to excess in drink, and those in the party suspected at once that the owner was not far off.

A short search only was necessary to confirm the suspicions of the young men. The poor drunkard was found in a perfectly helpless condition, lying upon the chilly ground. While Lincoln's companions urged the cowardly policy of leaving him to his fate, young Abraham would not listen to such a proposition. His companions argued with him, but Abe stood his ground.

He was determined to help the drunken creature, and at his request, the miserable sot was lifted from the ground to Abe's shoulders and Lincoln carried him almost a quarter of a mile from the scene to the nearest house. There he sent word to his father that he would not be back home that night, with the reason for his absence, and throughout the night, he attended and nursed the man until morning when he left for home, with ample reason to believe that he had saved a life.

* * *

TWO years later, at the age of nineteen, in 1828, young Lincoln again displayed his marvelous strength and his courage, this time down in Louisiana, before a gang of seven tough Negroes. A trading neighbor had applied to Abe to take charge of a flatboat and its cargo, and in company with the owner's son, he started on the journey down the Mississippi to a sugar plantation near New Orleans. The entire business of the trip was placed in Abraham's hands. Although Lincoln had previously made only one essay at navigation, he readily accepted the responsibility, and the fact that he was trusted in handling the mission tells its own story touching the young man's reputation for ability and integrity.

He had never made the trip, knew nothing of the dangers of the journey, was unaccustomed to business transactions, and had not been much upon the river, yet he was accepted by the owner because Abe's tact, ability, and honesty were so trusted that the trader was willing to risk his cargo and his son in Abe's care.

The youth swung loose from shore upon his clumsy craft with delight, while the prospect of a ride of eighteen hundred miles before him, and a vision of the great world of which he had read and thought so much, thrilled him.

At the time, he was tall and powerfully built, though he was lean. He had reached the remarkable height of six feet four inches, length of trunk and limb most astounding even among the tall race of pioneers to which he belonged. He already had proved his ability in strong-arm tests, both at wrestling and, when necessary, in self-defense, and so far as courage was concerned, there wasn't a more courageous fellow in his territory. The combative spirit was not one he cared often to display, but when necessity arose, he was Johnny-on-the-spot in the use of his strength.

And he proved that to the satisfaction of a gang of thieves who attempted to rob the vessel after it had reached its destination. Arriving at a sugar plantation somewhere between Natchez and New Orleans, his boat pulled in and he and the trader's son, fatigued from their journey, decided to rest for the night before unloading.

* * *

SHORTLY after retiring on their hard bed, the future liberator of the Negro race heard strange noises on shore alongside the boat. Abe listened and thought he heard the noise repeated, and leaping from his bunk, he shouted, "Who's there?"

But there was no reply. A few moments of quiet was followed by a repetition of the noise, but this time Abe and his companion heard the sound of the invaders closer than before. They scented danger, but young Lincoln, guessing the errand, the theft of some of the cargo, decided to fight his enemies.

Seizing a handspike, he rushed forward toward the Negro nearest to him, and as the invader attempted to strike Abe with a heavy stick, young Lincoln sidestepped, and quick as a flash, let fly his fist. The blow caught the marauder on the forehead and he fell backward into the water.

That served to arouse the anger of the others who were still on shore, and a second member of the thieving gang leaped forward to disable Abe. Lincoln swung over a wide range with his handspike, and when that failed to scare off the robber, Abe leaped at him, grabbed him about the waist, raised him over his head, and tossed him heavily to the deck. There he lay stunned, and fortunately so, for in a jiffy, Lincoln and the trader's boy were attacked by two more of the gang.

Lincoln, seeing one of the Negroes, armed with a bludgeon, making for the boy, dodged to one side and struck a terrific blow to the thief's jaw, and the Negro landed where the first invader had gone—in the water. Had Abe used his handspike instead of his fists, those Negroes probably would never have lived to be emancipated by the man whom they were striving to kill for the sake of robbery.

* * *

BUT the manner in which Abe had disposed of his antagonists convinced the rest of the gang that here was one man the equal of the seven crooks, and all fled. Lincoln and his companion, by this time all warmed to their task, leaped off the boat to the shore and chased the thieves. The Negroes were not as swift of foot as were Lincoln and the trader's boy who caught up with two and gave them a severe trouncing.

Then Abe and the lad went back to the boat for the purpose of finding the two who had fallen into the water, and they got there just as they saw the pair gain the shore and hoof it as fast as their legs could carry them in the direction opposite to that which their mates had taken. Lincoln and his charge were both injured, Abe with a bruised left hand and a dislocated bone in the knuckle of his right hand, and his pal, with a cut over the forehead where he had been struck by a glancing blow of the bludgeon carried by the second fellow whom Abe had struck and tossed into the water. Not being armed and unwilling to take any chances of having the desperate Negroes reinforced, Lincoln and his companion cut adrift and floated down the river for a mile or more and tied up to the bank again. This time, however, they decided to guard against a repetition of the previous adventure by watching their cargo until morning.

The trip was brought to a successful end. The cargo, or "load" as they had called it, was all disposed of and the money paid. The boat was sold for lumber, and the young men started back home, partly on a boat and partly by foot, and reached their starting point after weeks of tedious traveling during which on more than one occasion young Lincoln was forced to resort to the use of his fists or his knowledge of wrestling to gain safe passage out of tough spots.

After Abe Lincoln had left home to shift for himself, he decided to accept an offer to join Denton Offutt, a trader, in a flatboat venture to New Orleans. Abe had already made such a trip and was regarded as a desirable man for such service. It had been agreed that John D. Johnston, his stepmother's son, John Hanks, a relative of his own mother, and Abe would take the boat south as soon as the snow should be gone. They were to go to Springfield to join Offutt, but when they got part way on the journey, they found that the melting snow had flooded the land and that they could not proceed any farther on foot.

Finding they could not make the journey that way, they purchased a canoe and proceeded in it along the Sangamon River until they reached their destination. They found Offutt at Springfield, but much to their disappointment, they learned that he had failed to buy a boat as had been expected. They were not too much discouraged, however, to decide to build a boat for him, and for their work they were to receive $12 a month each and board from Offutt.

When the boat was finished, every plank of it sawed by hand with a whipsaw, it was launched and floated to a point below New Salem where they had received the commission to take a drove of hogs aboard. At the time, the hogs of that region ran wild and it was no easy matter to capture them. Some were very savage and, after the manner of all swine, were most difficult to handle.

* * *

TO Lincoln fell the lot to get the loose ones and he didn't fail, although the task was not an easy one. When they were all gathered and penned, another difficulty arose. The swine could not be moved toward the boat.

All the ordinary resources were exhausted in attempts to get the pigs aboard, and the men were exasperated by their failure to make any headway. There was but one alternative.

Up spoke Abe. "Let's carry them aboard," said he.

John Hanks was first to grasp one of the pigs about the body. He squealed and fought, and in a few seconds Hanks was on the ground, the victim of a kick in the stomach.

But that experience didn't faze Abe. He made a dive for the pig which was tangled on the ground with Hanks, and with a firm grip on its hind legs, he tossed it to the ground, then got a body hold on it such as the modern wrestler would take on an opponent, raised it shoulder high, and carried the pig on the boat.

But that was only the start. While his companions stood about to guard against a stampede, Abe went after a second, third, fourth, and so on until he had carried every animal aboard the raft, one by one. His long arms and great strength had enabled him to grasp each in a vise, and to transfer them rapidly from the shore to the vessel. It was extraordinary strength that Abe displayed and also proved his adeptness in wrestling.

* * *

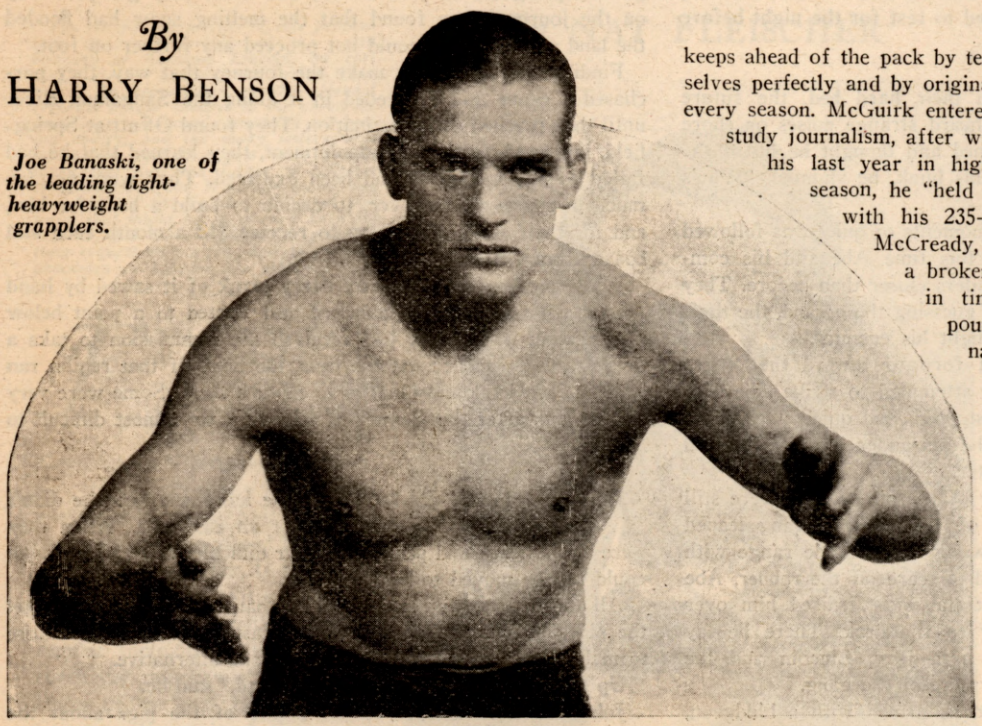
THEY then took the boat down to New Orleans, with Hanks leaving the vessel at St. Louis. When they got to the Crescent City, and were discharging their cargo, Abe again was called upon to display his fistic and wrestling prowess. Several dockhands were eager to obtain work and applied for the job of aiding Abe and Johnston. Naturally, the pair could not afford to spend any money in employing help and politely turned down the request.

That was the start of another commotion. One of the disappointed stevedores, peeved at the turndown, insulted Abe and his pal, and Lincoln resented the insults. He ordered the fellow, who, he later learned, was the king of the Creole roughnecks, away from the vessel. One word led to another, and as Lincoln turned to join his companion on the ship, he received a thrust in the back that threw him off balance. It was only Johnston's quick support that prevented Abe from falling face forward.

It didn't take long for Lincoln to retaliate. With swift motion, he wheeled about, caught the rowdy by the hand, swung him around the deck, and then in pin-wheel fashion, hurled him to the ground. The trouble-maker got up with fire in his eyes and while his mates urged him on, he sparred and made for Abe. This time Lincoln didn't waste any effort in routing him and his gang. A blow on the back carried such force with it that it tossed the rowdy ten feet or more from Abe, and without another word, the bully and his companions ran for shelter.

KING LEROY, *the First*

By
HARRY BENSON



Joe Banaski, one of the leading light-heavyweight grapplers.

HIS first name sounds, maybe, just a bit sissified, but in the French, from which it is derived, it means "The King," and it is his by right.

The rest of his name is fighting Irish, and it, too, is his by right.

LeRoy Michael McGuirk . . . . "King" Michael McGuirk.

He is the new king of the light-heavyweight wrestlers, this broth of a twenty-three-year-old boy from Tulsa, Okla.; king because he conquered the crafty veteran, Hugh Nichols of Mexia, Texas, in a great match in the Tulsa ring on the night of March 5, while seven thousand of his hysterical fellow townspeople raised the roof with their exultant cheers.

He is recognized as light-heavyweight champion of the world in at least thirty-one of these United States, because Col. Harry J. Landry, president of the National Wrestling Association, which more or less rules the mat game in the thirty-one states, was at the ringside, pausing to see the bout while on an inspection tour. When the end came and LeRoy pinned the great Nichols with the deadly rolling double wrist lock, which is the youthful title-holder's own specialty, Landry handed him the beautiful belt won by Nichols in the light-heavyweight tournament four years ago, in the finals of which the Mexia mat master defeated flashy Joe Banaski.

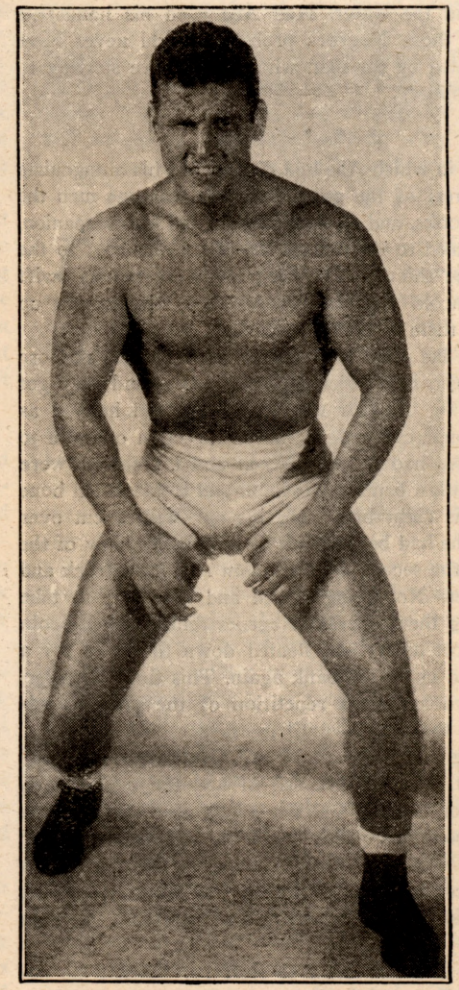
The wrestling experts say that no grappler is at his best until he passes thirty years of age, but let them not scoff at this twenty-three-year-old from Oklahoma, for he has been a brilliant prospect for seven years and was a national champion six years ago in interscholastic ranks.

* * *

YOUNG McGUIRK is no "facemaker" who depends on the use of his fists and teeth to win his matches and excite the crowds. He is a calculating, precociously cunning, scientific workman with a repertoire of sound, effective holds far greater than those of most men who have been in the professional game for fifteen or twenty years.

He was schooled in the best amateur mat school in the country, that of Oklahoma A. & M. College, whose teams have lost only one dual meet since 1922, have won every national intercollegiate team trophy ever awarded, have dominated the national A. A. U. tournaments for a decade, and placed four men on the United States Olympic team in 1932, two of them winning world amateur championships. The Oklahomans' veteran coach, Ed C. Gallagher, keeps ahead of the pack by teaching his boys to condition themselves perfectly and by originating a couple of brand-new holds every season. McGuirk entered the Stillwater school in 1928 to study journalism, after winning the national 145-pound title his last year in high school. During his sophomore season, he "held out" too long in a gym workout with his 235-pound teammate, the giant Earl McCready, now a leading pro, and suffered a broken leg, but returned to the line-up in time to land second place at 160 pounds in the national A. A. U. tournament in New York City. Later he won the national collegiate championship at 160 pounds, second place at 175 pounds, and the Western A. A. U. heavyweight title.

After losing in the finals of the Olympic trials in 1932, he decided to turn professional, while two of his mates copped world amateur championships at Los Angeles. One of them, Bobby Pearce, now is a pro and a top contender for the welterweight crown held so long by Jack Reynolds.



LeRoy McGuirk, the new world's light-heavyweight champ, has an imposing build and the necessary skill and ambition to make him a colorful title-holder.

* * *

VERY few get ahead as fast in the rigorous, bruising pro game as did LeRoy McGuirk; none ever reached the very top as rapidly, for his first professional match was in July, 1932. Within a month, he was wrestling, and winning, main events. He took to it like the proverbial duck to water.

He admits now that he was becoming a bit conceited when he first ran into Nichols in 1933, believing that he already was good enough to become champion, but the rough Texan sobered his youthful ebullience by beating him in straight falls.

After that bitter lesson, he settled down to strenuous gymnasium work whenever he had time off from com-

petition, under the guidance of his old coach, Gallagher, and a new one, Matt Berg of Tulsa. It was Berg who helped him devise the new wrist lock he used to land the title.

Late in the summer of 1933, he headed north and campaigned around Ohio for several months. It was at this time that THE RING magazine first touted him as a championship possibility, after his victories over John Kilonis and Ray Carpenter and a draw with Joe Banaski.

He returned to the Southwest with a long string of victories, got another match with Nichols, and surprised the champ by winning in two out of three falls. But he had been unable to make 175 pounds and the belt stayed with Hugh.

Then something happened which made a vast difference. He hadn't been feeling well, and a physical examination showed badly infected tonsils. Out they came. His weight dropped to 154 pounds during his convalescence, rose again to 164, stopped there. He found that his poor condition had kept him overweight despite his hard work to take off the unhealthy poundage.

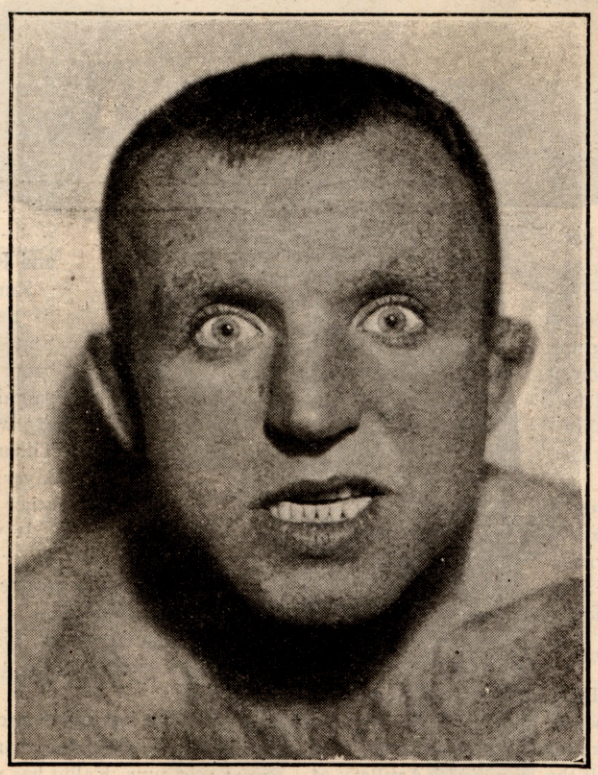
Nichols was lured into a defense of his crown, and lost it.

It was a great duel. The veteran champ, drilling long hours in the gym, had whipped himself into his best condition of two years and was his usual wily, tigerish self. The youngster, however, was in equally good shape, had a smart plan of battle and stuck to it, harassing Nichols' left arm all the way with his bone-crushing wrist locks and arm locks until, at the finish, the wing dangled almost useless at Hugh's side.

The first fall went to McGuirk in twenty and one-half minutes with a wrist lock and head scissors. Nichols, wrestling carefully, evened it in eighteen minutes with a crab hold. McGuirk came back fresh after the intermission, weakened the champ with more wrist locks and a series of toe holds, shook himself free from Nichols' famous cradle split, and after eleven minutes, spinning the frantic title-holder around the ring with the rolling lock, stopped suddenly to clamp on a body bar for the pin.

* * *

THAT'S the story thus far, and it may be a dramatic story which barely has started. LeRoy Michael McGuirk may not hold the title long. Nichols is far from through at thirty-five and swears he will regain the belt. The great Clarence Eklund, who retired as champion in 1928, has emerged from his Wyoming ranch and appears, at forty-seven, to be about as tough as ever. There are many other threats, but McGuirk, dazed at first when he realized he had scaled the heights, is filled with youthful ambition to stay there, and ambition has carried him far.

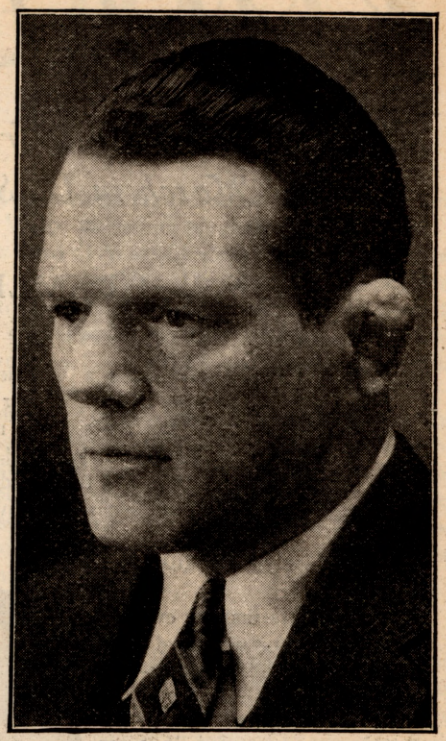


Frankie Wolff, fearful-looking German star, who has two victories over the new champion.

Of all the contenders, McGuirk declares he considers the fearful-looking Frank Wolff of New York the most dangerous, which is natural enough, since the German has beaten him twice and has also beaten Nichols. Among the top-notchers the new king has victimized are Jimmy Logas, George Sauer, Alvin Britt, Jimmy Lott, Elmer Guthrie, Ted Travis, Mustapa Pasha and Les Wolfe.

He should be a popular champion, much more popular than Nichols, who is inclined to be vicious and to take what the fans consider unfair advantages in the ring. The new titlist is handsome, has one of the most nearly perfect physiques in the light-heavy division, and dresses like a campus idol. He was president of his college fraternity and a high-graded student in journalism, starring on collegiate publications and working his way through school as sports correspondent for a big daily in the Southwest.

McGuirk was born at Garvin, Okla., December 13, 1910, so his twenty-fourth birthday still is months away. He was married three years ago, while in college, to his co-ed sweetheart, who attends all his matches wherever he goes. When he quits the ring, he intends to enter the newspaper business. But that is a long way off for LeRoy.



Hugh Nichols, whose reign as mat champ was halted by McGuirk.

MC GUIRK was just beginning to enjoy the fruits of victory when "Tex" Austin, wrestling editor of THE RING received a letter of protest from Clarence Ecklund, which should not be overlooked and which should prove very informative to many mat fans, especially those who are sticklers for facts. Ecklund goes on to say, "The wrestling profession automatically retired me from active competition. I had made two trips to Australia and New Zealand. In 1928, I won the tournament in Australia in which twenty-two of the leading wrestlers of the world were entered. From the United States came Ad Santel of West Coast fame, Ted Thye from Portland, Pink Gardner from Schenectady, N. Y., and Hugh Nichols, Kaufman and myself from the Middle Western States. An imposing list.

"The facts at present follow:—I have defeated every wrestler of note at my weight, with the exception of Charles 'Midget' Fischer of Butternut, Wisc. As near as Fischer or his manager, Max Bowman, ever came to a match with me was to state that I was too old to wrestle, or that I had retired.

"I have deposited $100 with the Missouri State Athletic Commission as a forfeit for a $500 side bet match to be held before any authorized promoter offering the highest purse or percentage.

"According to fourteen doctors representing commissions in various states, my age ranges from thirty-two to thirty-four years.

"According to wrestlers, I am younger than all my contemporaries, when youth is judged by ability. I am forty-six years old.

"When I am asked if I am as good as I once was, I reply that nothing except physical and mental test on the mat can answer that. I stand ready to meet any 175-pounder in the world."

KALLIO'S NEMESIS

Bob Myers, South African Middleweight Champ, Unable to Get Kallio Title Match in U. S., Follows Gus to Africa to Force Showdown

By AUSTIN R. GRAMLICH

SUPPOSE you were a wrestler and, after eight years of campaigning among the cream of the professional middleweights in the world, you had yet to get your first crack at the world's title, even though you had beaten the champion over the weight.

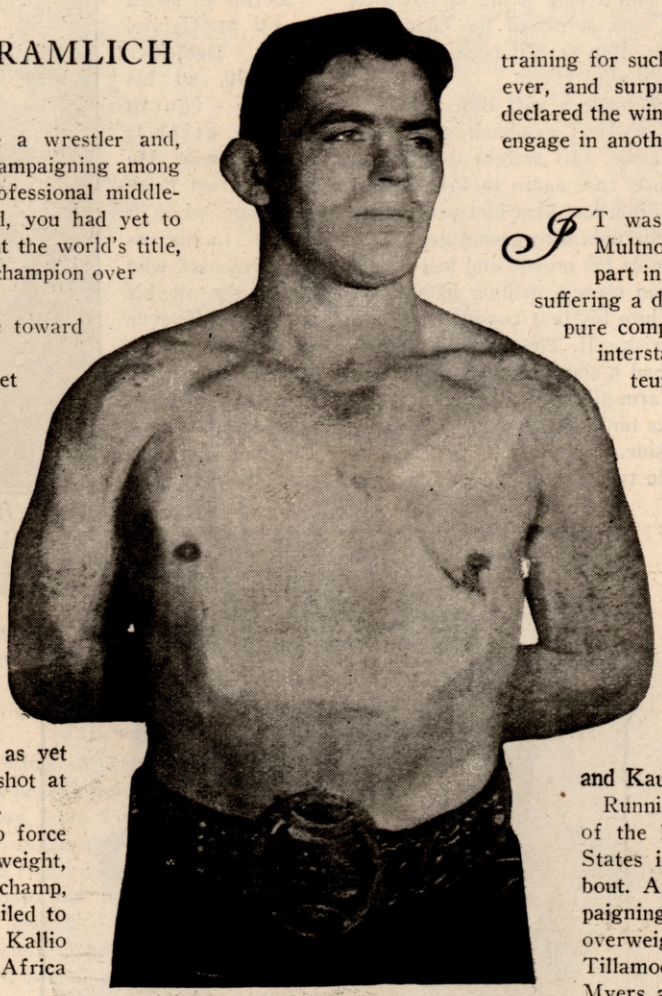
What would your attitude be toward the mat game?

Probably more than an even bet that you'd be thoroughly fed up with the sport and would devote yourself to some other career which would reward you with your just due after so many years of unstinted effort on your part.

Now you know how it must feel to be in Bob Myers' boots.

Bob has been wrestling for fifteen years, and has beaten some of the greats of the mat during the past five years, among them the champion, but as yet he has not been able to get a shot at the world's middleweight crown.

In a final determined effort to force Gus Kallio to meet him at the weight, after five years of chasing the champ, Myers, only a few weeks ago, sailed to South Africa upon learning that Kallio was already on the high seas, Africa bound.



Bob Myers, South African middleweight champ, wearing the belt he won in Transvaal National Sporting Club tourney.

Myers, who, by the way, is recognized in South Africa as world champion since he won an elimination tournament open to all middleweights, is a most interesting chap and something about his career would not be amiss here.

* * *

THE world was at war back in 1917, when a patriotic youngster in Washington High School in Portland, Ore., decided to go to the aid of his country. The boy was Bob Myers, who dropped his studies and enlisted with the 69th Field Artillery at Fort Stevens, Ore. It was a grand feeling for Bob, for he was now in a class with his father and brother, who had also signed under the colors.

It was while at Fort Stevens that Bob, like a great many other young fellows, found himself in a boxing ring with leather mitts laced to his hands. He was the welterweight champ of his company and then the Armistice came along.

Bob went back to high school and played on the football team for two years, holding down the post of captain the second year. Just about that time, the city wrestling championships were being held, and young Bob Myers was on hand to watch this annual event that night in 1919.

An unexpected occurrence that night later changed the entire course of Bob's life. One of the finalists in the tourney wasn't on hand, and Myers was persuaded to take his place, even though he had never been on a mat before and had had absolutely no training for such an encounter. He went on, however, and surprised even himself when he was declared the winner and city champion. Bob did not engage in another match for two years after that.

* * *

IT was in 1921 that Myers joined the Multnomah Club of Portland, and took part in the amateur mat tourneys without suffering a defeat in over five years of Simon-pure competition. Bob won many Coast and interstate titles, and wound up his amateur career in a blaze of glory by taking the national welterweight crown in 1926.

Turning pro, Myers tackled the best men in the middleweight and light-heavyweight divisions in this country until 1928, when he journeyed to far-off Australia to take on the best down under. While there, he beat Billy Miskie, the Aussie champ, who outweighed him by more than twenty pounds, in Melbourne. He also bested John Kilonis, Tom Alley, Higami, and Kauffman.

Running out of opponents in the land of the kangaroo, Myers returned to the States in quest of a middleweight titular bout. After many months of tough campaigning, Bob succeeded in landing an overweight match with Gus Kallio, in Tillamook, Ore., in 1928, and beat the Finn. Myers also defeated Waino Ketonen, another great Finnish grappler, in Portland.

It wasn't until the following year that Myers was able again to meet Kallio on the mat. He got this chance only by accident. Gus was scheduled to clash with someone else in Laredo, Texas, but when it came time for them to go on, his opponent was not to be found and Myers was finally given the opportunity to substitute against Kallio.

Though he had not expected another chance at Gus, Bob succeeded in holding the champion to a no-fall, two-hour draw. Since that time, Kallio has wanted no part of this sturdy Oregon challenger. Myers kept after Gus and followed him all over the country, but when it became apparent that the Finn wouldn't meet him again, Bob packed up and sailed for South Africa, where he won the championship elimination belt put up by the Transvaal National Sporting Club. The club sent Kallio his transportation and also a guarantee to enter the tourney, but Gus declined.

* * *

MYERS spent two years wrestling in Africa before he again came back to the United States, once more to hound Kallio for a title match. Bob offered to put up his belt against Gus's, but nothing ever came of it, so Myers wrote the State Athletic Commission of Washington, requesting their aid in landing a championship bout. He was told he would have to defeat Gust Johnson first. Bob accepted, but Johnson had the same notions as Kallio and left (*Continued on page* 47)

WAINO *the* GREAT

By LOU KLEWER

THERE have been many great wrestlers down through the ages, men who have grappled for fame and glory until their names live in history. In modern wrestling, the names of Gotch and Americus, Hackenschmidt and Ecklund, Farmer Burns and Johnny Billeter, live on through their marvelous performances on the mat. Of them all, Farmer Burns is perhaps the only one whose reputation exceeds that of the great Waino Ketonen, the veteran Finlander from Massachusetts.

The Farmer is heralded as the greatest catch-as-catch-can artist that ever donned a pair of tights in this country, or in the world for that matter, and his prowess on the mat, his ability to toss men much larger than himself with ease, and his uncanny knowledge of leverage, of holds, and of blocks have become legendary.

Among present-day wrestlers, the fame of Waino Ketonen is such that he threatens to take some of the glamour and pomp from the great teacher Burns. Whereas the Farmer was strictly an American catch-as-catch-can artist, Ketonen combines the best points of catch-as-catch-can grappling with the best parts of the Greco-Roman style, and the combination has made him practically unbeatable in wrestling circles.

Most of the great wrestlers start grappling when boys, still in their early 'teens, getting a love of the sport through impromptu matches with boys in the same or rival gangs, or else getting it in amateur circles during their school days. But wrestling was far from Ketonen's thoughts when he was a lad of fourteen.

The veteran Finn was born in Tampere, Finland, a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, just an ordinary Finnish town with the usual assortment of athletic clubs. Tampere at that time had twenty-one clubs and every one of them was an enthusiastic athletic organization. Naturally, Ketonen, with the love of athletics that seems inborn in every Finlander, became a member of one of these clubs and when he was fourteen, aspired to be one of the best gymnasts in Finland and Europe. He performed on the horizontal bar, on the parallel bars, the rings, and the horses, but his legs were a little too short to be a winner on the horses so he stuck to the rings and the bars.

* * *

THEN one day, Waino had an accident and he broke one of his thumbs. The injured member failed to heal correctly and the bone, in one place, was very near the skin. Later, when he tried to work the giant swing and other exercises on the horizontal bar, the skin next to the bone in his thumb would wear off, leaving him another painful sore.

That seemed to stop Waino's rise in athletics, but still feeling in the need of exercise, he began working out with the club's wrestling team. The members of that team were supposed to be unusually good, some of the best amateurs in Finland. But Waino, to his surprise, found that he could compete favorably with most of them; that the other wrestlers had an awfully hard time holding him, let alone beating him. Then Waino started on his career as a wrestler.

He moved to the town of Waasa a short time later and, after wrestling in one of the clubs there, was prevailed upon to represent the club in a tournament. He didn't know whether he could make the weight or not but as the wrestlers weighed in on Monday and the matches were on Saturday, he cut down to the weight limit without much trouble.

Waino went through that tournament without much trouble and then entered the national tournament the next year to win the Finnish championship at 67½ kilos, about our welterweight division. That championship convinced him that he could do something in the professional ranks in America, so he left Finland and came to this country, going to work on a road construction camp in New Hampshire.

* * *

THE Finnish clubs in New England, learning from the Finnish newspapers from home that Waino had come to the United States, tried desperately to find him to keep him as an amateur to represent their clubs. But Waino hid out at that construction camp, and his first professional match was with another Finn, by the name of John Maki, in Gardner, Mass.

Finally, out of a job, Waino went to Worcester, Mass., and then decided to make his livelihood at the wrestling game and tackled Fritz Hansen, another exceedingly tough wrestler of years ago. From there on, it was just a question of the tougher they came, the harder and quicker they fell. Who was the toughest he ever met? Waino is undecided, but he rates Joe Turner as one of the best of the lot with Chris Jordan and Mike Yokel as other exceedingly good wrestlers.

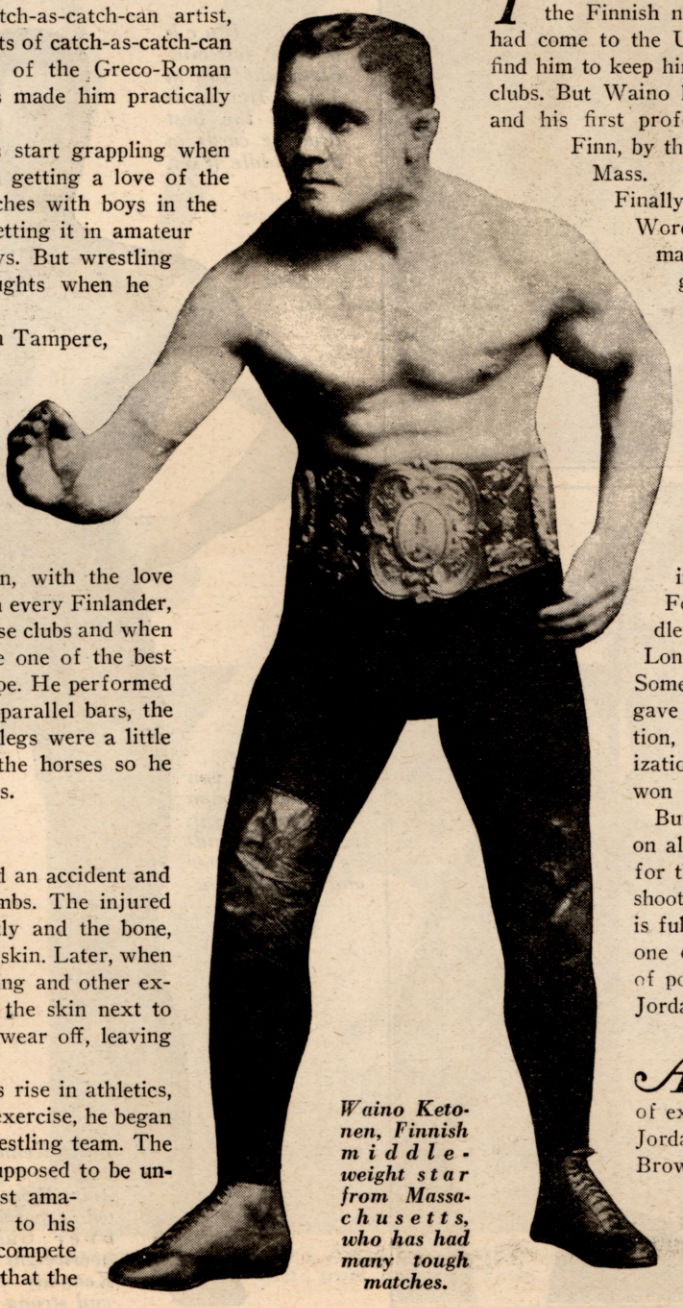
For years, Waino claimed the middleweight title and still has the Lord Lonsdale belt to certify his claim. Some years ago he vacated his throne, gave it to the National Boxing Association, and in the tournament that organization held, another Finn, Gus Kallio, won it and has protected it ever since.

But Waino is still wrestling, taking on all comers, and is willing to wrestle for the old side bet—the sure sign of a shooter of the wrestling game. Waino is full of stories of his early career, and one of his favorites is of doing a bit of police duty for his old friend, Chris Jordan.

* * *

A YOUNG grappler by the name of Carl Brown was doing a lot of excellent wrestling in Iowa and held Jordan to a two-and-a-half-hour draw. Brown was also threatening to take some of Jordan's territory and Chris called on Waino to take on the young middleweight. Al-

(*Continued on page* 47)



Waino Ketonen, Finnish middleweight star from Massachusetts, who has had many tough matches.

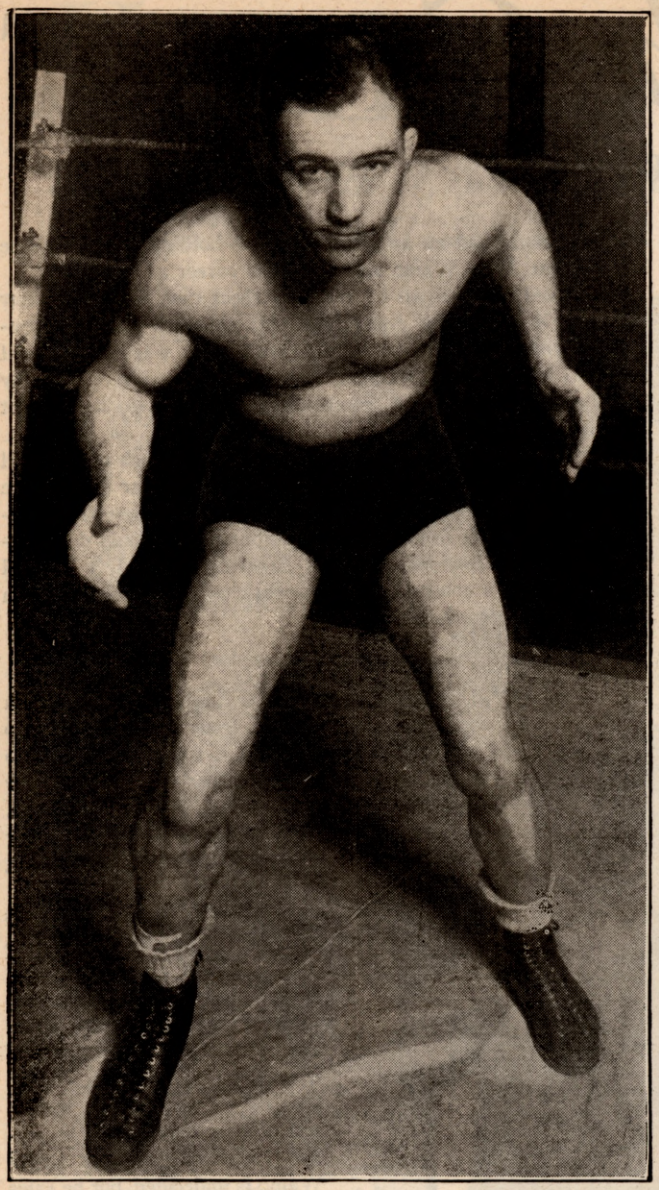
GRAPPLERS

DURING the last five years, the heavyweight wrestlers have received such a great deal of publicity, especially in the East, that many mat fans were not even aware of the fact that middleweight and light-heavyweight wrestlers existed. These boys never complained, however, but merely kept on showing their speed and skill, until the fans who really enjoy wrestling and not beefy drama woke up to the fact that these lighter boys showed plenty of ability in addition to "fireworks."

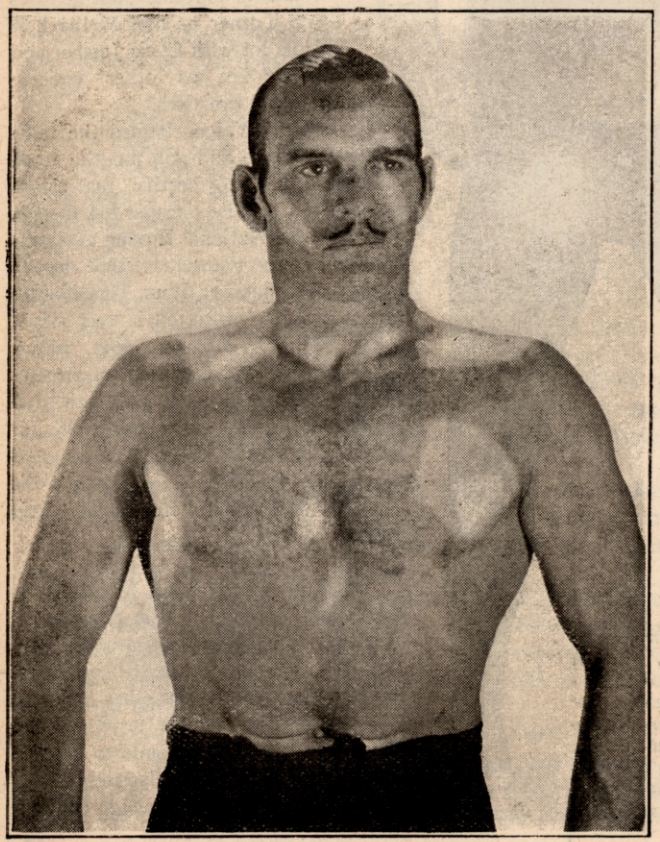
In the Middle West, these boys have long been big favorites with the mat addicts, but it has been only during the last half year that they were able to crash the East to any extent. Now they pack them in, for these lighter fellows are full of lightning.

Some of the better-known stars who have turned them away with regularity are shown here.

Fans in the Mid-West swear by the light-heavies, middles and welters and do not think much of the heavyweights and super-heavyweights. They want plenty of action, real wrestling and speed and do not go for the phoney acting and tumbling that is part of the repertoire of the majority of matches in which the human elephants engage. The heavyweights have only themselves to blame for this condition. They could take a page from the book of their lighter brethren.



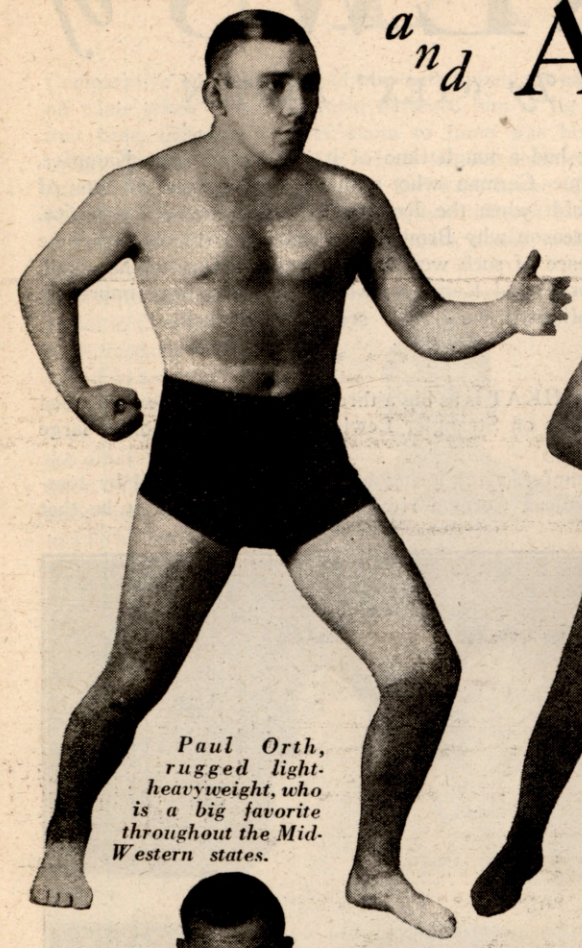
Left — Buck Weaver, fast middleweight from Terre Haute, is one of the best drawing cards in the Middle West.



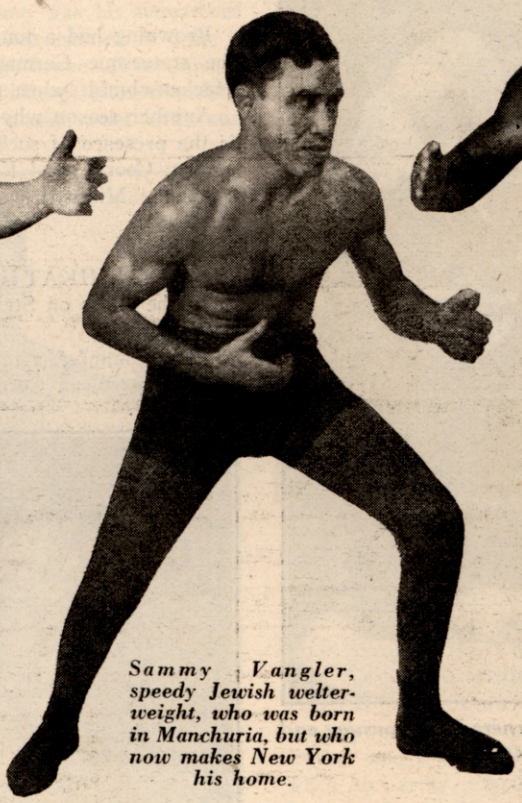
Left — Carl von Lehman, German light-heavyweight, is a rough-and-ready customer and a good showman.

Jack Kennedy, speedy and tough Phoenix, Ariz., light-heavyweight, who scored two wins over Gus Kallio in overweight matches. Kennedy was too big and strong for the Finn.

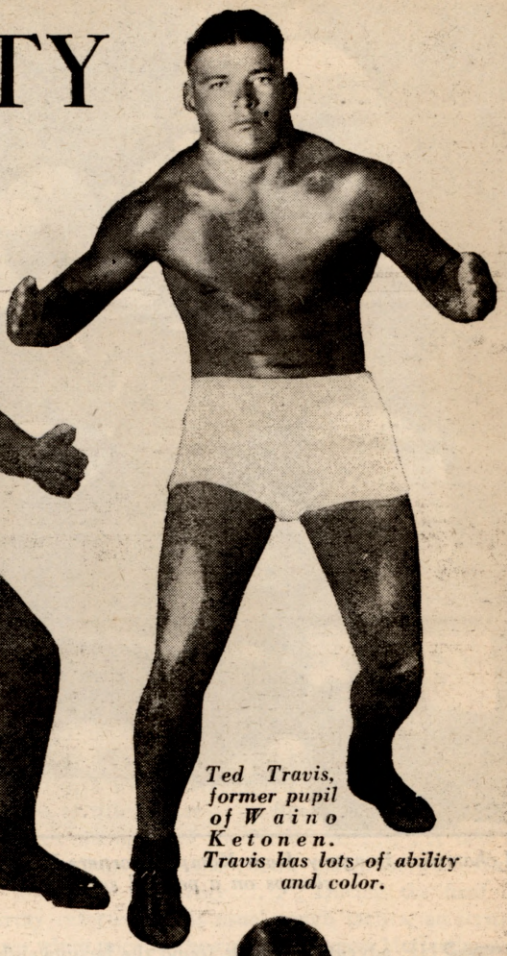
WHO POSSESS SPEED and ABILITY



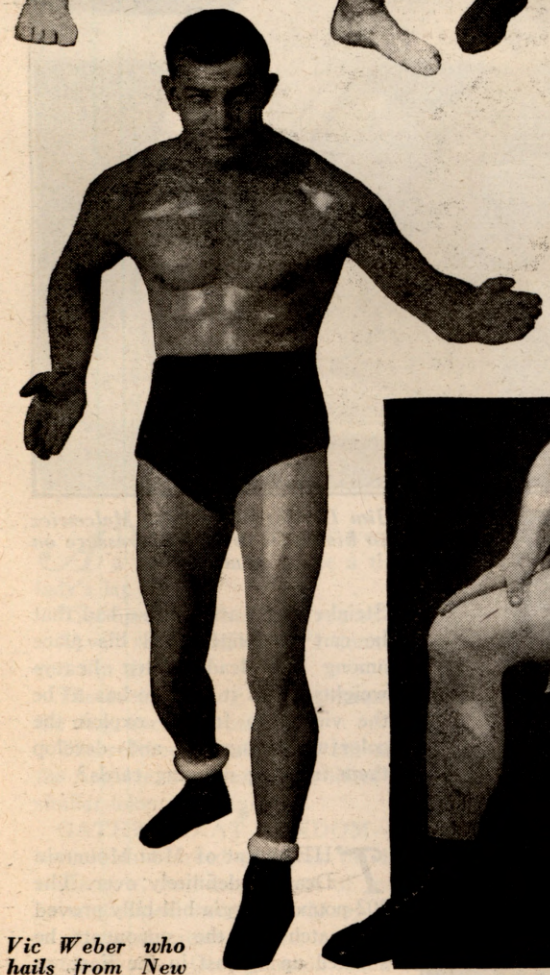
Paul Orth, rugged light-heavyweight, who is a big favorite throughout the Mid-Western states.



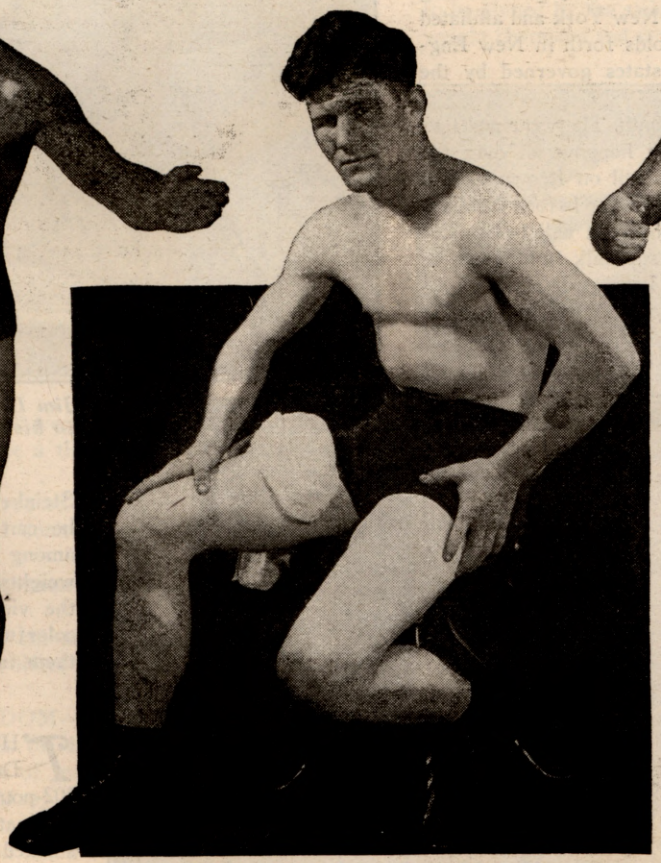
Sammy Vangler, speedy Jewish welterweight, who was born in Manchuria, but who now makes New York his home.



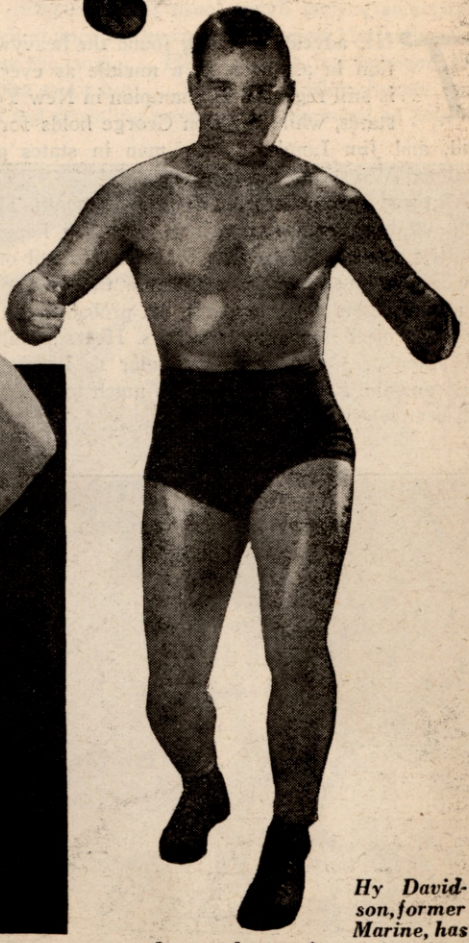
Ted Travis, former pupil of Waino Ketonen. Travis has lots of ability and color.



Vic Weber who hails from New York, is a pleasing and willing grappler.



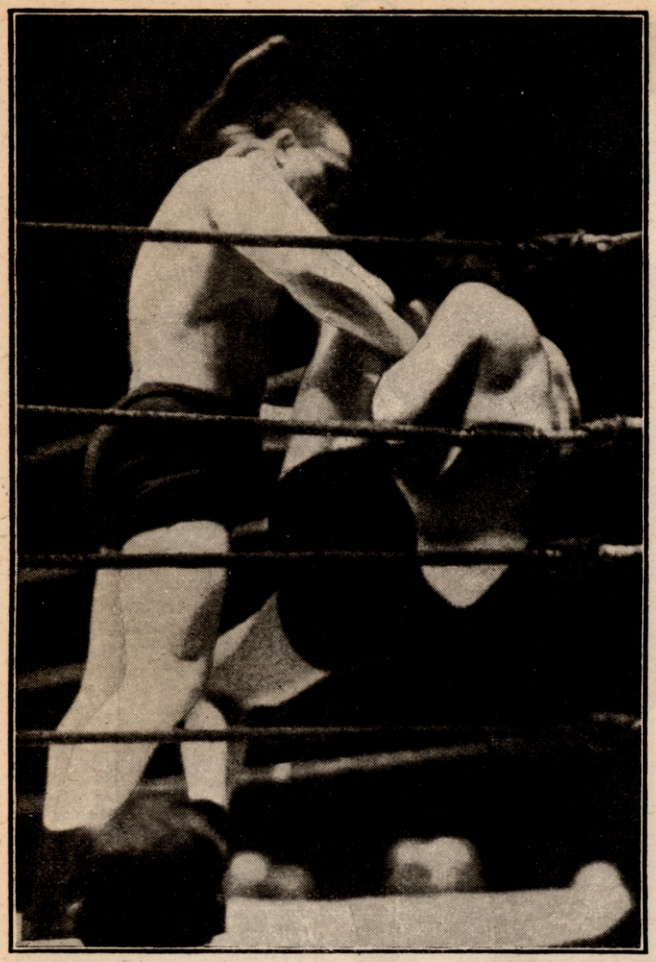
Speedy Franks, a good rough and tumble welterweight who hails from down in Texas.



Hy Davidson, former Marine, has shown plenty of promise since deserting the Simon-pures.

NEWS of

By "TEX" AUSTIN



A champion in agony. Hans Kampfer corners Jim Browning and clamps on a painful split.

THE advent of spring found the heavyweight mat situation in as much of a muddle as ever. Jim Browning is still regarded as champion in New York and affiliated states, while Ed Don George holds forth in New England, and Jim Londos is top man in states governed by the National Wrestling Association.

All three were undefeated during the month. The wear and tear of a vigorous campaign, which kept him hopping all over the country without a let-up, is beginning to tell on Browning and it would be no surprise to find a new title-holder before the summer really gets under way. In all probability it will be Londos who will meet Browning, for Mrs. Hearst's milk fund, soon.

Gentleman Jim is not as popular as he was a few months back, and the fans flock in not so much to see him win as to see him beaten.

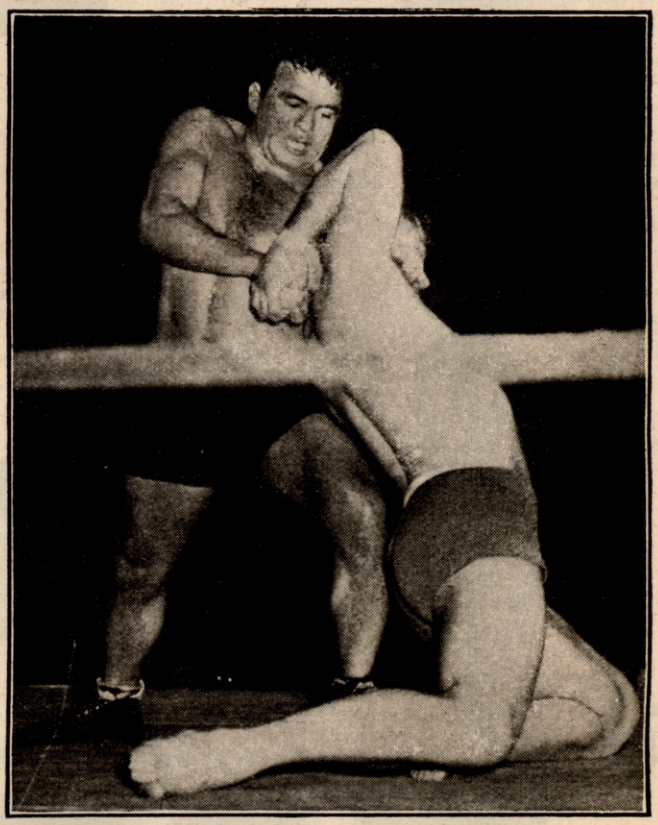
Browning had a tough time of it in beating Hans Kampfer, the statuesque German who reminds veteran mat addicts of Hackenschmidt when the Russian Lion first invaded America.

Another reason why Browning's reign may shortly terminate is the presence of such worthy opponents as Londos, Marshall, Shikat, George, and Kampfer, who, it appears, have improved, while the Missouri pig-farmer seems overworked.

* * *

DICK SHIKAT is as big a threat as ever. He recently turned the tables on Strangler Lewis in St. Louis, before a large gathering.

Hans Kampfer, after losing to Browning, surprised by tossing his herculean German rival, Hans Steinke. Can it be that

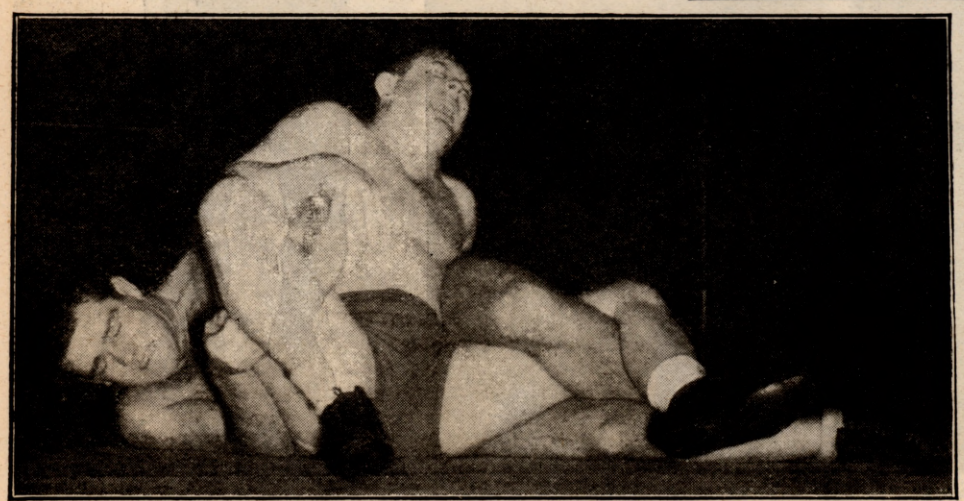


Jim Londos forcing Joe Malcewicz to his knees as he put pressure on an arm lock.

Steinke's eyes are now so bad that he can no longer hold his place among the leading ten heavyweights, or is it that he has to be the victim to further exploit the colorful youngsters and develop them into big drawing cards?

* * *

THE threat of Man Mountain Dean is definitely over. The 302-pound Georgia hill-billy proved no match for the opponents he stacked up against in the East, so he wandered down to the Southland, but his success was no greater.

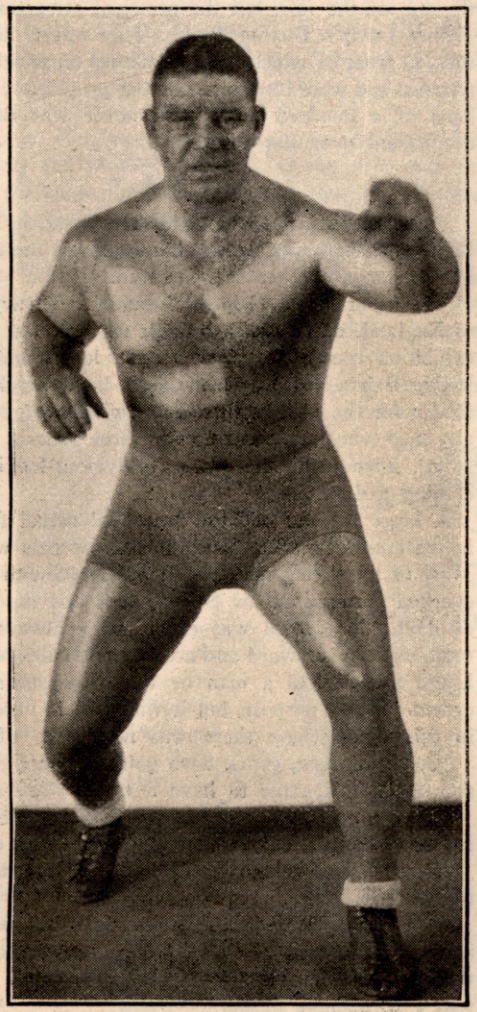


Bonnie Muir of Australia works a spread eagle on Scotty Dawkins. Muir won.

the MAT WORLD

Comparative unknowns tossed him with ridiculous ease. The pay-off came when Chief Chewacki flattened him in jig time. Up to that time, Chewacki's chief claim to fame was his unmatched roughness and circusing, for which he was banned in quite a number of states. Chewacki, by the way, broke all attendance records in Houston when he met the bewhiskered Man Mountain.

Double knock-outs, double main bouts, double wrist locks, and such aren't new to wrestling, but a bout in Camden, N. J., recently resulted in a double winner, one of them a wrestler, the other a spectator. The spectator settled the match with a straight right to the jaw, and the wrestler was declared winner on default.



Dutch Hefner, burly roughneck who hails from Sherman, Texas.

* * *

JOE MONTANA was grappling with John Kilonis, both light-heavies. Twice, Kilonis went sailing out of the ring, landing each time in the lap of a young lady, who had been accompanied by a burly escort. Each time, as Kilonis reclined on the lady's lap, he and the burly escort exchanged words before the wrestler returned to the ring.

* * *

A THIRD time, Kilonis went sailing out of the arena, and a third time he made a three-point landing in the same lady's lap.

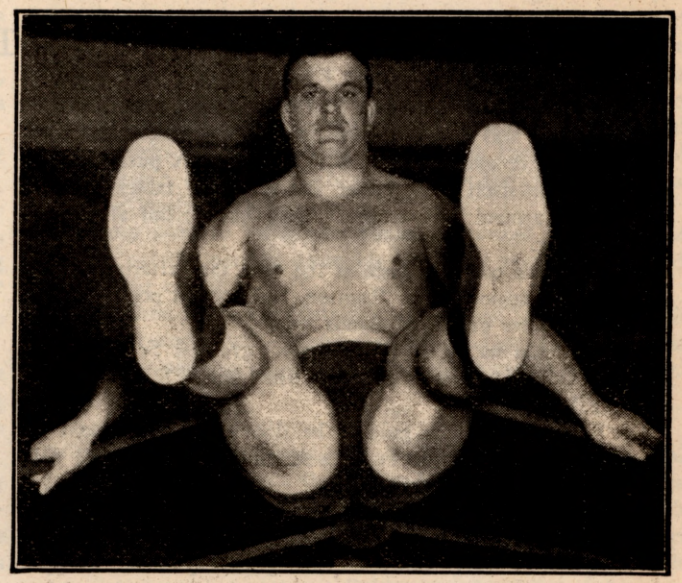
"Get up out of that lap," roared the burly escort.

"Aw," replied Kilonis, "I don't wanna: it's comfortable here and I'm tired."

The escort swung once, connected, and threw Kilonis back in the ring, unconscious.

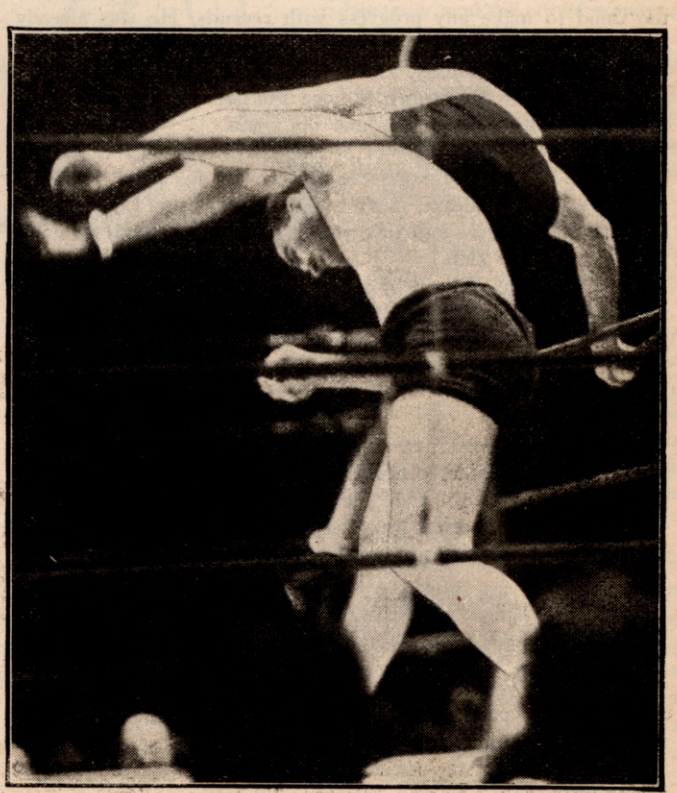
The referee counted him out and raised Montana's hand. At the ringside, the young lady lifted the arm of her burly escort in similar token of victory.

GATHERED AT RANDOM—Whiskers Blake, the six-foot-seven-inch bearded giant, is the biggest drawing card in Australia . . . . And attendances of from six to twelve thousand are quite common there . . . . Many Aussie fans regard John Pesek as the real cream of the crop, they having seen all the top-notchers . . . . Gust Johnson and Herb Parks, the Canadian, are now wrestling in Hawaii . . . . Frankie Boehm, American Federation of Wrestling's light-heavyweight champion, turned back



Hans Kampfer, in addition to being a fine wrestler, is quite a hand at balancing tricks. Try this one yourself.

Jack "Kid" McCoy of Louisville in a two-fall match in his last start after a lay-off due to a dislocated knee . . . . Boehm is hot after Leroy McGuirk who is recognized by the National Wrestling Association as title-holder . . . . Boehm also wants to meet Hugh Nichols, ex-champion of the N. W. A. . . . . A new one for the mat recordings was the recent match between Sailor Parker and Two Gun McCarthy . . . . During the final fall, when McCarthy resorted to his usual rough tactics, an irritated fan tossed two white mice in the ring whereupon McCarthy made a speedy exit from the ring . . . . He returned a few moments later to be pinned by the sailor boy . . . . Johnny Herley, former light-weight champion and wrestling promoter (*Continued on page* 46)



When Jim Browning tried to clamp his airplane scissors on Hans Kampfer, the German merely stood up and sent Jim over the ropes.

WILD BILL

By GRANT TARTAN

IT was Saturday night, and the bar of the Waterloo Tavern was crowded with quarrelsome customers, argumentative and thirsty. Those who weren't pushing up to the bar itself were either sitting at the tables drinking or standing around with mugs in their hands; but all seemed to be arguing.

Most of these men had been at the fight that afternoon when their local champion, "Pip" Tamson, had lost on points to Dan Scott, the holder of the Midlands title.

"They should ha' gi'en Pip a draw," growled Scoot M'Nab. "He wis value for that at the very least, but he'll get that belt oneywey."

"He'll never be much guid if he doesna' learn to haud his temper," said old Farrel, an ex-fighting man himself. "He loses control o' hissel' owre easy."

"Aye, he's got one bad temper, all right," said Scoot. "It was in that third round when he went wild wi' rage that . . . ."

The speaker's voice trailed off, and gradually silence dropped over the room. A stranger had entered, and so unusual a visitor that every one seemed struck dumb with amazement.

* * *

THE newcomer was a slim young man in clerical dress. He had an air of habitual shyness, and the timidity of his appearance was not lessened by the large tinted glasses he wore. His shyness seemed to increase as he realized that he had become the cynosure of their grinning regard. Many of the men there recognized him as the parish minister's new assistant, whose efforts to get the young men of the town together had been met with ridicule, and who himself was looked on as harmless but good food for fun. His latest scheme was the forming of an athletic club for boxing and general training, but no one took him seriously. He was obviously unsuited for that, and anyway was too timid to make any progress with recruits. He was already well-known humorously as Wild Bill, but his real name was William John M'Ramsay. He was a joke. No doubt about that.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I hope I'm not intruding," he ventured gently as he looked 'round the room.

"Haw, haw," laughed Scoot M'Nab raucously. "It's Wild Bill, boys. Gi'e him room tae get tae the bar for his pint."

"Don't trouble, please, don't trouble, gentlemen. I just called to see how you were enjoying yourselves. I hope you'll all come and join my new club."

"Sir," said one, Wilson by name, earnestly shaking hands with the young parson, "it will give me ve' much pleasure to join your club. I'm sure I speak for every man, woman an' child here tonight. We'll all—hic—join club. Thassri!"

* * *

AT that moment, two men (none other than Pip Tamson and his trainer-cum-manager) came in from one of the private rooms.

"Hullo, parson," cried Pip, drawing the blushing youth's hat-brim forward onto his nose with a sudden pull of his big hand. "How's things?"

"Th-thank you," said Wild Bill, who seemed to be shaking with fright. "I am very well. I'm sorry you lost your fight today, Mr. Tamson."

"You mind yer ain business, Mr. Parson. An' tak' my tip and shut up aboot that club o' yours. Teachin' knittin' at the auld women's guild's mair in your line."

The young minister shrank back. "I'm s-sorry you fellows are so unfriendly," he said. "Perhaps I'd better go."

And he went, rather hurriedly and followed by ribald shouts and laughter.

On a Tuesday about a week later, the town presented a busy sight. It was the Annual Fair, and the streets were seething with people who had come from far and near to celebrate the holiday and partake of the fun. The "Common" was filled with merry-go-rounds, Aunt Sallies, shooting galleries, side shows, and all the fun of the fair, but the principal attraction to the men was Jimmy Lavin's Boxing Booth. This was a large canvas structure, in front of which was a platform on which the fighting men paraded and were introduced by the proprietor, "James Lavin, the hero of a hundred fights, and never was defeated," to quote the legend over the entrance.

* * *

AT about three o'clock in the afternoon, Lavin was making one of his periodical harangues to the crowd, and an unusually large number had gathered.

"On my right is Grip Gatherum, the heavyweight champion of England, who defends his title next month. Grip will box two exhibition rounds for your benefit, ladies and gentlemen. This is Pug Delaney of Newcastle, light-heavyweight and logical contender for the world's title. I will give two golden sovereigns to any man who will stand up for three rounds against Pug," and so on, introducing three other villainous-looking specimens, including a darky.

A large number of local fans and actual fighting men were in the crowd, and Pip Tamson and his pals were well forward. Most of the young men had lady friends with them, bonny, red-cheeked lassies in their Sunday best and out to enjoy this day of days. The crowd was eager, as is always the case, to see some one step forward and accept the challenge. Old "Professor" Lavin always had a man or two ready to act as one of the crowd for this purpose, but it was seldom necessary to use them in this town where there was no dearth of boxers.

"Come on, now, gents. Two golden sovereigns for three short rounds. Who's game to have a try?"

"Have a go, Pip," urged Scoot M'Nab. "Ye can stall him aff for three rounds, and ye'd be glad o' the twa quid."

"Dinna gan, Pip," entreated Jenny M'Kay, the girl who clung to his arm. "They're owre rough."

"Aw, hang. What's the guid, onywey," scowled Pip, torn between a desire to show off before such a crowd, and a feeling that it would be wiser not to fight, for well he knew Delaney was a formidable fighter.

"Two golden sovereigns for three rounds. Here you are, boy, catch!" and Jimmy Lavin tossed a pair of gloves to Pip, who could not but catch them, and so, pushed forward with the crowd that swayed toward the booth, he found himself inside almost before he knew it, notwithstanding the protests of the girl who still clutched his arm.

* * *

INSIDE the ring, Grip Gatherum was punching an overhead punch ball on a portable stand, using all the variations in a masterly way that held the crowd's interest while the boxers got ready. Pip was hustled into the "dressing room," a corner screened off for the purpose, with Scoot in close attendance to take charge of his things.

Pug Delaney was the first to take the ring, but Pip Tamson followed a few minutes later, and the punch-ball stand was removed as Lavin introduced the two men, using the right patter to increase the crowd's already tense interest. Gatherum was agreed on as referee, and the prize money was to be held by him.

Time! Pip was hardly on his feet before Delaney was across like a panther and had smashed a right and left to his face. Pip closed in and hammered Delaney's body, Delaney landing short

as Pip darted back, but Delaney was in like a flash and uppercut with a right to the chin. Fast work and the crowd on tiptoe. Pip drew a cheer with a stiff jolt to the other's jaw, and then like a piston Delaney's right met Pip's stomach, and Pip was down and rolling in agony. It looked like a foul, and the crowd was yelling with rage as the referee counted.

"Coward! Oh you coward!" The cry came from Jenny M'Kay, as she ran to the steps with flashing eyes, and stood at the ropes with accusing hand pointed at Delaney.

"Aw, g'wan, cheese it," growled Pug, and he swept her off the steps with a swing of his left hand. It was brutally done, and the girl would have fallen had she not been caught by one of the spectators. This spectator steadied the girl and then was up and over the ropes. On the verge of a riot, the crowd steadied, and now came shouts of "Wild Bill," "Good old Bill," "2 to 1 on Bill," for here was the young parson, least of all to be expected in such a place.

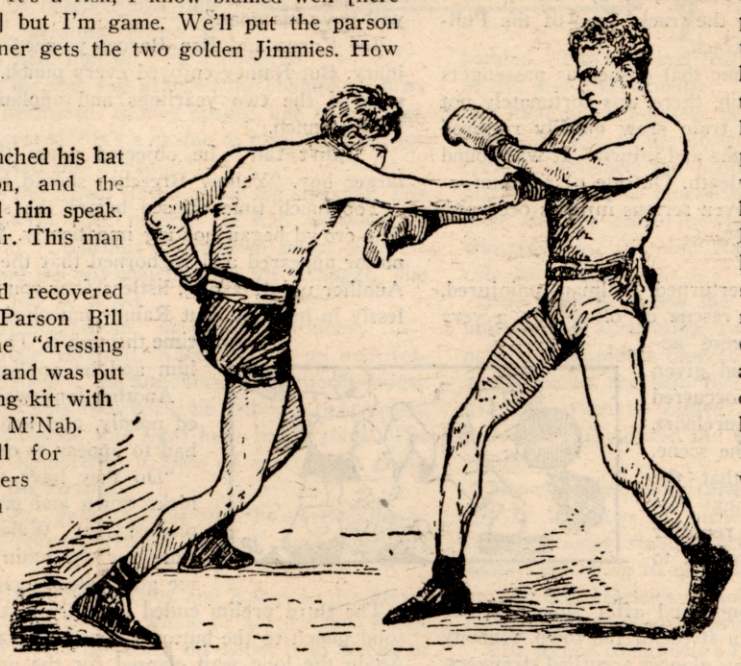
"I say, you know, you sh-shouldn't have done that, what," he stammered, timidly confronting Delaney. "Is dat so?" said Pug with a grin, at the same time smashing the parson's hat down over his ears. "An' fancy dat now."

"Hold on, boys." Jimmy Lavin, foxy old showman, sensing entertainment for the crowd and relief from a dangerous situation, stepped forward with lifted hand. "Ladies and gents, yous all know I'm a good sport. This parson bloke evidently wants to take up the challenge. It's a risk, I know blamed well [here he leered at Parson Bill] but I'm game. We'll put the parson against Pug, and the winner gets the two golden Jimmies. How about it, son?"

* * *

THE parson had wrenched his hat back to its position, and the crowd gasped as it heard him speak. "Thank you very much, sir. This man deserves a thrashing."

Before the crowd had recovered from its astonishment, Parson Bill had been hustled to the "dressing room," where he stripped and was put into Pip Tamson's fighting kit with the assistance of Scoot M'Nab.



Shouts of "Wild Bill for ever," catcalls, and jeers greeted the young parson as he entered the ring, but there was a look about him now that made one or two thoughtful. With his boxing kit he seemed to have donned a new personality, and gone was the timid look with his tinted glasses. Pug Delaney was a thick-set, big-muscled brute, but the Parson was a picture. Lithe as a wild cat, his muscles rippled as he moved, and one thought of a steel bridge.

Up went his hand for silence, and he addressed the crowd in a ringing voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "boxing is one of the finest sports, and I believe in it as a power for good. I speak to you local men and I think you are good enough sportsmen to accept a challenge. If I win, will you promise to join my new club and give me all the help you can?"

"Yes," came in a concerted roar from the crowd, "we will."

"Gentlemen, I thank you, and to make sure of you, I will beat this man in the third round."

* * *

PROFESSOR LAVIN was beginning to feel that perhaps it wasn't quite a joke after all, though he knew Delaney's record too well to think the parson could make good his boast.

"On my right is Pug Delaney, the British Champ. On my left Bill, the parson, a dark horse who says he can win. Grip Gatherum here will referee, and he holds the stakes that go to the winner."

"Time!" Up sprang the two men and met in the center, Delaney tight-lipped and wolf-eyed, and Bill with a cold look in his eyes that cast a chill. Pug bored in like a bull, but Bill tripped away with footwork that opened the crowd's eyes. With pantherish litheness, he ducked a swinging blow, and danced back to miss a left that came for his chin. Delaney rushed him again, flailing at his opponent blow on blow, but the parson, warding, ducking, and blocking, came out of the rally untouched. Delaney, secretly amazed, felt his temper rising, and sprang in again with all the tricks he knew. Active as a cat, the Parson sidestepped, ducked again, and danced into safety from the furious attack as the round ended.

Delaney went to his corner winded, perplexed, and disturbed, but the parson, waving aside his volunteer seconds, again addressed the crowd.

"I've given you a demonstration of defense," he said, "and in the next round I will demonstrate attack. I promised this man a thrashing, and you know he deserves it for assaulting the lady."

* * *

CAME the call of time, and up they sprang, Delaney fresh from his rest. Fast the parson had been, but now he was like lightning. Ripping in a body blow as a feint, he brought down Delaney's guard and crashed home a straight left between the eyes and a solar plexus that shook the man to the heels.

Delaney tried to close, but an uppercut jolted him back. He tried to cover up but the parson got home with some heavy body blows that played the mischief with Delaney's wind. Nothing daunted, he plunged in, but was fought back with clean, hard blows. Then Delaney lashed out with a swinging left, all the weight of his body behind the blow, but the Parson stepped back, shot a hard straight right to the cheek and ducked the counter. Now Bill sprang in with an attack that was furious and damaging, and the crowd wondered how Delaney weathered the storm. His cheek was bleeding, one eye was in distress, and he was panting like a porpoise. Some blows he blocked, but he was taking punishment that was killing when the round ended.

Again the parson scored a seat. "Next round will be the finish," he said to the crowd, which, astounded, was thrilled to its toes.

"Time!" Delaney came up with his wind back and freshened from the short respite. He'd show them! Rushing in, he let out a left that would have laid the parson flat had it landed, but Bill sidestepped and returned an uppercut that jarred him to the heel, and then the parson caught him on the solar plexus with a short-arm jolt that had all the parson could give it, and Pug was out!

"Foul blow," cried Grip Gatherum without hesitation. "Delaney wins on a foul."

* * *

A MOMENT the parson stood astounded, and then his lithe form flashed forward and his left glove kissed the big man's chin with all the weight and science that the parson had, and Gatherum was slung across the ropes dead to the world.

Stepping forward without a word, Wild Bill pried the two sovereigns from Grip Gatherum's clenched hand, and then he stood up and faced the yelling crowd, which ceased its uproar to listen.

"These two sovereigns belong to Mr. Tamson, who should have been awarded the last fight on a foul, and now, gentlemen, you must all keep your promise like good sportsmen.

"The next meeting of my boxing club is on Friday night, and I want you to be there." They were there!

WHY a MANAGER?

By GENE D. ROBINSON

THE question of how important a manager is in handling the affairs and destiny of a fighter is always open to debate. Some followers of the ring claim no manager is ever as important as painted. Others say a good manager is ninety per cent of the battle.

Jack Rainey, heavyweight champion of the world, and his manager, Joe Karns, were returning from the Pacific Coast to the East. Jack had been considerably annoyed the first half of the trip by fight fans calling him from the train to see what he looked like. So, on the final leg of their trip, they were traveling incognito.

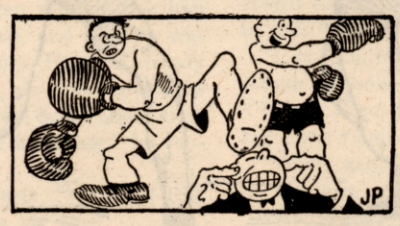
The train was speeding up a long, curving grade near the North Carolina state line. Jack and Joe sat in the Pullman reading afternoon papers supplied by the porter. In the seat facing them was a sportswriter of a big eastern daily. The train started around a sharp curve. But it never made it.

There was a shrieking crash and roar, followed by the hissing of escaping steam and terrified yells of frightened passengers. The long train of coaches and Pullmans tumbled from the track as if pushed over bodily by a giant. The engine lay with its front end in the creek that ran alongside the track. Two of the Pullmans lay on their sides across the track.

Amid the confusion and near panic that ensued as passengers scrambled from the overturned train, there was fortunately not added the inferno of flames. The train crew quickly restored order and began a check-up for deaths and injuries. It was found that only the fireman had met his death. Outside of that unfortunate tragedy, no other deaths or even serious injuries occurred.

* * *

SCRAMBLING from their overturned Pullman, uninjured, Jack and Joe hurried to the rescue of others. In a very short time, all passengers were accounted for, lined up, and first aid given those who required it. The wreck occurred just two miles from the town of Laurelport, and soon autos began arriving at the scene.



Learning from the conductor that the wreck could not be cleared until next day, the champion, his manager, and the reporter boarded one of the autos for Laurelport to spend the night.

They arrived there, secured rooms, and after supper in the dining room, strolled down the main street of the town. Nobody paid them more than the usual curious glances accorded strangers. Which pleased the champion, who was fed up on the hero worship shown him everywhere.

Joe Karns chuckled. "If these rubes knew the heavyweight champ of the world was in their midst, they'd throw flip-flops," he remarked.

"Shut up," growled Rainey. "Somebody may hear you. This is the most peace I've had in a year."

"Well, what'll we do?" asked Joe. "Take in a movie?"

The champion started to reply, then stopped dead in his tracks. A poster in the window of a café had caught his eye.

"Hey, looky at this," he called. Joe and Ben Barnes, the sportswriter, crowded close and studied the poster.

"Squire Hurley vs. Knockout Owens, eight rounds," was spread across the top of the poster in big, black type.

" 'Hurley weighs one ninety against Owens' two hundred ten,' " read Karns out loud. " 'In this battle of the year, Hurley will defend his county heavyweight championship against Owens, claimant of the state heavyweight championship. What a fight! Four good preliminary bouts on the card before the big battle. Half the proceeds will be donated to the library. The first preliminary will be between—' "

"Say, this thing is tonight," broke in Rainey. "Begins at eight o'clock at the Legion Building. What say we take it in?"

"Okay," grinned Karns. "Want to go, Ben?"

"Sure thing," replied Barnes. "A shame though the crowd won't know Jack is in—"

"Forget it," broke in the champion. "It's been years since I've had this chance of enjoying a fight without a crowd of curious ones on my back. Keep mum now."

* * *

AT eight they purchased tickets and were shown seats near the rear of the big hall. A knockdown ring had been assembled in the center. A noisy crowd was quickly filling the seats. A peanut vendor approached, calling out his wares, and the champion purchased three bags.

"Let's enjoy this thing properly," he grinned.

A fat, florid-faced man seated in front of them was discussing the merits of Hurley with a friend. "Squire's as hard to lick as a sack full of wild cats," he said, "long as they don't throw in some guy with too much reputation. I'm scared this Tarheel will have his goat."

Joe Karns and Ben Barnes yawned through the first preliminary. But Rainey enjoyed every punch. He laughed at the rawness of the two yearlings and applauded when one scored a telling punch.

" 'Tain't fair," he objected when the decision went to the larger boy. "Yellow Breeches should have gotten a draw."

Too much time elapsed before the second prelim was called. The crowd began hooting impatiently. So much so that the promotor appeared and foghorned that the boys were on their way. Another uninteresting, listless four rounds. Karns squirmed restlessly in his seat. But Rainey munched peanuts and had a great time through it. This time the decision suited him and he applauded vigorously.

Another long wait. Again the crowd hooted noisily, and again the nervous promotor had to appear to quiet them.

"Do they have to go out and run them hicks down and put trunks on 'em?" complained Joe. "Wake me up, Jack, when it's time for the main go. And then don't let me go to sleep again."

The third prelim ended abruptly in the second round when a solid punch to the button stopped the taller boy for the evening. Again the long wait elapsed for the next and final prelim. The crowd began booing the show. The promotor climbed nervously into the ring and begged for silence. Again his promise that the boys were on their way.

"He's stalling for some reason or other," mused Karns.

* * *

THE last prelim was between heavies, and the crowd roared its delight. Both boys were eager and willing to mix it and did. They plowed through four fast, furious rounds, and the go was called a draw.

The champion grinned widely. "I used to be that way," he said.

The longest wait yet ensued. Feet began stamping in impatience. Then cheers went up as Squire Hurley appeared and climbed through the ropes. He waved his hand and sat in his corner listening to his manager.

Fifteen full minutes passed and his opponent failed to appear. The hall became a bedlam of impatient catcalls, jeering, whistling, and hoots of derision. Finally the obviously nervous promotor climbed through the ropes, mopped his perspiring brow with a handkerchief and lifted his hand for silence.

"Ladie-e-s and gents," he shouted. "A very unfortunate and

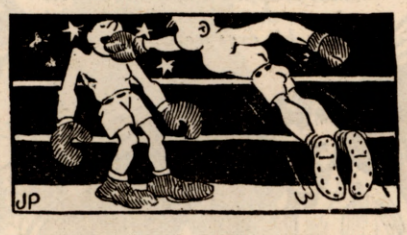
regrettable thing has occurred. This fight between Squire Hurley and Knockout Owens was billed upon the telephone promise of Owens' manager that his fighter would arrive here by auto two hours before fight time. We had no reason to doubt his promise. I am very sorry to announce that Owens has not put in appearance. We will—"

He was interrupted by howls of disappointment from the crowd. Cries of "we want our money back," went up. The promotor pleaded for quiet.

"As you all know," he continued, "half of the proceeds here tonight go to the town library. In view of the failure of Owens to show up, I guess there is nothing for us to do but refund the admission price to all who desire it. This will be a big disappointment to the ladies of the library and I regret greatly to—"

"Don't do it then," yelled a voice. "Throw somebody in there against the Squire. We don't want no money back!"

A storm of approval for the suggestion went up. Funny how a fight crowd changes its mind so quickly. The promotor was quick to seize the opportunity of saving the proceeds.



"Fine!" he shouted. "Now, is there anybody in the house who wants to fight Squire Hurley?"

A roar of laughter went up. Hurley was too well known by that crowd to draw an opponent from it.

But before the wave of laughter had subsided, a big-shouldered, grinning fellow at the rear stood up. "I'll take him on," he announced.

Joe Karns jumped to his feet and grabbed the champion's arm. "Sit down, you idiot," he hissed. Rainey pushed him to his seat.

"Keep mum," he whispered. "It's a shame to lose that cash for the library. Besides, I need the workout."

Necks were craned as the crowd stared at the big stranger. The promotor was staring with open mouth. He had expected no response to his invitation. A murmur of approval swept over the house as the crowd noted the physical lines of the stranger. The promoter noted it too and he acted.

"Follow me to the dressing room," he called to Rainey.

As the champion strode forward, Karns leaped up and followed. "I'll act as his manager," he announced. Despite his anger against the champion for this fool trick, he grinned. It promised to be a lark. What a surprise this local hero had coming. The crowd murmured good humoredly, a buzz of speculation going up over the identity of the stranger.

"Treat him nice, Squire," yelled a local wit, "he's a stranger in our midst, you know!" Squire Hurley grinned and waved his hand.

Ben Barnes rose and followed Rainey and Karns to the dressing room. He was thinking what a whale of a yarn this would make. Columns of copy could be reeled off about it in weeks to come.

* * *

"WHAT'S your name?" asked the promoter as he handed Rainey trunks and shoes.

"Well, if I'd tell you I was Jack Rainey you wouldn't believe it, so just call me Jack," replied the champion, grinning in enjoyment.

The promoter chuckled. "Nope, I wouldn't. I'll call you Jack the Slugger. That ought to please the crowd."

"And how," Karns could not help adding.

"How much do you expect for fighting Hurley?" asked the promotor anxiously. "I'm afraid I can't promise you over five dollars."

"Can't you make it six?" asked Karns sarcastically. "He made over twice that his last fight."

Barnes laughed outright. "I'll say he did."

"Give the five to Hurley," said Rainey. "I'm just going on to help out the show."

The promoter's conscience pricked him. "It's my duty to warn you that Hurley is a slugger," he said. "If you say so, I'll tell him to go easy with you."

The champion grinned and thrust out his hand. "Thanks a lot," he said. "I appreciate that. But you tell Hurley to knock me out the first round if he can. If he does, it'll be a feather in his hat."

"A feather," muttered Karns to himself. "It'll be a whole war bonnet."

"Well, all right," the promoter replied doubtfully. "Remember, I take no responsibility if he hurts you."

"If he does," Rainey chuckled, "all I ask of you is that you forget it as quickly as possible."

Led by the promoter, and with Karns and Barnes in his wake, the champion ambled out through the crowd to the ring. A roar of delight went up. Their fun was not to be spoiled after all.

"What a mob!" mocked Karns. "Sure you won't get stage fright, Jack?"

The champion playfully kicked him on the shin. "Act green up there," he whispered. "Let's give 'em a good show."

"You better not act natural," cautioned Karns. "Some of these birds may recognize you."

They climbed through the ropes. Rainey stood looking around helplessly. The crowd laughed. The referee pushed him over to his corner. A grinning fellow walked up, grasped Karns by his arm, and handed him a card. "Here's the address of the local hospital," he yelled. It drew a big laugh from the crowd.

* * *

THE promoter was doing his own announcing. "Ladi-e-es and gents," he bawled. "The next and feature bout will be for the championship of this and other counties. In this corner—Squire Hurley, weight one hundred and ninety pounds." The Squire stood and bowed right and left as the crowd boomed its approval. "And in this corner," resumed the promotor, "is Jack the Slugger, weight one hundred and ninety-five pounds." The champion failed to arise and the crowd howled in mirth. The referee went over, whispered to him, and Rainey stood awkwardly as hoots and catcalls greeted him.

But when he threw the faded bath robe off his shoulders, a murmur of admiration swept the crowd. Nut-browned, wide, powerful shoulders tapered down to a slim waist. Back muscles played under the skin like things alive. Squire Hurley ceased grinning when he espied those shoulders. Joe Karns grinned proudly as he noticed the effect on the crowd. The jeers ceased abruptly.

The champion met Hurley's savage rush easily, let his swings slip by his jaws by inches, and clinched. Hurley rushed and rushed. Rainey stood dancing on his toes, elbows at his sides, simply vanishing to one side or flicking his head to one side as he avoided Hurley's punches. He made no effort to counter. Karns' eyes glowed in pride at the speed Rainey displayed.

The second round was a repetition of the first, save that Hurley was timing his punches more accurately. Once he brought a red spot under the champion's heart. Rainey's eyes narrowed, and he dropped down in his familiar crouch and started weaving. But he quickly remembered, grinned, and dropped back flat-footed.

The crowd tired of cheering his speed and began to hoot for action on his part. Rainey promptly whipped a left hook to Hurley's chin. To his surprise, the local boy didn't appear to notice the blow. Rainey wasn't used to having that punch unnoticed. Nettled, he weaved in, feinted Hurley off balance, and shot his right to the heart. Hurley merely backed up.

"What's holding that guy up?" asked Karns between rounds.

"Don't know," said the champion. "I'll find out this round."

* * *

IT was the sixth round, and the crowd was on its feet howling like wolves for a knock-out.

The heavyweight champion of the world was nearly out on his feet. With arms as heavy as lead and feet that seemed to have weights attached to them, he used all the wiles of the ring to keep on his feet. Joe Karns stood watching, his face white, his eyes fearful. Too late he had realized Rainey was not

right. The champion had tired woefully after the third round. He had tried to end it with a knock-out in the fourth. But the old timing was not there. When he landed his hook, it had no steam behind it. And Hurley was tough. Much tougher than Karns had figured.

As the fourth round had ended, Karns knew something was wrong with Rainey. Near the end of the round, the champion had weakened fast. And Hurley had been clever enough to see it.

"What's ailing you?" Karns had asked the champion anxiously.

"I was sick all night last night—my stomach," Rainey had told him.

"You fool," Karns had hissed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

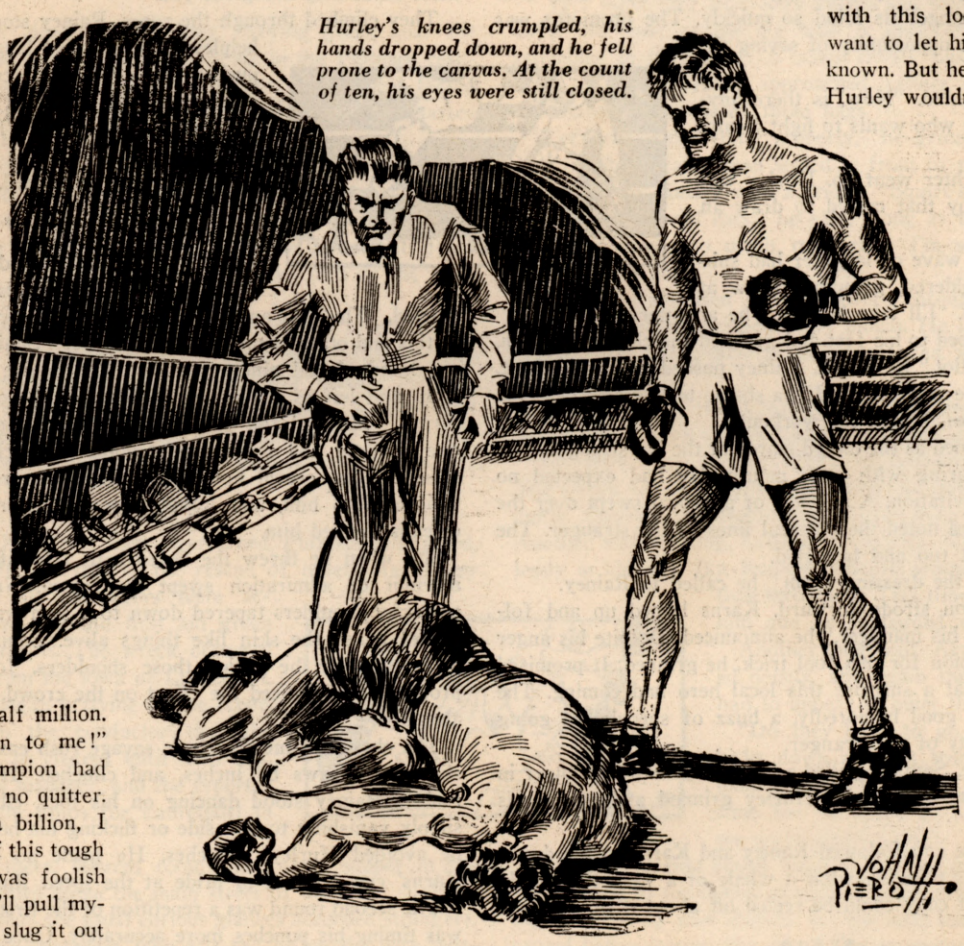
"Didn't think it mattered," Rainey had muttered. "But it must have taken my strength."

"Well, we'll tell the referee you're sick and can't go on," said Joe. "Luckily nobody has recognized you. I'll go tell him now."

But the champion had stopped him. "No," he had commanded grimly. "I've never quit before and I won't start now."

"But you're sick—you're not right," Karns had almost yelled. "You can't last eight rounds with that tough bird. You're crazy. If that young upstart puts you out, it'll get in the papers. The champion of the world put out by an unknown! They won't believe you were sick, Jack, it will cost you a half million. You got to listen to me!"

"No," the champion had said grimly. "I'm no quitter. If it costs me a billion, I won't sneak out of this tough spot. I admit I was foolish to get in it. But I'll pull myself out of it. I'll slug it out with him."



Hurley's knees crumpled, his hands dropped down, and he fell prone to the canvas. At the count of ten, his eyes were still closed.

And he had stepped out in the fifth and launched a savage attack. Flush to the sleep button he had landed his famed right cross. No fighter had ever taken that punch and stood up. But even as he landed it, black spots had danced before his eyes. His head roared as if it were full of bees. Hurley had wilted a moment—but he had stood up.

The champion had continued his attack. But at the end of the round he had backed away from Hurley's vicious punches. One put him down to one knee just as the bell sounded. The closest he had ever been to being knocked off his feet.

Now, in the sixth, Hurley was battering him all over the ring. The champion slugged back at first but had to cover up to save himself. One cheek was slashed open, his lip was cut badly. Red welts showed on his mid-body. Only his ring lore and determination to stay on his feet were saving him.

"Stop it," pleaded Barnes in Karns's ear. "Nobody will ever know who he was. Stop it or he's gone."

"I can't stop it," muttered Karns more to himself than to Barnes. "I can't stop it. But I'm his manager. I got to get him out of this. I got to. I'm his manager. He leaves everything to me. He's waiting now for me to tell him what to do. And I got to tell him. That's my job. I'm his manager."

* * *

SUDDENLY he smote his right fist in his open left hand. "I got it," he muttered. "I got it." He pulled Barnes' head down and whispered furiously in his ear.

"I believe you're right," exclaimed Barnes excitedly. "I'll do it. Here's the brandy." He slipped a pint flask in Joe's hand.

The champion weathered that round simply because Hurley didn't have the experience to put him out. As the bell rang, Barnes grabbed the referee's arm.

"Listen, bozo," he whispered, "Jack Rainey is going to flatten that young upstart next round. Hurley's made him sore and—"

"Jack Rainey?" gasped the referee.

"Yeah, Jack Rainey. That's Joe Karns, his manager. The champ's been playing around with this local hero. Didn't want to let his identity become known. But he's sore at the way Hurley wouldn't play ball. Says he's going to kayo him and wants him to know who's doing it."

The referee acted just as Joe Karns figured he would. Excitedly he stepped to the center of the ring and held up his hand for silence.

The crowd suddenly quieted down.

"Friends," he shouted, "I've got the most important announcement to make ever made in Laurelport." He paused to enjoy the limelight. Then his voice rose to a very shriek. "Permit me—allow me to introduce the heavyweight champion of the world—Jack Rainey!"

* * *

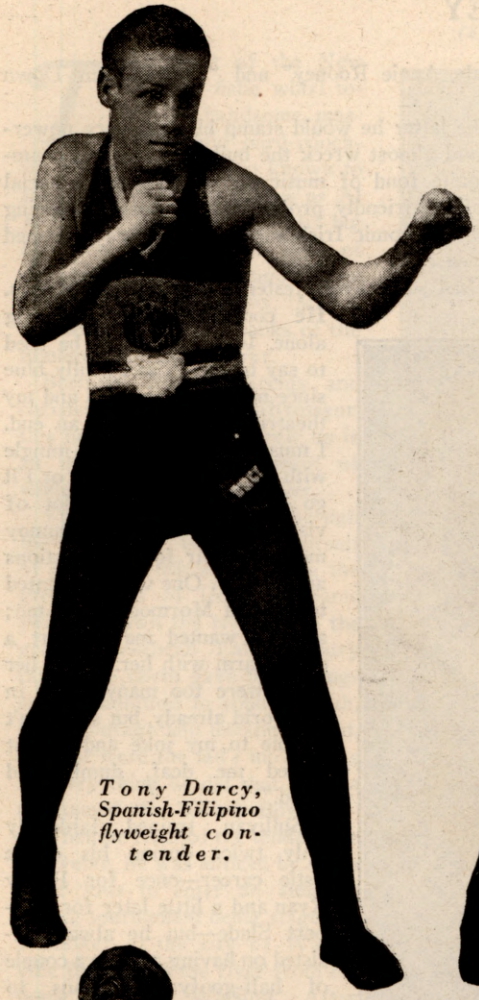
FOR a brief moment you could have heard a butterfly breathe in the hall. Then as one the crowd rose to its feet and gave Rainey a five-minute ovation. Joe Karns had figured on two minutes. He was overjoyed as the bedlam continued to five. He had been working desperately on Rainey. A snoot of the fiery brandy had done wonders.

"Get up, say something," he hissed, pushing the champion to his feet. "Kill all the time you can."

Invigorated, Rainey stood smiling and acknowledging the ovation. He wondered who had recognized him. A man with a big cigar in his mouth pushed forward to shake hands with the champion. Rainey grasped his hand. Others pushed forward for the same purpose. Two more minutes were gained. Then Karns pulled the champion's arm away.

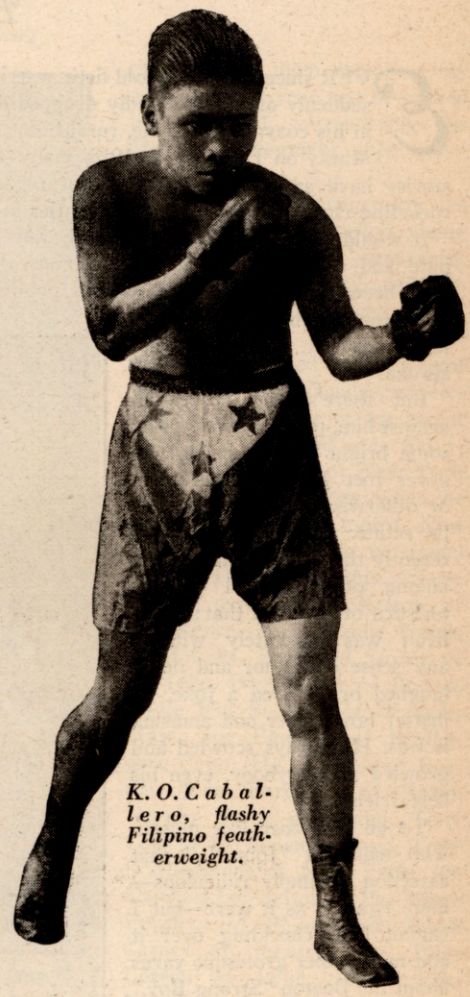
"After he flattens his man next round, Jack will shake with all of you," he shouted. Somebody shouted "Hurrah for Joe Karns." Another minute was expended in (*Continued on page* 46)

Lads from Foreign Lands

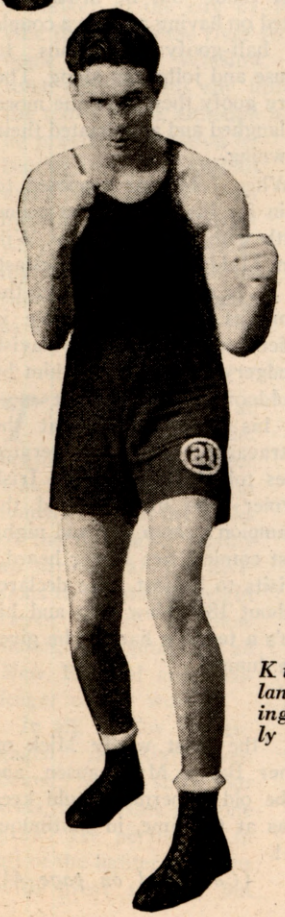


Tony Darcy, Spanish-Filipino flyweight contender.

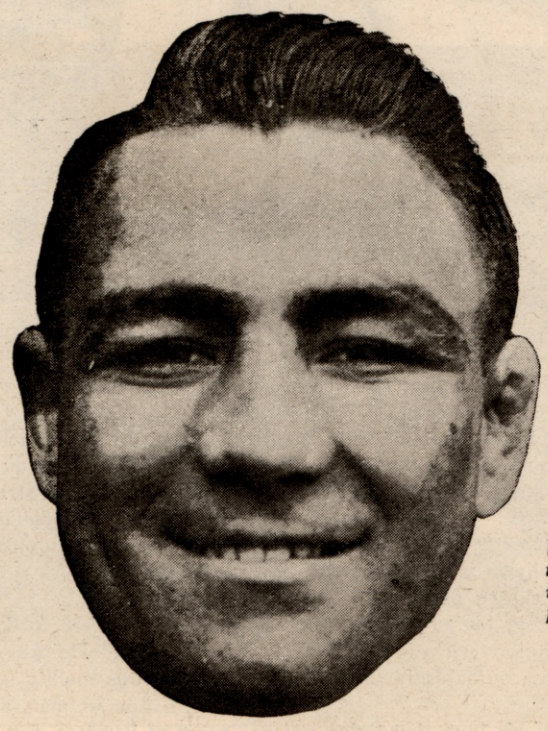
Speed Cabanela, speedy flyweight of the Philippines.



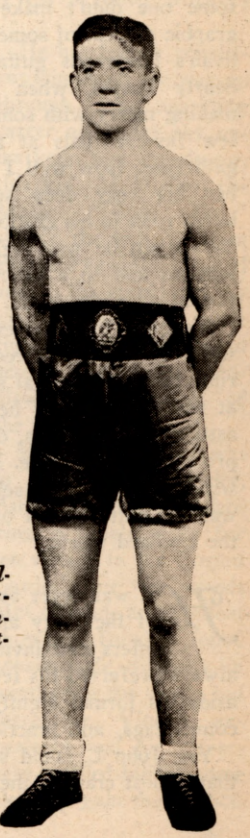
K. O. Caballero, flashy Filipino featherweight.



Kid McClellan, campaigning successfully in the Orient.



Jimmy Kelso, lightweight champion of Australia.



Willie Hamilton, welterweight champion of Scotland.

"John L. as I Knew Him"

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

EVER since the famous old fistic warrior, John L. Sullivan, suddenly and unexpectedly dropped dead of heart failure in his cozy, comfortable, rural home, at North Abington, Mass., on February 2, 1918, many false statements and stories have appeared in public print regarding his wild sky-rocketing character and many peculiarities in and out of the ring.

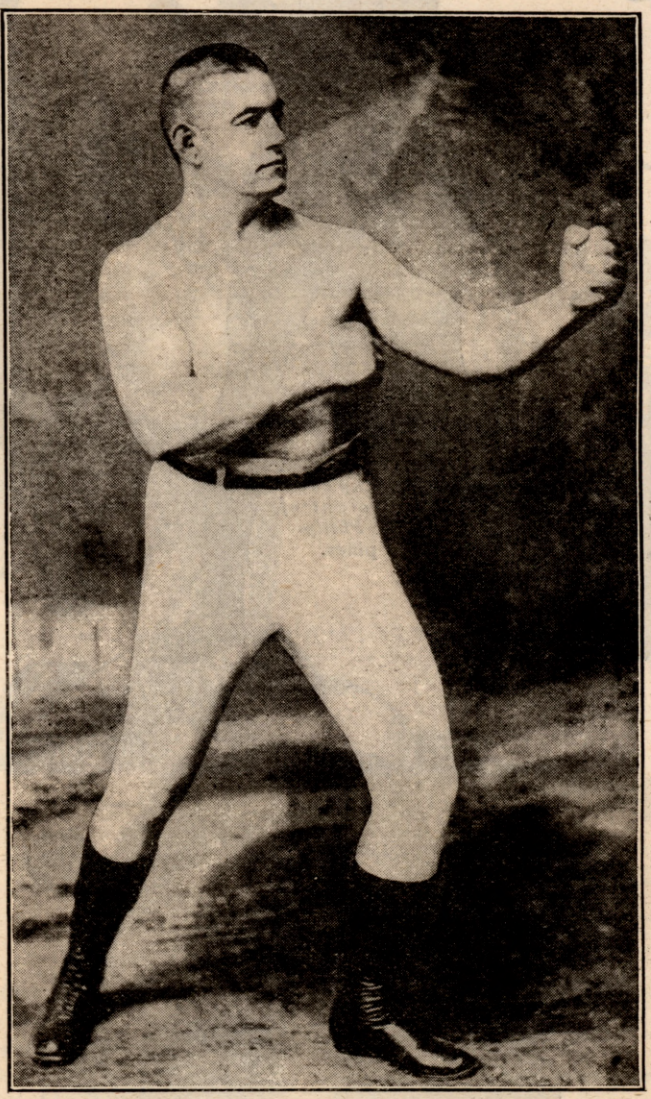
It would be rather a difficult task, however, to attempt to dispute and correct the many fake humpty-dumpty yarns which have been floating around in various publications about the old champion's turbulent and spectacular career, both here and abroad.

But there's one accusation against him, probably written by some bright young scribe who never met John L. personally or otherwise, that I would like to refute. In a column story recently the young writer states among other alleged characteristics of Sullivan that: "Sullivan was absolutely without any sense of humor and never laughed or enjoyed a joke, no matter how clever and amusing it was. He always scowled and growled at everybody, even his best friends."

To an old-timer like myself, who managed "John L," that assertion is simply ridiculous—mere twaddle as it were—but I cannot help chuckling over it and many other grotesque yarns about the Boston "Strong Boy."

It's a great pity, however, that some one didn't make phonographic records of some of Sullivan's boisterous guffaws and hearty laughs, when he was making merry with some of his few favorite pals at a genial gathering. How well I remember his very deep sub-cellar basso voice in his glorious salad days when he was highly illuminated and in a merry mood for an all-night frolic.

It's quite true, however, that when John L. appeared in the ring, on the theatrical stage, or at any public affair he always assumed a very stern, dignified, proud, defiant attitude. No glamorous Roman emperor ever posed with more pomp and self-esteem than the old champion, when he was the battling idol of the vast millions of fight fans all over the civilized world.



John L. Sullivan as he appeared at the height of his career.

* * *

HE was never so happy and jolly as when he was the life of the party among his old chosen pals. He had many offers and invitations to mix in higher society, but he always preferred his few close companions when he could throw aside his formal dignity and cut loose with his favorite songs, comic gags, and practical jokes.

Yes, John L. could sing a bit with his loud thundering voice that almost cracked the ceiling and one's eardrums. His favorite ballads were "Little Annie Rooney" and "Throw Him Down McCloskey."

When he sang the latter he would stamp his feet very powerfully on the floor and almost wreck the building. The old champion was always quite fond of music and often spent a social night with some of his friendly professional vocalists, listening to their sentimental and comic Irish songs which always seemed to inspire him immensely.

John invariably had some lively jester around him constantly. He couldn't stand for being alone. In his last days he used to say to me, "I'm awfully blue since my poor wife died and my theatrical tours are at an end. I must make a break and mingle with my old cronies again or I'll go daffy. Yes, I've a lot of visitors who come and annoy me with their foolish questions and chatter. One woman wanted to make a Mormon out of me; another wanted me to start a goose farm with her. I told her there were too many geese in the world already, but she didn't tumble to my joke and almost talked me deaf, dumb, and blind."

Sullivan trained faithfully only twice during his entire fistic career—once for Paddy Ryan and a little later for Herbert Slade—but he always insisted on having at least a couple of half-goofy comedians to amuse and jolly him along. The more goofy they were the more he laughed and appreciated their clowning.

When John was supposed to train for his seventy-five round battle with Jake Kilrain on William Muldoon's farm at Belfast, N. Y., he ducked away from the camp as much as possible in order to avoid the slavish drudgery imposed upon him by Muldoon. Sullivan spent most of his time laughing at the extravagant and exaggerated tales told him by an old Irish farmer who hung around the champion's camp day and night.

"That old fellow tells me the most comical lies I ever heard," said John L. to me on one of my visits to Belfast. "He declares the big wind that struck Ireland about 1848 blew him and his jackass over to Scotland. I know he's a terrible liar but he gives me many laughs up in this lonesome dump."

* * *

SULLIVAN used to call him, "the most windy Mick on earth." He was indeed another Baron Munchausen, and it was mighty strange how the old Hibernian could keep such a famous man, as John L. was at the time, in continuous roars of laughter. But he surely did!

There were several other court (*Continued on page* 44)

MAINE'S "Ghost Boy"

By BILL GEAGAN

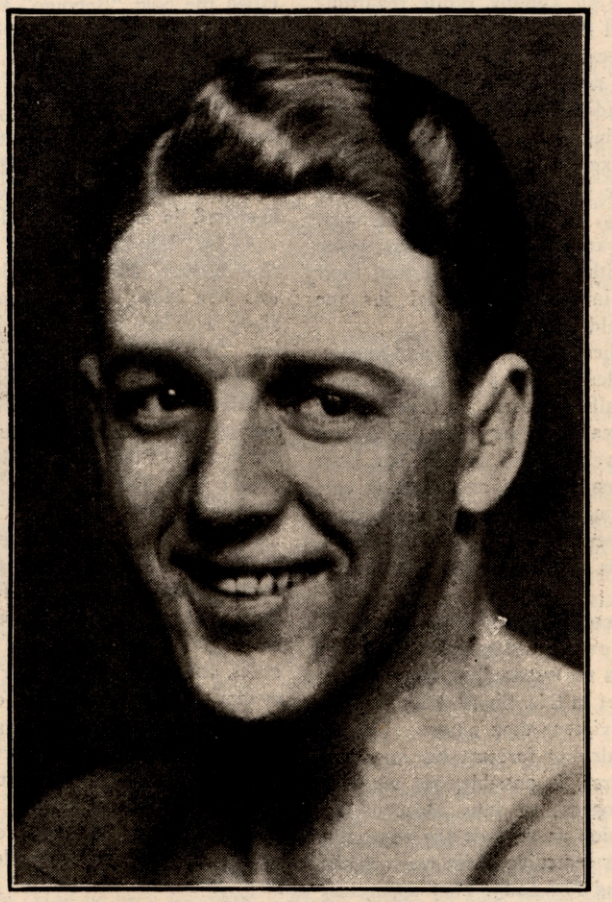
(Sports Editor, "Evening Commercial," Bangor, Maine)

THE toast of the New England fistic whirl today is a handsome, masterful, and hard-punching young middleweight known to the world of flying gloves as Al McCoy of Boston, Mass. His big black eyes first saw the light of day twenty-one years ago in the little town of Winslow, Maine, on the forest-cloaked banks of the tumbling Kennebec river.

Born to French parents and christened Florian LaBrosseur, this healthy youngster grew up in an invigorating environment of wilderness and roaring river.

Years spent rambling through the great pine forests in pursuit of game and fish and running the great booms of logs that came swirling down the river from the great Moosehead Lake country far to the north gave this youngster, in addition to robust health, great courage and uncanny speed. So fast were the lad's movements in every thing he did that he was nicknamed the "Ghost Boy."

When he reached the tender age of twelve, he was enticed by some other kids to enter an amateur boxing tournament being staged at a smoker in the city of Waterville just across the river from his home town of Winslow. After some coaxing this shy little "Ghost" of the wilderness entered the tourney and, although he had never used his little fists before, he proved a sensation by beating four other kids all older and larger than himself. His victories were scored with seemingly little effort and he showed unusual promise as a boxer.



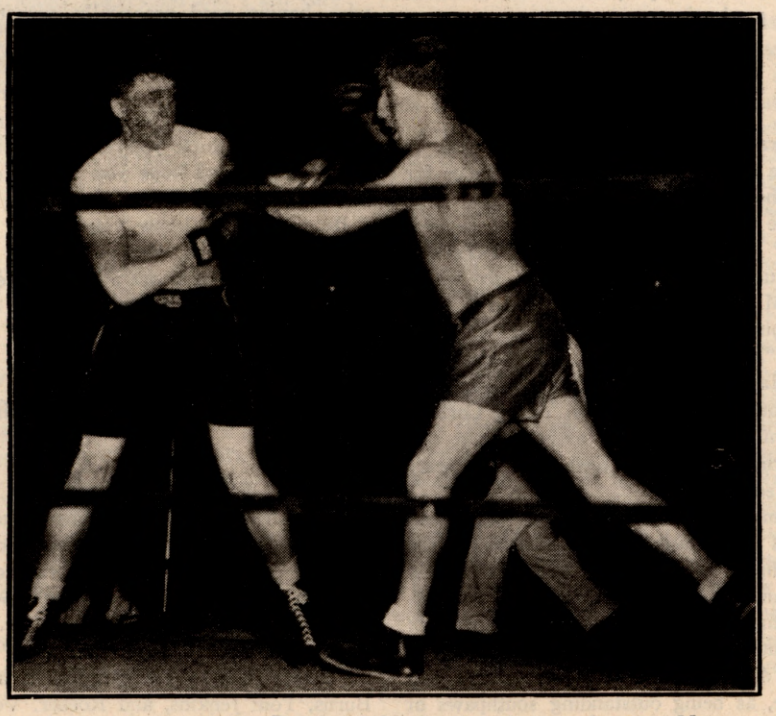
Al McCoy, latest idol of New England fight fans.

* * *

THAT showing at the smoker was the beginning of his career which has carried him unmarked from the ranks of the flyweights rapidly up through all the divisions to the middleweight ranks, where he now stands, champion of all New England and challenger of the world.

In all, McCoy has engaged in sixty-seven bouts, with sixty-four wins, two losses and one draw. He performed in all of the lighter divisions with great success, but grew out of them rapidly. Only a little over a year ago he packed his bag and, surrendering his Maine middleweight title, journeyed to Boston.

Under capable management, this handsome and unmarked young gladiator has, with his great speed, uncanny boxing ability, and terrific two-fisted punching power, blasted his way, through all opposition and gained an overweight match with Vince Dundee, middleweight champ. One of his recent victories was scored over Salvatore "Red" Affinito of New York in the Boston Garden when he handed the highly touted New York redhead a terrific ten-round beating. Previous to this victory, McCoy defeated Al Nelson of Providence, R. I., Louie Nemis of Halifax, Haywood Storey of St. John, Dick Lopez of Boston, Eddie Kid Sullivan of Walpole, Mass., Joe Emmons of Bridgeport, Conn., Hy Diamond of Boston, Juan Barcellos of Spain, Horace Burke of Miami, Tony Celli of Leominster, Mass., Tony D'Allesandro of New York, Joe Kamanski of Scranton, Pa., Vince Forgione of Philadelphia, Eddie Carney of Scranton, Pa., Billy Lozeau of Lynn, Mass., Eino Nyholm of Finland, Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, Mass., and a long list of other worthies too numerous to mention.



A scene in the McCoy-Dundee fight showing them exchanging blows. Vince is at the right.

He has been a consistent winner all the way up through his sparkling career, and today, shy, unmarked, and handsome, this kid, Al McCoy, the Maine "Ghost Boy," stands, the toast of New England's pugilistic whirl and, in the opinion of the experts who have many times seen the youth in action, the coming middleweight champion of the world.

McCoy's latest feat was to give Vince Dundee, American middleweight king, a tough battle for ten rounds in the Boston Garden. For five rounds McCoy made an excellent showing. Dundee found considerable difficulty in weathering the storm, but thereafter, Vince's experience and his cleverness enabled him to come along to gain the verdict.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HAVE just finished reading the January issue of THE RING and, as always, I enjoyed it very much. Especially interesting was the article by Tommy White regarding his famous battles between 1890 and 1900. I have read THE RING regularly since first placed on our local newsstands and would like to offer a few suggestions, if I am not out of order in doing so.

I believe the majority of your readers would be greatly pleased to have more of this brand of reading served to them. I mean in relation to the famous old-time boxers. There are many stars—for instance, Terry McGovern, Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, George Dixon, Frank Erne, Tom Sharkey, Luther McCarty, Gunboat Smith, Dave Sullivan, Tommy Ryan, and others—about whom you could give a résumé, along with photos taken during their era, which would furnish most interesting material for the columns which you devote to the old-timers.

I also believe that the present heavyweight champ, Carnera, should receive a little more consideration in your magazine. It seems hard for most of the so-called experts to concede any credit at all to Carnera, when he really shapes up as one of our greatest and most capable heavyweights. So far he has been treated as a "huge joke" by the majority of our sporting columnists, and I am not alone in taking exception to this attitude. Every victory he has scored, however clean-cut, has been regarded as an accident, or due to his opponent being out of condition.

Certainly no fair-minded person could ask for a more decisive or clean-cut victory than he scored over Sharkey, who, until that occasion, was rated by all experts as the outstanding heavyweight of the world, and I share their belief in this. Sharkey himself has given Carnera more credit for his victory than anyone else.

Most sporting authorities have already forecast his inevitable defeat by Max Baer. This, of course, is possible, but why not give Primo due credit for his progress to date. Most of our authorities have reached their decision as regards the respective fistic ability of these two men after watching their work in the current movie, *The Prize Fighter and The Lady*. They apparently lose sight of the fact that Baer has shown himself to be, and has been conceded as such by the best of authorities, a natural born actor, and for that reason was not in the least affected by the different environment which I am sure was not the case with Carnera. It must be obvious to most people that Carnera was entirely out of place in this production.

JOHN J. NALTY,
Great Barrington, Mass.

* * *

ALLOW me to congratulate you on the bigger RING. It certainly is worth the extra dime. Have been a reader for quite some years now, and hope to be for many more. And now, this being the first time I've written you, perhaps a few suggestions might be acceptable? Well here we go. The December number, like all previous numbers, was great, only I see where my fellow Angeleno, Bill Miller, cannot yet make up his mind as to who was the first southpaw the game ever knew. I see where he now nominates "Bendigo." Why it just seems like yesterday, actually it was May 18, 1933, when I was engaged on the publicity work for that other great southpaw, Young Corbett, at the time of the McLarnin bout, that he asserted that one "Blacksmith Burley" of Birmingham, who lived some 140 years ago, was actually the first southpaw.

This same Burley, it seems, was matched to fight Gentleman Jackson, and was prevented only when the sheriff observed the fact that Burley was a southpaw. Now, while I have the highest admiration for Mr. Miller, and consider him an able and interesting writer, I suggest he confine his writings to that field in which he is undoubtedly the best authority, i.e. the Filipino as a pugilist. Is it not strange that he did not mention Ned Turner, Jem Edwards, or Bishop Sharpe, as being outstanding southpaws of the old prize ring?

Mr. Miller's nomination of "Bendigo," in his list of "Plain and Fancy Nuts," rests chiefly on the fact that the "Blues" nabbed and jailed the bold "Bendigo" twenty-eight times, not surprising, in view of the fact that practically all of the outstanding fighters of that day were at times inconvenienced in a similar manner. Then, "Bendigo's" turning evangelist surely does not classify him as being "queer." Many others, having passed their peak in the ring, have felt the urge to step into the pulpit. Tiger Flowers, the late middle champion, gave much of his time to the church. J. J. Jeffries, for a time, was given to evangelistic work. Bill Hartwell is another, and doubtless there are many others.

As for "Bendigo" being a gypsy, Mr. Miller is mixed up in his ring history. The outstanding gypsy pugilist of the prize ring was Jem Mace, whom I had the pleasure of meeting years ago, along with the other gypsy champ, (Queensberry) Digger Stanley. "Bendigo's" family were for generations residents and prosperous merchants of the city of Nottingham. Many of his relatives were ministers there. His father, a mild-mannered, God-fearing man, married the buxom, boisterous woman who became the mother of three sons, only one of whom inherited the mother's robust body and boisterous spirits. But, of course, you've heard all this before, I presume.

One other thing, "Bendigo's" statue is not at Brighton, it is in his home town of Nottingham. The only reason I am making these corrections is because for years I have been a student of the history of pugilism, and have traveled thousands of miles, viewed relics, interviewed many of the old prize-ring characters, celebrities, and champions. Unfortunately, the passing of time dims the memory of some of these old-timers, and one can very easily waste a lot of time chasing up a false clue, so let's keep the records from becoming further complicated, by being accurate today, as these books will undoubtedly be read by many future generations of RING fans.

And, having thus disposed of "Bendigo" (and slapped Mr. Miller on the wrist for carelessness), I want to commend you for your ambitious intention of getting out a book on the history of American pugilism, as I see in the question box page. That it should fill a long-felt need is certain, but you have of course read "American Fistiana, 1876."

Well, friend Editor, I guess I have taken enough of your time, but you know how we rabid readers are; particularly one who, having read practically everything from *Capt. Godfrey's Treaties* of 1740 down to the last RING, just keeps going on, eating it up. Whether it's Frank Bradley of Fleet Street, or William Corbett of "The Sydney Referee," or Naughton, here on the Coast, or Nat Fleischer of THE RING, it's all great stuff, and really, I think you're keeping up the good work of these past masters, and hope you will enjoy many years of health to continue.

By the way, I know you will be sorry to learn that George Hussey, my friend, and yours, was back again in the hospital. However, he is now out again on the road to recovery.

Let's all pull for a good follower of the fancy. And now, I'll close with best wishes for continued success in 1934.

THOMAS GOUGH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

P. S. Of course, this letter is not intended for publication, just a little chat.

* * *

I HAVE been reading your marvelous serial, "From Milo to Londos," and think it is excellent, but for one thing. You praise Gotch to the skies and write very little of the other great wrestlers. Gotch has been mentioned or written about in every chapter so far. I, and many others, realize that Gotch was "one good wrestler" but think it is not fair to the others such as The Original Evan Strangler Lewis, Farmer Burns, Tom Jenkins, and Roeber. Very little was written about these great stars.

Burns, in particular, was the greatest scientific wrestler that ever entered the ring. In his prime as the world's champion, he was outweighed in many of his bouts by as much as 150 pounds but won them by his superior knowledge and speed. He was the possessor of unbelievable strength and lost only eight bouts out of 6,000.

When Burns was well past his prime, he took on Gotch who was a comparative novice in the grappling game. Burns was outweighed and was not as strong as Gotch, but he easily won the match in straight falls. It was to Farmer Burns that Gotch owed his success and skill.

Tom Jenkins proved to be Gotch's equal in each of the matches they engaged in. Gotch "knew he had been wrestling" after he went in the ring with Jenkins. It was Tom who toppled the crafty Farmer Burns from his throne and became the undisputed heavyweight champion. Jenkins was a real rough and tumble wrestler and a terror on the mat. He possessed a marvelous physique with plenty of speed, and he was noted for his gameness. He was a marvel in pinning his opponents to the mat and was called "The Rolling Mill Man." He had many favorite holds which he used to pin such stars as Gotch, Burns, Emil Maupas, Fred Beell, and others.

The Original Strangler Evan Lewis reigned supreme as the champion until the crafty Farmer Burns toppled him from the throne. Lewis won bout after bout with his dreaded strangle hold. He had a dozen or more ways of clamping it on his unfortunate foe. It took a superbly developed neck such as Burns possesses to withstand the strangle, and that is how he won the title from Lewis.

Dr. Benjamin Roller was another star who deserved a good write-up. He had passed his prime when he won the title from Cutler. He held it for a short time but failed to show his old-time skill such as was seen in his bouts with Gotch. He wrestled often and was very popular. He was skilful and fast but lacked the ruggedness and strength to remain on top.

I'm glad you had such a fine write-up and pictures of Earl Caddock, the "Man of a Thousand Holds." As slippery as an eel and as fast as a light, he gave the wrestling world some of the finest exhibitions of scientific wrestling seen. His bouts with Joe Stecher were something to remember. Had he been the same man physically when he returned from the World War, he might never have lost his title back to Joe Stecher. He returned a shell of his former self but did not lose until he gave all he had.

I do not mean to be disrespectful to your wrestling knowledge by sending this letter. It is a friendly suggestion and I am sure many others will agree with me.

The pictures of Stecher, Roller, and Cutler were good; they seemed to make the story more interesting because they were new and were not seen much before in this magazine. Let's have plenty more new wrestling pictures with the story.

William H. Vreeland,
New York City.

* * *

SINCE reading of the financial results of the Carnera-Loughran bout in Miami Beach, I cannot help writing a letter to you, asking the question, what is wrong with the boxing business?

There will no doubt be many versions offered for the probable solution. I wish herewith to present my opinion, which, of course, can be wrong, but, I am at least entitled to it.

As you are well aware, I was the late Tex Rickard's confidential secretary from June, 1926, until the time of his death. I can speak with authority as to the reasons for Mr. Rickard's success in producing the first million-dollar gate, and in fact, while working with him, we had several million-dollar gates.

In my close association with Mr. Rickard, we naturally had many confidential talks, and I have always remembered his words, which were to this effect: "I could get the American sporting public to come to one of my shows, if I were to put it on in the middle of the American desert." In other words, when Tex put on a show, it was a show in every sense of the word. He always tried to give the people a run for their money, and he gave the fans the show which they wanted to see. Very simple, wasn't it?

Tex was the world's ace showman, and it is my candid opinion that, if the present-day promotors would give to the boxing fans the shows that they want to see, there would not be any question of the size of the gate, for I know from experience that they will be only too willing to pay a good price, but, it must be a real show.

In reviewing some of the data which I still have, I find that the first Dempsey-Tunney show in Philadelphia grossed $1,768,000.00; then the Dempsey-Sharkey bout at the Yankee Stadium brought in another $1,750,000.00; and next came the second Dempsey-Tunney show at Chicago, which topped them all, by bringing in over $2,000,000.00. Why, Nat, we had a quarter of a million indoors at the Garden, which show, if my memory serves me right was the Delaney-Sharkey match.

I do not think the reason for the ridiculously low gates of today is the depression. I am of the firm belief that the public will come and will pay to see a good show. As I said before, this was Tex's motto, and my experience with him was all the proof which I needed.

Perhaps, Nat, you can, through your publication, start the ball rolling again in the right direction. The natural match of the present time is the Carnera-Baer bout, and I'm happy to see that the Garden has finally landed it.

Perhaps the promotors of today are having a hard time with some of the managers, but, didn't we all? I could tell you many interesting true stories along these lines, but time and space will not permit me to do so at this time. But, we still have state athletic commissions, and they have the authority to decide when a match is a real one, and I think they should exercise their authority in this direction.

I do not know whether you will publish this letter, but, should you decide to do so, I sincerely hope that it will have the desired effect upon the boxing public, for there are many thousands who are of the same opinion as I am, and who will go long distances and pay high prices to see a real, honest-to-goodness scrap between well-matched opponents.

To bear out my contention, the Miami contest was not desired by the public, for they would not pay or come to see it.

I am, yours for better shows,

Albert W. Loose,
High Point, N. C.

* * *

I WAS very sorry that there were no pages devoted to us girls in the March and April issues of Ring, as we girls were looking forward to pictures and articles on wrestling for girls and women in your great publication.

I enjoyed Miss Ellen Kerrier's article very much but I also disagree with Mr. Freddy Tooley of Camden, N. J., and others of your readers who have been responsible for the discontinuance of the women's boxing and wrestling pages.

There are a few of us girls who have formed a wrestling club, but we do not box any because we also agree with you on your stand about women boxers, but I do not see any crime or "unladylike" action by those who believe in wrestling.

We have a mixed bout once in a while but never in public, and we have a girl in our group who is from England, 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds and is 24 years old and she is very clever. I am quite a wrestler myself, but she can handle me easily although I can throw all other girls.

Please continue with the articles in Ring for women wrestlers. I am sorry you discontinued writing about the "Amazons" as I thought, as did many of my friends, that the section in The Ring devoted to women boxers and wrestlers was very interesting.

Here are eleven votes for wrestling for women and women wrestlers, Nat. Please take note of that and resume the feature. The best of success and, Nat, be a sport and continue with a couple of pages devoted to women wrestlers. Let's hear from other girls.

Lina E. Long,
Los Angeles, Calif.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mike Taylor, Pittsburgh, Pa

Q.—Is Steve Hamas a basketball player? Was he a member of a team called the New Jersey Wonder Five?

A.—Yes, a very good basketball player. He captained the Penn State team and was a four letter man there. He starred also on the gridiron and in lacrosse. He was a member of the Wonder Five and the other four players on that team were his brothers.

Tom Kirby, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I noticed in the latest issue of the *Post Record Book* that Max Baer won from Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko, and Paulino in 1931. I wagered fifty dollars on that record. We got into an argument in a cafe on the fights of Baer and I claim that I am the winner according to the record book. My friend insists that the record is incorrect and we have agreed to leave it to THE RING. What's your decision?

A.—You lose. Baer lost all three bouts and the record book is wrong.

Walter Pokutecki, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Would breathing exercises help to develop the chest?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Would breathing exercises and road work perfect the lungs?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If the hips are bigger than the chest, how would you make the chest as big or bigger?

A.—Take chest expanding exercises, weight lifting, bending exercises.

Q.—What is the weakest point of a fighter's make-up?

A.—In some, the chin; in others, the wind or stomach.

Q.—Who is the strongest heavyweight wrestler in the world?

A.—In my opinion, Steinke.

E. Edens, Joplin, Mo.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney elected to the State Legislature of New York?

A.—No. He is not a legal voter in New York. He votes from Connecticut, where it is said he will probably be nominated for Congress at the next Congressional election.

Q.—Have you a record of Charley Robinson who fought Joe Gans for the lightweight title?

A.—No. Sorry.

Tony Castellano, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey and what are their real names?

A.—Tunney, Irish-American, parents born in Ireland. James Joseph Tunney. Dempsey is of Irish-Scotch, Indian, Mormon, Jewish stock. William Harrison Dempsey is his real name.

Helen Wolman, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is it true that James J. Jeffries is not a Californian by birth?

A.—Yes. He was born on April 15, 1875, at Carroll, Ohio, and it was several years after his birth that his parents went to the Coast, where Jeffries took up fighting for a career after first engaging in several other branches of work, including canning and boilermaking.

A Future Wrestler, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—If I weigh 165 pounds at 16 years, and am 5 feet 11 inches tall, do you think I'll be six feet or more and be heavy enough to compete with the heavyweights when I'm 21? What book would you recommend?

A.—You will. You'll be over six feet and about 200 pounds. Get "Modern Wrestling," and study it carefully for your preparation. None better the world over.

Q.—Where can I write to Jim Londos?

A.—At 1482 Broadway, New York City, care of Jack Curley.

Q.—How old is Gus Sonnenberg. Has he retired?

A.—Thirty-four. No, he is still wrestling.

John Harlan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Would you recommend Inch's, Maxick's and Hackenschmidt's book, "The Way to Live," for one who aspires to be a strong man?

A.—I certainly would. No finer books on the market for strength than Maxick's "Muscle Control," Inch's books on "Strength" and "The Way to Live."

I receive many letters asking me what I think of the Jowett Course, the Atlas Course, and the Dowell Course of muscle building, and in answer to my readers, I recommend all highly. There is no phony material in any of those courses. Atlas and Jowett have thousands of well-built men to testify to their ability.

Tom Swatski, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—If I follow the special training system for a period of four months, will I gain two inches in chest expansion? I live in a place where there is no gymnasium but I have an attic where I have fitted out a little indoor gymnasium. Is that O.K.? I cannot afford to spend much for apparatus. What would you suggest that would answer the purpose?

A.—No, I don't think there is any system of training which will enable an amateur to gain two inches in chest expansion in four months. It takes about a year to make such fine headway unless you have been training previously for a long time. That is too much to ask and to expect.

I would suggest that you get the complete set of "Big Husky Muscle Builders," placed on the market by the Hercules Exerciser Company, Dept. C, 49 East 21st Street, New York City. They are ideal and cost only $2.96. Or you can get the Michael McFadden outfit, an excellent combination set of home exercisers. In fact, it won't harm to get both and you won't have to go to any outside gym. See the McFadden ad in "The Ring."

Amos McCluskey, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—I am partially paralyzed on the left side, brought on by a case of infantile paralysis three years ago. I have recovered a little of my strength on that side, but still find myself unable to move the afflicted side much. I have been told to exercise my other side as much as possible with five-pound dumb-bells and thus bring about a gradual strengthening of the entire body. Please, Mr. Fleischer, you have done so much good for others with your most valuable information, help me if you can. What would you advise?

A.—Thanks for your faith in me. I would like to help you, but, candidly, I cannot give any information on medical topics without coming in conflict with the law. Only a certified physician can give medical advice. I would suggest you get your doctor to prescribe for you. He'll be glad to do so. Or go to a medical institution for paralysis for sound advice. However, I am not going contrary to regulations when I tell you that it is most dangerous for you to exercise your right side strenuously with five-pound dumbbells. Any doctor will tell you that. If you want and can take any exercises with dumb-bells, then use one-pound or at most, two.

I'm sorry that you are not in the East where I would have you visit Professor Joseph Pilates, former instructor of physical culture to the Berlin Military Police, but now conducting a physical culture studio at 825 Eighth Avenue, the Van Dyke Studios, New York City. Professor Pilates has invented his own, superb system of exercises, which if they were adopted by the medical profession, in my opinion, would aid toward bringing back to almost normal conditions such as you describe. I know from experience, for I have closely watched him take cases like yours, sent to him by the medical profession, and in six months, send his pupils out smiling. I have seen him gain movement in a paralyzed arm or leg, after six months of his training system was followed.

Unfortunately, Professor Pilates is not a publicity seeker, and too few persons, who could use him to advantage to restore their bodies to normal physical conditions, know about this "Wonder of the Age." He has invented several chairs and arm and leg exercisers that have accomplished marvels with persons who have suffered from paralysis in not too grave a condition. The medical profession should look into the inventions of this German athletic student. His chart of exercises on his specially constructed chairs will revolutionize the entire system of physical education, and help many of those who now can't help themselves. I've taken his course and studied under him. I know his capabilities and have marveled at his work and his inventions which, unfortunately, have not yet been marketed.

Michael Smitonick, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of the following boxers—Johnny Jadick, Steve Haliako, Wesley Ramey, Steve Hamas? Also the following wrestlers—George Zarynoff, Bronko Nagurski, Ivan Vakturoff, Vanka Zelesniak, Matros Kirilenko?

A.—Jadick, Haliako and Nagurski are Polish; Ramey and Zarynoff are Ukranian; and Vakturoff, Zelesniak and Kirilenko are Russian.

William Dabney, Flushing, N. Y.

Q.—Did James J. Jeffries fight Sam Langford?

A.—No.

William Dunn, Jamaica, N. Y.

Q.—How often did Tunney and Greb meet?

A.—If you buy my book, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," you will find the complete story of Tunney's life, including his complete record. They fought two no-decision bouts, both of ten rounds; Greb won a fifteen-round contest in which the American light-heavyweight crown was at stake. Gene won the American light-heavyweight title in fifteen rounds from Harry and again beat him in fifteen rounds.

Richard Scott, St. Helens, Ore.

Q.—If a manager has a fighter's contract, can he keep him from moving to another city to fight so that he can get away from his contract?

A.—No. If you have a legal contract, such a contract would protect you in any American state if there is no loophole.

Furthermore, boxing commissions in all states protect contractual rights. Get a copy of my book, "How to Manage and Second a Fighter." You will find everything worth while in re contracts discussed in that book.

William J. Rentenbach, Hancock, Mich.

Q.—When and where was Frank Gotch born? When was Hackenschmidt born?

A.—Gotch was born at Humboldt, Iowa, on April 27, 1876. Hackenschmidt was born at Dorpat, Russia, on August 2, 1878.

Q.—Some years ago I saw Stecher wrestle in Calumet, Mich. At least I thought it was Joe because he was advertised under that name. Did he ever wrestle in that place?

A.—Yes.

A Ring Fan, Mission, Minn.

Q.—How old are the following boxers and when were they born:

Maxie Rosenbloom, Vince Dundee, Jimmy McLarnin, Benny Bass, Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, King Levinsky, Jackie Fields, Tommy Loughran?

A.—Rosenbloom, September 6, 1904, New York City; Dundee, 1904, Baltimore, Md.; McLarnin, December 19, 1906, Ireland; Ross, December 3, 1909, New York City; Canzoneri, November 6, 1905, New Orleans, La.; Levinsky, September 9, 1910, New York City; Fields, 1907, Chicago, Ill.; Loughran, November 24, 1902, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bass, December 15, 1904.

Q.—At what age do most boxers attain their highest point of efficiency.

A.—Between the ages of 21 and 27.

Q.—How can an amateur become a pro?

A.—Turn in your amateur card if you are a member of an amateur organization and take out a license to fight professionally. Get a copy of "How to Second and Manage a Fighter." You'll find the information more fully explained. You'll see in that book what kind of a license to ask for.

A Reader, Indianapolis, Ind.

Q.—In a recent issue of your great magazine, you stated that the reason why a fighter was usually through at the age of thirty, was because he was burned out and not because of his age. That being true, why does a wrestler last longer? Do you mean to say that if a fighter is "burned out" at thirty, he will not be able to earn a living elsewhere, in some other profession, because of physical disability?

A.—A fighter at thirty has usually passed his peak and cannot go on much longer in his profession. With a wrestler it is quite different. The reason is simple to explain. Fighting, regardless of what you may hear from the wisecrackers, is fought on the level, at least ninety-nine percent of boxing matches are so contested. Therefore, in such honest bouts, the wear and tear on an athlete's system, like in a football game, a running race, a soccer game, etc., is far greater than in the phony wrestling matches that take place throughout the country. Wrestling is not on the level, and the promoters themselves, and the various boxing commissions have repeatedly admitted that.

Yet they do not work under false premises. They announce the "contests" as exhibitions, except in cases where "championships" are staged and even then, in many cases, the bouts are not on the level. A winner is designated and he wins while the crowd is buncoed. It is only occasionally that an honest match is seen. There is a great amount of physical exertion expended, however, regardless of whether the bout is a fair one or a fixed one, but the type of exertion is not of the same brand as a fighter must go through. The fighter, as a rule, "takes it" more than does a wrestler and has no chance to rest as does a wrestler, and that is what prevents him from continuing in his vocation for more than possibly ten years, while the matman can continue for double that period.

Certainly I do not mean to convey the idea that a fighter when through cannot earn a living in any other field. If he is trained professionally or technically, he can ply his trade after quitting the ring. If he has no other profession, then he can turn to other lines for which he thinks he is best fitted. For example, Sharkey announced his retirement after losing to Loughran, and now is running a bar in Boston.

Sidney Bernstein, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—Can I gain much weight by doing exercises every day?

A.—Yes, but exercises alone won't do it. Proper foods must be eaten and proper care of the body must be taken. Read my book, "Training for Boxers." You'll find a chapter in it on how to gain weight and what foods to eat.

Q.—Who were the wrestling champions since Evan Lewis' time?

A.—Tom Jenkins, George Hackenschmidt, Frank Gotch, Joe Stecher, Earl Caddock, Ed Strangler Lewis, Wayne "Big" Munn, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Joe Stecher, Ed Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Dick Shikat, Jim Londos, Ed Don George, Ed Strangler Lewis, Henri De Glane, Ed Strangler Lewis, Ed Don George, Jim Browning.

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The John L. I Knew

(*Continued from page* 38)

jesters around the camp to pamper and joke Sullivan along into good humor, but the old Irishman was the star clown in John L's estimation and he often retold his will-o'-the-wisp yarns himself with great gusto for many years after.

"I can make the best Irish stew in the world," loudly declared the old champion to a few festive friends in Boston, one very cold night, at Clark's old hotel on Washington Street, which was John L's headquarters for some twenty-five years. Of course the boys laughed at the idea of Sullivan's cooking anything properly, so they started to kid the Big Fellow until they finally got his goat.

"Come down to the kitchen and I'll show you mugs what a stew I can cook," roared John defiantly.

When the merry gang reached the kitchen Sullivan went to work like a regular chef and soon had a big pot full of meat and vegetables boiling away on the hot stove. Naturally it took some time for the stew to cook, so the entire party was pretty well "stewed" from many rounds of booze they put away while patiently awaiting the savory dish to be served.

"Ah, it smells fine!" said one of the bunch smacking his lips. But neither he nor any of the others noticed Sullivan dump two bottles of tobasco into the stew. Tobasco was his favorite flavoring sauce, and I had frequently seen him pour a whole bottle of it on a steak and eat it with a great relish. Such a dose of tobasco is most apt to burn and blister the throat of an ordinary mortal, but it never seemed to bother John L. in the least.

* * *

AT last Sullivan declared his wonderful Irish stew was done and ready to be served. The hungry guests without any hesitation or ceremony quickly dove into their plates of the savory dish. But suddenly, after a few mouthfuls, they jumped to their feet gasping for breath and yelling for cold water.

"Holy murder," bellowed one fellow, "I'm burning alive! What the hell did you put into that stew, John?"

The other four victims were also in great distress guzzling down glass after glass of ice water, trying to sooth their burning throats and stomachs, while Sullivan lay back in his chair, roaring with laughter, with tears in his eyes.

"Why, you mutts, don't you know what's good. That's the finest stew you ever tasted," shouted the old champion as he continued to devour his big dishful. It was an hour or more before his five friends fully recovered from the effects of the hot tobasco sauce.

In the meanwhile Sullivan not only polished off his portion but finished all that was left in the pot and on the plates of his friends without any apparent ill effect. He surely had a most phenomenal stomach, but he finally destroyed it not only by the stuff he drank but by the enormous amount of fattening and indigestible food he ate.

I remember dining with him and Charley Johnston, one of his backers, over in Brooklyn. Sullivan insisted upon ordering three double porterhouse steaks with a lot of fixings. Johnston and I, not fancying the big steaks, had some lighter food. Before we left the table, John had eaten the three steaks and everything else, with some pudding for dessert. Turning to Johnston, the old champion, then in his prime, said:

"Charley, I'm not feeling so well tonight. I wonder what's the matter with me?"

"You've lost your appetite, John. You don't eat enough," answered Johnston in his droll manner. "But how I would hate to board you when you really felt well!"

Griffo, Cleverest

(*Continued from page* 17)

hand had darted out and pocketed the fruit.

On one occasion Griffo was standing before the bar in Young Mitchell's saloon in San Francisco. Some one who had threatened to punch Griffo's head came in. Mitchell remarked:

"Here he is now, Griff—that fellow who was looking for you." Griffo didn't turn around. He merely looked up into the big mirror back of the bar. The belligerent visitor made right for Griffo and started to swing punches at his head. Griffo simply watched the attack in the mirror and moved his head this way and that.

Finally the fellow took Griffo by the shoulders and turned him around, and said:

"You win, Griffo. I was going to knock your block off, but you haven't got one. I'm licked without being hit."

His pet joke was to go to a bootblack stand, remove his shoes, and then have his feet shined.

One yarn that Joe Humphrey's world famous announcer, related after Griffo's death, is characteristic of this odd character. Some years ago at the old Pioneer Club, in New York, then on West Forty-fourth Street, Joe was instrumental in putting over a benefit for Griffo, the intent being to raise sufficient funds to permit Griffo to go back to his native land, Australia.

Although the affair was put over on short notice, $500 was raised for Griffo, but after the money was turned over to him, he gravely announced that he had decided to stay in this country after all.

"What!" yelled Joe. "You're not going home after we have raised this money for you? What a fine bunch of saps we'll be made to look like."

"Blime me, Joe," answered Griffo, who spoke with a pronounced cockney accent. "What's the sense of me goin' home? The old man wouldn't know me any more."

Griffo made money so rapidly after he came here that it turned his head. He didn't know what to do with it. It produced a new sensation for him, for at best he was as dumb as an animal and couldn't realize the value of money. Between being pestered by "friends" who deserted him when he became "broke" and victimized by "sharpshooters" who took advantage of his ignorance, Griffo's money didn't last long.

One hour after his fight with Lavigne he was called into the promoter's office to receive his pay. His rake-off was $1,500, and when the promoter began to count off the amount in dollar bills, Griffo stood and watched for a while then becoming impatient, he raised his hand in protest when the $500 mark was reached and shouted to the promoter:

"Enough, sir, enough! Wot yer think Hi h'am, a bloomink truck? Carry all that with me? Not on yer life, sir! Gimme that stuff. Hi'ts h'all Hi want."

With that he grabbed the $500, shoved the bills into his pocket and away he went to New York to treat himself and the hangers-on to all the drink they could absorb. He never asked for the rest of the money.

Many interesting stories are told of the eccentricities of this Australian. Tim McGrath, and Jack Grace, the globe-trotter, had many experiences with Griffo.

Grace, who probably knew more about Griffo's life than any other person, added the following anecdote to the list gathered for this article.

"I had matched Griffo to fight a fellow by the name of Johnny Burns in Springfield, Ill. I tried desperately to get the Australian to do some training but without avail and I therefore hit upon a novel stunt. I took Griffo into a saloon and there, during the course of a little conversation, I remarked:

"'Well, Griffo, you're going to meet a man-eater in your next battle. I wouldn't have matched you with him if I had known before who he was.'

"Griffo, his ears all cocked, looked at me in astonishment and in his cockney tongue asked:

"'A man-eater, says yer? Blime me, old chap, who ez'e? The devil with 'im. I'll knock 'im silly, I will.'

"I saw I had him going," continued Grace, "so I decided I'd go a little further.

"'You know, Griffo, that Burns boy went 198 rounds with a chappie and could have gone 100 more. Burns knocked him out. You've got to get him early or he'll keep you fighting all night.'

"That sort of worried the Australian. The truth is that Burns was a mere novice but we felt that we couldn't afford to take any chances on having him out of condition.

"'He went 198 rounds, did he?' snapped back Griffo. 'A man-eater, eh?' And with that he gave up drinking for a few days and trained like a beaver.

"On the night of the fight he was in the pink, in fact better than I had ever seen him before, and when the gong sounded he sailed into the novice and hammered him into a pulp. He went at Burns like a house afire and before the second round was over, he had Burns flirting with death. The referee looked at the seconds of Burns and they threw the sponge into the ring, halting proceedings."

When the fight was over, Grace said to Griffo:

"Oh, boy, what a beating you gave him."

"Beat 'im up?" said Griffo in his best cockney. "I should rather say so. I took no chance of that bleedin' duck going 198 rounds with me."

When the truth was told him, Griffo flew into a rage.

"Just think of it," he shouted. "Me givin' up me drink to train for a raw 'un. The pleasure I gave up and the fun I lost training for the loikes of 'im."

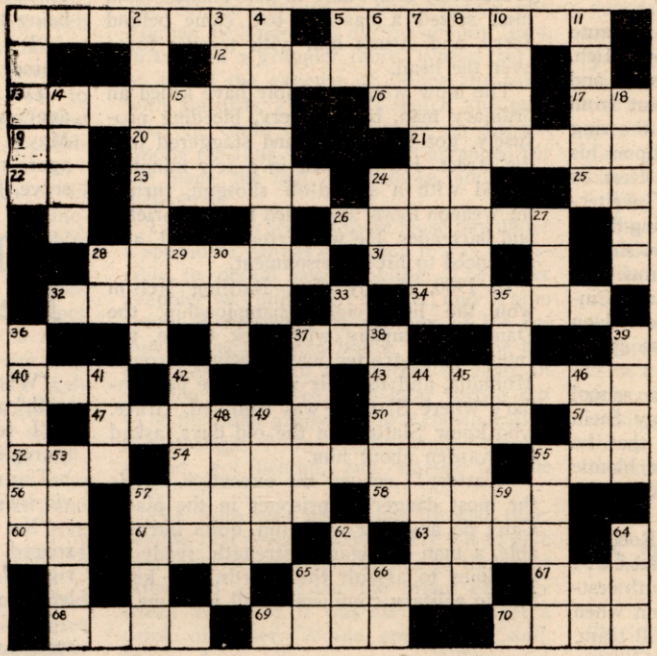
Griffo died in New York on December 7, 1927.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. One of the roughest mat men of all time.
5. The "German Oak."
12. Fighter who entered the ring wrapped in his famous Indian blanket.
13. Small bag for odorous substances.
16. Rightly.
17. Note of the scale.
19. Indian Guides. (Abbr.)
20. Steeped barley.
21. Coarse. 22. A denial.
23. A vessel.
24. Sacred language of the Buddhists.
25. Tennessee Engineers. (Abb.)
26. To go back.
28. Not complex.
31. Horse that won the Kentucky Derby in 1923.
32. The "Greek Adonis."
34. A cloth. 37. Cry.
40. A girl's name.
43. To postpone.
47. Native of the South American Pampas.
50. Ex-Flyweight champ of Europe.
51. Advertisement.
52. Congealed water.
54. Wrestler who specializes with the airplane scissors.
55. Whatever.
56. A business concern. (Abbr.)
57. Fighter who won the middleweight crown from Papke in 1913.
58. Grown to maturity.
60. Overhead railway.
61. An inheritor.
63. British title of nobility.
65. A niggard.



67. Small serpent.
68. Place where Jeffries fought Johnson in his "Comeback" attempt.
69. Great Punjab wrestler.
70. To discover.

VERTICAL

1. Indian antelope.
2. Boxer who won the heavy title on a foul, in 1930.
3. In an apt manner.
4. Small British falcons.
5. The elder.
6. To drag. 7. Raises.
8. Deceptive.
10. A girl's nickname.
11. Burst of applause.
14. In eager excitement.
15. Corrode.
18. Place where bouts are held.
24. Close fitting cap.
27. Urge on.
28. To that degree.
29. Doctor. (Abbr.)
30. Seed vessel of plants.
33. To set forth.
35. An uproar.
36. Beginner. 37. Exhibitions.
38. South American seaport.
39. Man's nickname.
41. An epoch.
42. Monetary unit of Russia.
44. The "Miracle Man."
45. An animal.
46. Present day welterweight.
48. The "Harlem Coffee Cooler."
49. Period of time.
53. Pretense.
55. Collection of maps.
57. An Asiatic prince.
59. London Royalists. (Abbr.)
62. Energy.
64. Secret Emissary.
65. Mother.
66. South America. (Abbr.)

(Answers on Page 46)

Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 21)

diers' camp near Des Moines.

Influences got to work which caused Caddock to receive offers for a commission as first lieutenant and even as captain, but he steadfastly refused, claiming that he was no better than any of the other recruits. He insisted that a private's post was good enough for him and that attitude, combined with the fact that he was the world's heavyweight wrestling king, made him a great favorite with the doughboys. Later he was made a corporal, and still later, he was promoted to a sergeantcy, and he saw service in the thick of the fire.

Time and again a commission was offered him, but he steadfastly refused, basing his refusal upon the thought that the acceptance of a commission might convey a wrong impression to his mates. Being a champion athlete, it might have gone the rounds that he was honored because of that instead of gallantry in service.

He was gassed in the Hindenburg Drive, but after being in the hospital for a short time, he again took his position with his company and remained in active service until mustered out on this side. Friends interceded on his behalf and tried to obtain his release soon after the Armistice was signed, but he vetoed such action even though it meant much money to him, and awaited his proper turn.

* * *

WHEN he reached New York, he immediately rushed home to see his folks and then, in need of financial help, he decided to pit his title against his old enemy, Joe Stecher. Joe, it will be remembered, was also a service man, he having enlisted in the Navy after he had lost his title to Caddock. Although Joe had been stationed at the Great Lakes and Caddock had been in the thick of the fray overseas, each was looked upon as the representative of his particular branch of the service and on the night of their mill in Madison Square Garden, already described in the last installment, the famous New York arena was jammed.

Caddock trained faithfully for his encounter at Great Neck, Long Island, under the watchful eye of Broadway Charley Rose and Earl's ever loyal friend and advisor, Gene Melady. After a few days, it became quite apparent to Earl's horde of friends that he was no longer the Caddock who only a few months previously had been hailed as one of the greatest of American matmen.

The war had taken his strength from him. The gas had injured his lungs to such extent that when he coughed his saliva was black. But Caddock was no quitter—he had proved that on the field of battle—and he decided to go through with his bout with Stecher because he honestly believed he could again whip him.

* * *

WHEN Caddock lost that match and the title, no amount of money could induce him to remain in the game, although he could have reaped a fortune by going on a barnstorming trip. Jack Curley, his cherished friend, urged him to permit a booking around the wrestling circuit, but he turned that down. Then some enterprising men suggested that he accept a proposition from them to go barnstorming and capitalize on his great war record, but he turned against that.

"I'm a wrestler now. I was a soldier, but that's past, and with it, I left all my soldiering behind me," he told the promoters. That's how patriotic Caddock was. No finer example of true Americanism was ever found in the athletic ranks of our boys than in Earl Caddock.

He was an inspiration to the youth of America. During his entire career, he exemplified the best in American sports traditions, and when the history of wrestling is written, as it will be when this series is over, I shall see that Earl Caddock's name goes up near the top for his wrestling ability, and on top, as the man who has done most for the uplift of wrestling in this country.

I was talking to Jack Curley, America's foremost promoter, just before I wrote this story and, knowing how friendly he was with Caddock, I asked him what he thought about Earl.

"No finer man ever graced a roped square than Earl," he replied. "A true American, a splendid soldier, a great athlete, and a fitting model for our boys to follow."

And then Curley told me a story which is worth repeating here.

* * *

ON his way East to train for the Stecher match, the promoter of a club in Utica, who had been losing considerable money at wrestling, asked Curley to have Caddock appear for him in one show against Joe Malcewicz. Curley agreed only on condition that the match would be advertised as a handicap contest in which the title would not be at stake and in which Caddock would agree to toss his man within one hour. That was agreed upon, but on the night of the match, Curley learned that things were not quite on the up-and-up and that it was planned to injure the standing of Caddock by having him declared the loser if the bout went the limit. As Earl was not ready for a match, it looked bad for him, yet he consented to help the promoter and take a chance.

It was arranged that if Caddock had

(Continued on page 47)

News of the Mat World

(*Continued from page* 31)

of Toledo, Ohio, was killed in an auto accident in February near Jackson, Mich. . . . . Herley's career as a wrestler and promoter was filled with excitement from the time Johnny first stepped into the ring until the final three was tolled upon his shoulders . . . . May his Soul Rest in Peace . . . . Johnny Stote, A. F. W. welterweight champion, is still campaigning down south and making hay while the sun shines, while his rival Jack Reynolds continues his "playboy" antics . . . . Eddie Gerhardt, Cincinnati's veteran mat promoter, started on his twenty-eighth year as an active sports promoter . . . .

Tom Alley at one time was a school teacher in Australia . . . . Sammy Stein likes to wrestle in California so that he can be near Claire Trevor, latest blonde star of the flickers . . . . Matros Kirilenko objects to being called a Russian and insists he is a Ukranian . . . . Dory Roche is a fruit grower when not on the mat . . . . Dutch Hefner was named All-Southwestern tackle three years in succession when on the University of Texas football team. . . . . Jack League, who had Primo Carnera on the floor seven times, and who now wrestles and referees at times, was once a fireman . . . . Tough Rudy Dusek at one time worked as a mechanic in a railroad shop . . . . Jim Londos may take a course in psychology . . . . Joe Savoldi was the state checker champ while at Notre Dame. . . . . Dick Rains is from the Buckle El Ranch at Paducah, Texas.

Battlers of the Irish Brigade

(*Continued from page* 15)

his ring deeds would redound to the credit and glory of the "Ould Sod." Before leaving, he would suddenly discover that his pocket had been picked, or that he had left his wallet at the hotel, and borrow five or ten dollars till the next time he stepped in. He seldom, if ever, failed to obtain the loan and worked this scheme successfully in various sections of the city.

Later, when Madden proceeded to pilot his charge around saloons of the said sections, he was puzzled and horrified to find that the groggery-keepers eyed him with cold distrust.

Or, as one disillusioned Irish proprietor expressed it:

"Oirish champeens moight be all right for thim as liked th' breed, but they was getting altogether too numerous in the nayberhood av late!"

JERRY IMPRISONED

WITH all his sins, Jerry had plenty of friends who rather admired him for his dare-devil ways and reckless disregard of consequences. It was this quality of recklessness, however, which led to his undoing. He went out west and settled in Butte, Montana. One night he became engaged in a wordy war with the proprietor and bartender of a saloon in which George Gardner, the former light-heavyweight champion, was sitting at the time. While Jerry and the boss argued, the bartender, who knew Slattery's reputation as a dangerous rough-and-tumble scrapper, and presumably didn't care to take chances with him, seized a baseball bat, came behind Jerry, and struck him with terrific force over the head.

The blow would probably have killed an ordinary man, but Slattery, bleeding profusely, got to his feet and staggered into the street. He returned in a few minutes, armed with a sawed-off shotgun, turned the weapon loose, and killed both proprietor and bartender. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

In 1900, shortly after Battling Nelson won the lightweight championship, the Dane, in company with Jack Grace, the veteran globe-trotter, was traveling through Montana, and the pair visited the penitentiary where Slattery was confined. Grace, who knew Slattery in the old days, asked the warden about him.

"Slattery!" echoed the executive. "He's the most dangerous prisoner in the place. Can't do anything with him, quite intractable, a man of gigantic strength, ready at all times to assault the guards. We keep him in solitary confinement all the time."

Why a Manager?

(*Continued from page* 36)

cheering Karns. It was more time than Joe had prayed for.

Karns shrewdly studied Hurley's face. The Squire was a picture of dismay. He was gazing at Rainey in open awe. The killer's look on his face had given way to one of anxiety. Karns waited no longer. He rushed forward and grabbed the referee. "All right, we're ready to go on," he shouted. The referee turned, and the next moment the bell sounded.

Now it was a different story. Hurley tried to do nothing but keep away from that famous left hook and devastating right cross of the champion. And the champion had his orders from Karns. In a clinch he whispered to Hurley, "Take it easy, kid, I won't hurt you." Hurley grinned in admiration for the champion and left himself wide open. Rainey feinted his guard down and crossed his right with everything he had on it. The minutes of rest gave him the strength he needed for it. Perhaps the brandy helped some.

Hurley's knees crumpled, his hands dropped down, and he fell prone to the canvas. At the count of ten his eyes were still closed. The crowd rose and gave Rainey another ovation.

* * *

IN the hotel room, the champion admitted he couldn't have lasted another round. The minutes of rest after somebody recognized him saved him, he told Karns. But Wily Joe smiled.

"The rest had little to do with it," he said, "except to give you enough strength for that wallop."

Rainey regarded him puzzledly. "What was it then?"

"Ever hear of psychology?" asked Joe.

"Yes, but I still don't get you."

"Hurley was beating you, but your name beat him. Heard two birds talking when we first come in about how he always flunked against a fighter with a tough reputation. I merely informed him who you were. When he saw he was fighting the champion of the world, he folded up like an army cot. Now he'll boast the rest of his life about being kayoed by Jack Rainey."

"I wish you hadn't done that," objected Rainey. "But I got to admit it saved me."

Yes, lots of fight followers claim a manager is not as important as he's painted. Maybe not. On the other hand, some managers never get the credit they really deserve. Joe Karns was that kind of manager.

The Kingfish Becomes Serious

(*Continued from page* 11)

"What's the matter, King, don't you feel well," asked his manager.

"I feel all right except for my feet," he replied. "They feel different somehow."

The manager lowered his glance to Levinsky's "dogs" and burst into a laugh.

"No wonder your feet feel funny," he roared. "You've got your left shoe on your right foot and your right shoe on your left foot."

That's how careless the Kingfish is about such matters.

* * *

LEVINSKY'S chief ambition, naturally, is to fight for the heavyweight title. He already has had two battles with Carnera, current head of the division. Carnera received the verdict each time, but a majority of the ringside critics figured Levinsky was entitled to the honors in the second brawl.

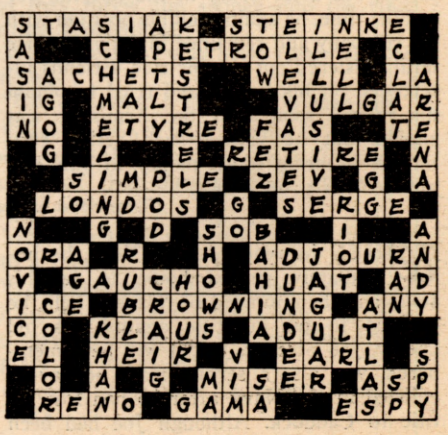
The Kingfish also has dropped two decisions to Max Baer, whom many expect to be champion after next June 14. The second bout with Baer was a 20-rounder in Reno.

In fact, Levinsky has met almost every one of the leading heavyweights in the last three years. He has lost many of these engagements, but that doesn't worry him. None of them ever had him in bad shape. Far as I know he hasn't been knocked down.

He is quite a man, is the Kingfish. We could do with more like him.

NOTE TO READERS—*Another installment dealing with famous knock-out punches, which was promised for this edition of* THE RING, *will be published at an early date, its use having been deferred in favor of the above timely article on King Levinsky.*

Answers to Puzzle on Page 45



Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 45)

failed to gain a fall within the time limit, the bout would be called a draw and, much to the surprise of Earl and Curley, instead of adhering to the terms of the handicap affair, the referee awarded the bout to Malcewicz, thereby technically depriving Caddock of the title and giving it to Malcewicz.

When Curley and Caddock arrived in New York, they had a tough time convincing the press and the New York public that Caddock had been jobbed but they finally did and the proposed match between Caddock and Stecher was staged as per schedule. Thereafter, from time to time, stories appeared, and even to this day they continue to appear, to the effect that Malcewicz had won the title from Caddock, and on several occasions, contrary to the facts, stories have been printed that Malcewicz had tossed Caddock. Those who know their wrestling history, however, and stick to facts, discount those yarns and give to Stecher the honor he deserves—that of regaining the title from Caddock.

Although in the last installment we had informed our readers that we would give the details of the loss of the heavyweight crown by Stecher to Lewis, this will have to wait for the next issue.

Waino the Great

(*Continued from page* 27)

though outweighed fifteen pounds, Waino took the match, showed Brown some excellent Greco-Roman holds, and beat him twice in four minutes with a double arm lock or back drop.

Another time, there was a giant Frenchman laying claims to all the wrestling championships in the copper country around Calumet, Mich. This Frenchman, who stood about six feet one and weighed around 240 pounds, was the jacket-style champion of that district and the Finns in that section were keenly hurt and chagrined to think that a Frenchman could beat them all wrestling. So they wired Waino who was living over in Duluth, Minn., at that time.

Waino wired back! "He's too big. I only weigh 154 pounds, but if you'll give me thirty-five per cent of the gross, I'll take the match." The match was on. Breecher, Bruneau, or something like that was the Frenchman's name. Outweighed about 100 pounds, Waino looked like a toy terrier about to tackle an elephant, but Waino had wrestled the big boys before and come out on top so started in on this lad.

Waino tried a back drop, but the Frenchman was too big. Then he worked around, suddenly hooked Bruneau and put the pressure on the Frenchman's arm. Bruneau groaned. The referee was paying little attention to the bout, still looking over the house, when Waino called to him and said, "Hey, this man wants to tell you something."

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" asked the referee and just as he did that, Waino put on some extra pressure and the first fall was his in four minutes. He took the second with an inside toe hold in about nine minutes after deciding to play with the young giant long enough to give the fans a little show for their money.

Another time, when the Finn was touring the country, seeking all comers for a side bet, and before he could hardly talk English, he landed out in Portsmouth, Iowa, to take on a grappler there. Waino had to go to all the expense of billing the town with placards, getting the match any publicity he could and drumming up interest among the fans. The opponent arranged for the place, the mat, the referee, and other incidentals.

The mat turned out to be loose hay under a spread of canvas on which it was impossible to obtain good footing. The other grappler was quite a bit heavier, and Waino found it impossible to use any of his favorite Greco-Roman holds. Finally, he put on a head lock but was forced to abandon it when the referee, who later turned out to be the other grappler's first cousin, called it a strangle. Waino finally tripped his opponent, got behind, and started to ride him.

The Finn was pretty hot by that time, feeling that several parties were out to give him what is commonly known as the great American gyp. Then the other grappler asked Waino if it was all right to get a drink of water. Waino got up and said, "Sure, drink all you want to." The next Waino saw of his opponent, he was standing fully dressed among the spectators, but the referee refused to give the match to Waino, calling it no-contest and all bets off. Then, just to climax things, the sheriff walked into the place, looked around, found out what had happened, and then ordered all money paid back to the spectators for there had been no wrestling show.

* * *

WAS that Ketonen peeved? He stormed and raved around for a bit but to no avail, then took his time about dressing and started out. Imagine his surprise on starting downstairs, to find the stairs lined with the same men who had witnessed the would-be wrestling match. Their money had all been returned so Waino could see no reason for them sticking around. But as he approached the first one, the spectator reached out and handed Waino his admission price, saying he had his money's worth. So did all the rest of the spectators, and Waino left Portsmouth, Iowa, with a much better feeling for the people there than he had while he was getting dressed.

The longest match Ketonen ever took part in was with Joe Carr at Duluth when he went four hours and eight minutes to a draw, losing eight pounds during the encounter. That match won him plenty of publicity all over the country. Another time he wrestled Carr and lost in two minutes when he broke his collar bone. That gave him a chance to meet Walter Miller, an exceedingly tough middleweight at that time, and Miller figured that if Carr could beat him in two minutes, Waino couldn't be so good. But Waino was still awfully good and took Miller's measure in an hour and forty minutes. After that Waino met Joe Carr several times and won without undue effort.

Up in the forties in age, Waino can still take on any of them. He beat Gus Kallio in several overweight matches, and in four matches in Toledo, has spent less than nine minutes on the mat, all told. He beat John Kilonis twice in seven minutes in the gym, and went to an hour draw with Joe Malciewicz, the well-known heavyweight. And now Waino weighs little more than 160 pounds and can make that weight without any trouble. He can beat the majority of the heavyweights and is one man that can keep the heavyweights out of the little fellows' territory. He ranks Hans Steinke as the greatest heavyweight in the country with Jack Sherry and Strangler Lewis up there close to him.

The secret of wrestling? Waino says it is the ability to use your strength from any position as well as a real knowledge of holds and their blocks. A thorough grounding in Greco-Roman wrestling, as well as the fundamentals of catch-as-catch-can grappling, is necessary for any one to become a great wrestler, Waino believes. The present type of jumping, kicking, and tackling grapplers Waino dismisses with a shrug. Most of them, regardless of their size and weight, can't even give him a good workout.

Kallio's Nemesis

. (*Continued from page* 26)

the territory. By this time, Bob was just about fed up with this dodging business, and was seriously considering retiring when another Finn, Henry Karansauri, told him that Kallio was on his way to South Africa. Myers immediately cabled the Transvaal National Sporting Club to confirm the report. Upon learning that it was so, Myers lost no time in catching the next steamer for South Africa.

Bob hopes that his long wait has not been in vain. He feels certain that Kallio will have to meet him or leave South Africa, as Myers is champ over there.

Such a match is a natural and would draw more there than anywhere else. Kallio would be very foolish indeed not to cut himself in for a big slice of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. If Gus persists in avoiding Myers, he stands to lose all recognition of his titular claims.

Clinch that match!

* * *

MYERS owns considerable property in Oregon. He operated a peat mine on his land last year. His father runs a large dairy ranch and takes great pride in his prize cattle.

It was in the dim, dark past that Bob's uncle, after whom he was named, engaged in a bare fist fight at Arlington, Ore., for twenty-one rounds. It was his first and last battle, for he died from the effects of punishment received in that encounter.

Myers has beaten, in addition to Kallio and Ketonen, the following wrestling stars: Joe Parelli, Al Krasick, Taro Myaki, the Jap, Bobby Bylund, Mustapha Pasha, Wildcat Pete, and others too numerous to mention.

Walter Miller gave him his toughest match, but Bob admits Kallio and Ketonen were plenty tough, too.

As a parting shot, Myers lets it be known that Ben Sherman, a very fast and clever youngster from Alaska, and Fred Marraci, a tough light-heavy from Oregon, are two boys who'll bear watching, along with Henry Jones and Robin Reed, Oregon's two best welterweights.

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With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

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Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

Message to YOU

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IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.

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And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

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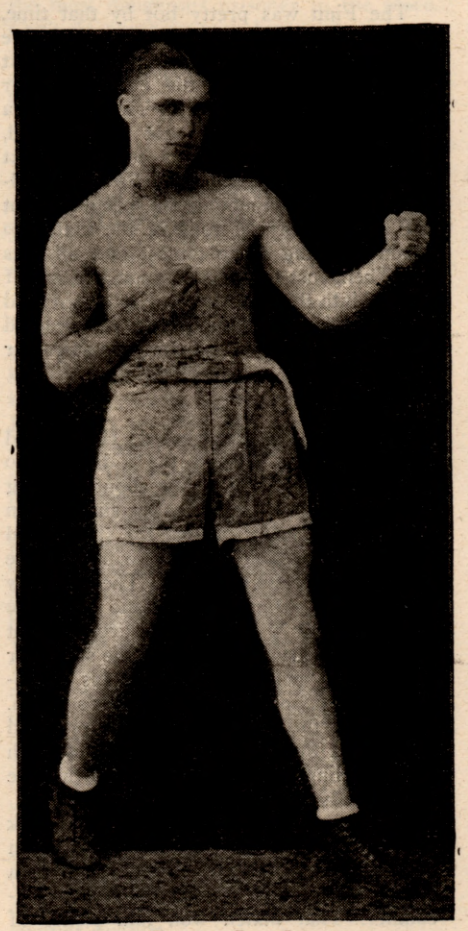

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In Sunny California

By SKIPPY JOYCE

Mushy Callahan, former junior welter champion, who is getting considerable work as a referee on the Coast and is also a movie extra.

WITH definite encouragement from the big boss (the box office), California is launching a serious bid for the center spot in the fistic show window. January and February receipts were up one hundred per cent as compared with the figures for the same period last year. And this before the sudden reawakening in Los Angeles. The Olympic actually turned them away two weeks in a row with Canzoneri-Arizmendi and Lasky-Ramage and did a big business with Ross and Pacho.

The Civic Auditorium in San Francisco registered two sell-outs. The Hollywood Legion Stadium has been playing to capacity or near capacity for so long a time it has become a habit. The fans have been getting action and are showing a willingness to pay for it.

Interest is pretty well scattered through all divisions. Young Corbett, III, of course, is still king-pin around the Bay district. And with Young Terry and Johnny Indrisano active, there is plenty of incentive for ambitious middleweights hereabouts.

The featherweight roster reads like Who's Who with Georgie Hansford, Frankie Wallace, Tommy Paul, Joey Ponce, Phil Zwick, and Baby Arizmendi all real cards. And Kid Chocolate has threatened to start his next tour in California.

The rise of Bobby Olivas has created new interest among the banties. There is ample competition on the ground for him in Joe Teifken, Little Pancho, Star Frisco, and Lew Farber. When Speedy Dado and Young Tommy return, Olivas will be ripe for some good shots.

Canzoneri, Ross, and Klick woke up the lightweight division, although all were careful not to disturb Young Peter Jackson.

The heavyweight picture, with the exception of the two leaders, Carnera and Baer, has moved to the Coast. Lasky, Ramage, and Walker perked things up and paved the way for the arrival of Steve Hamas and Tommy Loughran. The blow-off will be held out of doors, probably under the Olympic auspices.

Possible outdoor shots are popping up all over the landscape. Hollywood will very likely underwrite a "gigantic." Moose Taussig would like to show Ross and Canzoneri or Canzoneri and Klick. Ora Forman has offered Ross $35,000 to defend his lightweight title against Klick in Oakland.

Rumor has it that there will not be enough of the big shots to go 'round and that there may be a little spirited bidding between the northern and southern sections.

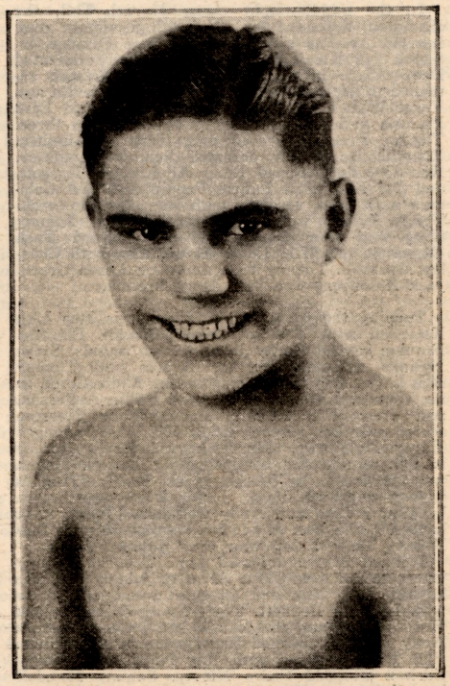
Two prospective "battles under the stars" spots are beyond the formative stage in Hollywood. One would locate close to the present Hollywood Stadium, the other near the Beverly Hills section.

Both would like to house the Legion's Friday night bouts during the summer months. The sight of fans being turned away week after week probably inspired the construction of the larger plants. But one or the other will have to lose out.

Opinions differed on the draw verdict handed down in the Ross-Klick bout. Some thought Ross's aggressiveness entitled him to the nod. While others contended Klick's finish should have been good for the duke. I can find no fault with the decision. It was a good draw from my seat.

Ross won as he pleased over Kid Moro in Oakland, taking every round. The two Ross fights demonstrated that you can lead the fans to a champion's trough—if you have a good opponent. The Oakland bout drew only a handful of fans in comparison to the turnout for the Klick match.

Baby Arizmendi was no opponent for Canzoneri on the night of their battle, winning only two rounds, and those by a narrow margin, from the former champion. Mexico City promoters are of



Johnny Pena, Filipino featherweight, who is a consistent winner on the Coast.

the opinion that Arizmendi is capable of better work and are willing to offer a "sizable purse" for the rematch.

Canzoneri is certain that he can beat Ross. Considering the combined gate, California should be a spot for the fight.

Eddie Cerda came touted as a sensation but showed little fight against Ceferino Garcia. Garcia knocked him out in the sixth round. Lou Jallos suffered a five-round T.K.O. at the hands of Bobby Pacho on the same card.

Georgie Hansford and Frankie Wallace fought an interesting draw. Hansford's heavy punching equalized Wallace's edge in boxing.

Frank Rowsey took a close decision from Billy Donohue. Donohue seemed to be holding back until it was too late. It took a knockdown in the eighth round to bring Donohue out of his shell. He carried the fight from that point. Rowsey's early edge was enough to carry him through to the win.

Johnny Indrisano won nine rounds in trouncing Vearl Whitehead. Whitehead tried hard, but Indrisano outsmarted and outfought him all the way.

Johnny Pena won via T.K.O. over Bobby Gray in seven heats. Jack Ward knocked Sandy Casanova down five or six times before their bout was stopped. Don Conn knocked out Phil Cardoza in two rounds.

AROUND AND ABOUT—Don Drew may turn to raising wheat instead of box fighters. All boxers out this way wish Dan best luck whichever way he decides to turn. I have a hunch that if the right material turns up, Dan will choose to stick with boxing. You know the way of a developer with a prospect. It is my personal opinion that Drew is one of the very best developers and handlers in the business. Certainly the best with whom I have ever come in contact.

Johnny Sylvester was in quite a bit of expense money on Young Terry when Corbett, III, was injured. Corbett's eye was cut while boxing with one of the coppers of the highway patrol.

Bull Montana has taken out a license to referee wrestling bouts . . . . Mushy Callahan is refereeing fights and has plenty of calls . . . . Mushy and Jackie Fields are working in the same picture, a Richard Barthelmess opus . . . . Nat Pendleton was once Olympic heavyweight wrestling champ.

William Gargan chauffeured (in uniform) Leslie Howard for five days as the result of a fight bet . . . . Ramon Novarro has taken up boxing. He's taking lessons from Mike Cantwell . . . . Wes Muller, center on the Stanford football team, won the heavyweight boxing title at the Palo Alto school . . . . Len Lauder, one-time contender for Bat Nelson's title, is back in the fight game with a classy stable of boxers. Since his fighting days, Len has been a Keystone cop, a stunt man in the movies, and a double for stars . . . . Vic McLaglen will give his son $1,000 when he is able to knock his "old man" out.

Eddie Silton, actors' agent, was a boxer and fought Harlem Tommy Murphy . . . . Connie Bennett can yell quite some when the bouts warm up . . . . Gilbert Roland takes movies from a ringside seat at the Hollywood Stadium.

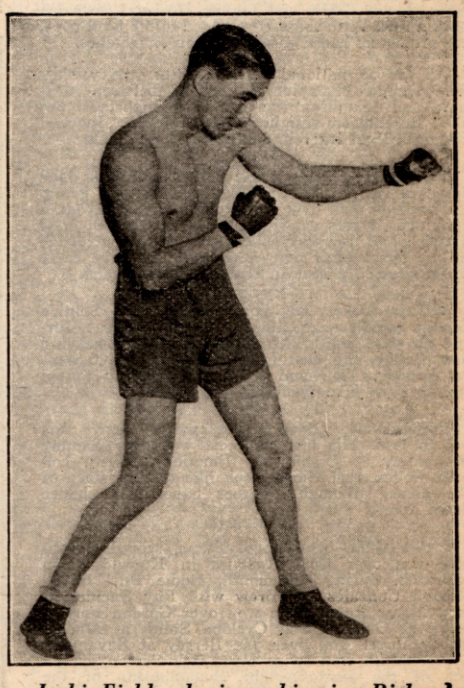
Lou Daro is in control of boxing at the Olympic and will hold the reins for at least a year. No small club fights. Nothing but big stuff here in the future, is, in effect, Lou's opening announcement. Daro nursed wrestling from the cradle out here and made quite a thing of it. He vows that he is going to make Los Angeles the fight center of the country. "We outdraw New York with wrestlers and can do it with fights," say Lou.

Daro is quite a showman and his color has attracted a considerable following through the years. And if he lives up to his word and signs the fights, I wouldn't be surprised to hear a perpetual click at the turnstile.

Daro has plenty of competition in Charley McDonald at the Hollywood Stadium. McDonald is awake and has been showing good attractions packed with box office appeal, despite his small club. And with the possibility of the Stadium taking over large quarters, things should be interesting.

McDonald has a knack of digging up cards from among the local talent. Hansford was developed at his club, and Bobby Olivas is fast becoming an ace attraction. Nothing like a home-town boy to keep the fans alert.

All California is excited over the coming championship bout between Baer and Carnera. Railroads and sightseeing buses are already in the market with special rates for a round trip to New York. Present indications point to at least 3000 Californians making the journey to the Empire City. If the Livermore Larruper should bring the title back to the Coast, he'll probably be the biggest man in this neck of the woods. Max is popular. Make no mistake about that. He is training in earnest and will leave no loophole so far as conditioning is concerned. He is bent on winning the title.



Jackie Fields who is working in a Richard Barthelmess picture in Hollywood.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

INTEREST in boxing rose considerably throughout the country in various divisions and several record-breaking houses were established in various localities during the past month. Although Primo Carnera and Tommy Loughran participated in a world's heavyweight championship match, the financial returns were far from satisfactory. The Garden took it on the chin a-plenty.

Marcel Thil defended his middleweight title successfully against Ignacio Ara in Paris, in another important mill. Walter Neusel gained the official verdict over King Levinsky, in a third feature. In other outstanding bouts, Barney Ross was held to a draw by Frankie Klick; Tony Canzoneri whipped Baby Arizmendi; and Benny Bass drew with Cleto Locatelli.

Carnera, retaining his title in the Loughran bout, topped all heavyweight bouts, with Neusel's victory over Levinsky secondary in importance. Red Barry was beaten by Lee Ramage but came through with a win over Charley Massare. Art Lasky disposed of Benny Miller in five rounds. and won over Lee Ramage. Natie Brown defeated Al Stillman, while Stillman scored over Pietro Corri. Abie Feldman whipped Al Ettore. Larry Gains kayoed Ernest Guhring in seven rounds. Obie Walker finished Maurice Griselle in seven rounds. Jack Peterson disposed of Ben Foord in thirteen sessions.

Vittorio Campolo scored over Arturo Godoy. Buck Everett won from Eddie Houghton and kayoed Frankie Edgren in six rounds. Edgren whipped Dewey Kimrey. Tony Cancela finished Ted Tonn in four rounds. Yustin Sirutis defeated Lew Poster. Humberto Arce kayoed Don Petrin in eight rounds. Fred Feary finished Fred Schell in the opening session.

FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA

By HAL DAVIS

WITH champions and other world-famous boxers wintering in this state, the past season has been a banner one as far as important matches are concerned. Among those present in Florida during the winter were Primo Carnera, Maxie Rosenbloom, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko, Jim Maloney, Joe Knight, Bobby Godwin, Petey Sarron, Clyde Chastain, Henry Firpo, Gordon Fortenberry, Jimmy Leto, Chino Alvarez, Eddie Burl, Eddie Houghton, Johnny Farr, Eddie Shea, Jackie Gibbs, and Johnny Hoekstra, to name only a few. With these boys added to the local boys, the promoters had a wider selection of matches.

As far as national interest went, the world's heavyweight championship match between Carnera and Loughran was the most important, but the Rosenbloom-Knight fifteen-rounder invoked the most local interest during the past month.

Promoters Jeff Clark and Polly Huau have done wonders in Jacksonville. When these two genial impresarios took over the Duval Armory about a year ago, it was drawing peanut money, but good matches and fair play have increased the patronage at the fights until now fans have to arrive early to be assured a seat in that mammoth arena.

Wilbur Stokes, our nomination as the South's fastest middleweight, has been going great during the past month. After beating Billy Hood and Leo Bailey, the fleet Lakeland 158-pounder went to Augusta, Ga., and stopped the highly touted light-heavy, Jake Denning.

Rough-House Glover, Jacksonville Negro, has yet to lose. His last conquest was over Sammy Slaughter, at Cincinnati. Jimmie Caldwell, colored welter, and Glover look like coming stars of the game, although Negroes have little chance down here.

Jackie Gibbs of Orange, Texas, scored a decisive win over Carl Knowles in Knowles' own bailiwick, during the month. Eddie Burl bested Russell Gonzales and drew with Ray Sneider at Jax. Maxie Rosenbloom won over Gordon Fortenberry at Orlando and Cyclone Smith at Macon. Bobby Vogel won over Joe Berrey at Savannah. Clever Moro won twice over Jack Secton, claimant of the featherweight championship of the South. This is one state where boxing outdraws wrestling many times over.

Heading the light-heavyweight division comes Maxey Rosenbloom with victories over Cyclone Smith and Gordon Fortenberry. Joe Knight kayoed Les Kennedy in two rounds and defeated Eddie Houghton. Tony Shucco drew with Al Rodriquez. Lou Brouillard won from Al Gainer. Dutch Weimer scored over Gorilla Jones. Lew Scozza kayoed Harold Anderson in six rounds. Clyde Chastain defeated Wilson Dunn. Frank Rowsey whipped Billy Donahue. Tait Littman won over Karl Ogren. Eric Lawson scored over Leo Larrivee. Joe Banovic defeated Chester Polutis. Trader Horn scored over Artie Sykes.

In the middleweight class, Marcel Thil, the champion, defended his title with a victory over Ignacio Ara, as stated above. Vince Dundee defeated Joe Kaminski. Fred Henneberry defeated Dave Shade in Australia. Johnny Indrisano returned to life with victories over Chick Devlin and Veral Whitehead. Frank Battaglia flattened Paul Pirrone in one round and Jack Purvis in three. Tommy Freeman scored over Tony Dominquez. Rough-house Glover defeated Sammy Slaughter. Ken Overlin whipped Roxy Allen, Dan Hassett, and Joe Kaminski. Laurie Peppin and Mel Coleman split two verdicts with one decision each. Frank Fullam won over Jackie Aldare. Tommy King won from Buster Hall and kayoed Nash Carroll in the fifth. Eddie Flynn drew with Charley Marshall. Tommy Rios won over Anson Green. Jack Rosenberg won over Tony Brescia.

Topping the welterweight division is Bep Van Klaveren with a victory over Frankie Petrolle. Frankie kayoed Bucky Jones in two rounds. Steve Haliako defeated Werther Arcelli and Tommy Bland. Cerefino Garcia disposed of Eddie Cerda in six rounds. Kid Azteca whipped Eddie Anderson. and drew with Ritchie Mack. Tony Herrera scored over Lou Avery. Eddie Kid Wolfe whipped Harry Dublinsky. Harry kayoed Ervin Berlier in five rounds and whipped Billy Hogan. Hogan was also beaten by Ritchie Mack. Frankie Hughes won over Sylvan Bass. Jackie Davis was beaten by Jimmy Leto and Andy Callahan. Tracey Cox kayoed Eddie Ran in five rounds and whipped Ray Kiser. Tony Falco won over Johnny Jadick.

Willard Brown defeated Lope Tenorio. Johnny Lucas scored over Chino Alvarez. Johnny O'Keefe kayoed Billy Gerrand in one round and drew with Leonard Bennett. Tiger Smith defeated Jack Hood in England and caused the latter to retire. Andy Di Vodi finished Ray Bowen in six rounds. Phil Rofferty drew with Ray Napolitano. Harry Carlton whipped Pedro Nieves. Sammy Mandell kayoed Tommy Elks in two rounds and whipped Mike Nelson but was stopped by Al Manfredo in four rounds. Young Firpo kayoed Toots Bashara in one round. Sammy O'Dell drew with Lloyd Marshall. Joe Glick lost to Joey Spiegal and Joe Rossi.

Barney Ross, leader of the lightweight division, drew with Frankie Klick and whipped Kid Moro. Moro defeated Ah Wing Lee. Tony Canzoneri whipped Baby Arizmendi and Pete Nebo. Cleto Locatelli drew with Benny Bass. Jack Portney disposed of Tony Scarpati in nine rounds. Lew Ambers kayoed Tommy Bashara in two rounds and scored over Johnny Jadick and Tommy Romano. Jadick scored over Mickey Serrian. Bashara finished Johnny Craven in the fourth round. Bobby Pacho kayoed Louis Jallos in five rounds. Cecil Payne won from Al Lewis and kayoed Ernie Cavelli in two rounds. Billy Wallace won over Tiger Flowers. Paul Junior defeated Jimmy Knight. Baby Manuel scored one kayo and a victory over Albert Ladou. Jimmy Kelso won on a foul from Billy Townsend in the eighth round in Australia. Jimmy Vaughn kayoed Buddy Scrutchings in two rounds and Henry Scarpuzzi in five. Harry Serody won over Stumpy Jacobs. Battling Gizzy won on a foul from Dominick Mancini in three sessions. Charley Bedami won over Patsy Rubinetti.

Among the featherweights, Freddy Miller, outstanding boy in the division, whipped Mose Butch. Frankie Wallace drew with Georgie Hansford. Seaman Watson whipped Billy Gannon and Johnny McMilland. Baby Arizmendi kayoed Al Greenfield in the third round. Lew Feldman whipped Johnny De Foe but was beaten by Eddie Dempsey. Mike Belloise scored over Pete De Grasse. Nel Tarleton disposed of George Covacci in eight rounds and Nick Bensa in eleven. Kid Francis drew with Len Beynon. Eddie Shea kayoed Johnny Fitzpatrick in three rounds but was beaten by Johnny Farr. Johnny Pena whipped Gene Espinoza and kayoed Bobby Gray in seven rounds. Maurice Holtzer scored over Johnny Peters. Al Roth fought draws with Vittorio Tamagnini and Frankie Covelli. Petey Sarron defeated Bucky Burton.

Little action was shown among the bantams, but Little Pancho heads the list with his kayo over Frankie Genaro in nine rounds. Joe Tei Ken whipped Babe Triscaro. Ernie Maurer scored over Bobby Leitham. Leitham defeated George Annarino. Annarino won over Bobby O'Dowd and Frankie Wolfram. Wolfram was also beaten by Frankie Martin. Martin lost to K. O. Morgan. Dick Corbett whipped Francois Machtens. Billy McLeod drew with Young Sport.

Among the flyweights, Valentin Anglemann leads off with a victory over Mickey McGuire. Ginger Foran kayoed Jim McNeil in ten rounds. Maurice Huguenin defeated Joe Mendiola and kayoed Young Dupuis in five rounds. Maurice Filhol won from Aurol Toma. Jim Maharg won on a foul from Harry Edwards in three rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Bobby Gignac, Lansing, Mich.
Bantamweight—William Balza, Cuba.
Featherweight—Harry Jeffra, Baltimore, Md.
Lightweight—Frankie Eagan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Welterweight—Tony Rock, Scranton, Pa.
Middleweight—Al Quaill, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Light-heavyweight—Bill Bagley, Winnipeg, Canada.
Heavyweight—Ed Mosebar, Los Angeles, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

These are my ratings for the month ending March 21

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Steve Hamas	Bob Godwin	Teddy Yarosz	Cerefino Garcia
3—Walter Neusel	Len Harvey	Gorilla Jones	Kid Azteca
4—Tommy Loughran	John Henry Lewis	Kid Leonard	Tony Herrera
5—King Levinsky	Tony Shucco	Young Terry	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Art Lasky	Lou Brouillard	Young Corbett	Steve Haliako
7—Max Schmeling	Al Rodriquez	Johnny Indrisano	Werther Arcelli
8—Lee Ramage	Lew Scozza	Fred Henneberry	Harry Dublinsky
9—Red Barry	Ambrose Palmer	Jimmy Smith	Frankie Hughes
10—Charley Massare	Bob Olin	Frank Battaglia	Jimmy Leto

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Seaman Watson	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Young Peter Jackson	Frankie Wallace	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
4—Cleto Locatelli	George Hansford	Young Tommy	Ginger Foran
5—Benny Bass	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
6—Sammy Fuller	Jackie Wilson	Star Frisco	Maurice Huguenin
7—Jack Portney	Tommy Paul	Joe Tei Ken	Frankie Genaro
8—Lou Ambers	Petey Hayes	Ernie Maurer	Praxille Gyde
9—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Bobby Leitham	Tommy Pardoe
10—Eddie Cool	Mose Butch	Babe Triscaro	Maurice Filhol

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IF Charley Massare believes in poetic justice, then he should be well compensated today. A few weeks ago, Massare banged out a clean-cut victory over King Levinsky at Madison Square Garden only to be deprived of the official verdict. Levinsky subsequently fought Walter Neusel at the Garden and earned seven of the ten rounds, but by the same method in which they contrived at the Massare-Levinsky verdict, they handed the decision to Neusel.

To give Neusel his just dues, it must be said that he was game and assimilated a terrific beating without backing up, but by no stretch of the imagination was he the victor. Levinsky scored a knockdown in the second round, and the only two rounds in which he was clearly beaten were the eighth and ninth but he rallied sufficiently in the closing session to have an edge. One of the earlier rounds could have been called even, but Levinsky showed his mastery in the other rounds by a clear and convincing margin.

It was a rough battle on the part of both principals—a real brave Levinsky offended repeatedly by hitting after the break and when the bell ended the round, but Neusel was cuffing and heeling on the inside and retaliating for every wrong move that Levinsky committed. It was a bruising battle packed with thrills and satisfied the exceptionally large turnout. It drew a house which exceeded the expectations of the most optimistic. They attracted around $21,000. The show received far more publicity than the shows in the Garden have been getting recently and the advantages of exploitation were revealed in the receipts.

Due to the entrance of the circus, a return match between Neusel and Levinsky failed to materialize. Their return mill would probably have drawn close to double the original figures. Abie Feldman received the verdict over Al Ettore in the eight-round semifinal to the Levinsky-Neusel brawl, after the judges had failed to agree. Referee Arthur Donovan, who decided against Levinsky, gave his vote to Feldman. Yustin Sirutis proved too big and strong for Lew Poster in their six-rounder and won the verdict. Steve Dudas, former amateur, who is forging ahead consistently, looked impressive in a victory over Tom Walsh. Bill McGee, colored *protege* of Billy Roche, hammered out a victory over Eddie Mader, while Sam Portney scored over Frank Wotanski.

One of the bad features in the commission's ruling that the verdict is to be decided by the referee in case of disagreement of the judges in a boxing bout comes when doubt enters into the mind of the judges in picking a winner at the end of the bout. If a bout is bitterly contested all the way, the safety-first official passes the buck by calling it a draw and leaves the referee holding the bag. I doubt whether there is any contest, no matter how close and even it is, that does not bring out a winner and loser. That is why the decision of draw should be abolished and a winner decided in each bout. That would automatically force the judge to think for himself and not to dodge the issue by calling it even. It would also relieve the referee of being in a difficult situation, and his vote would be cast at the same time as the judges and two out of three would prove the winner, without having an announcement that the judges have disagreed and that the referee calls the contest a draw.

In spite of the financial flop of the Primo Carnera-Tommy Loughran bout for the world's heavyweight championship, the outcome paved the way for a titular meeting between Carnera and Maxie Baer which may result in the biggest gate seen in New York since the fighting days of Jack Dempsey. Loughran gave a good account of himself and, considering the physical handicap that he was under, he did exceedingly well. Sentiment was wholly with Tommy, and Carnera's unusually good performance under the circumstances was overlooked or forgotten by the experts. Carnera is still a mighty menace and a dangerous foe for anyone in the heavyweight division, and we expect him to surprise his detractors when he gets through with the Baer meeting. He is an underrated fighter, far more formidable than he is being credited with being.

There was really no necessity for the Carnera-Loughran meeting, and the gate receipts were shockingly low, in contrast to heavyweight championship bouts of the past. Loughran got nothing for his efforts while Carnera was forced to wrestle in the intricate details of finance to break even on the deal. If Carnera were handled by a real manager, he might have developed into one of the biggest drawing attractions of all time. Instead, Louis Soreci, a banker, is handling his affairs and he is getting into deeper water with each move. Bill Duffy, who is supposed to advise Soreci, finds every move blocked, and as a consequence, no one but Carnera is the real sufferer. Jack Kearns, with his ballyhoo, would have done wonders with the behemoth. Instead, Carnera is a ridiculed, belittled, and pitiful figure, rather than the dominating and controlling personality in the world of boxing which his position entitles him to be.

Charley Rose is getting his publicity campaign all started preparatory to John Henry Lewis' visit to the East. Charley has the exclusive rights to Lewis' appearances in the East and, judging by Lewis' past record, you can't blame Rose for his exuberance. Bad decisions come and go, but the latest one committed by Slim McClelland in Detroit was so atrocious that it drew a call from his friend and patron, Frank MacDonell of the *Detroit Times*. Bobby Leitham was a clear winner over Ernie Maurer, but McClelland raised the wrong hand when he gave Maurer the decision. When Billy Petrolle retired, his trainer, Artie Rose, took over the management of Frankie, Billy's brother, and seems to be heading him for bigger things. Petrolle scored five straight victories under Rose only to be beaten by Van Klaveren in his last start, but there is no disgrace in being whipped by Van Klaveren, who ranks as the leading welterweight contender.

Upsets and surprises are factors that come and go in boxing and continue to create interest in the doings of the boys in the fistic fraternity. The latest was Red Barry winning from Charley Massare in the latter's home town. It was an exciting scrap, and the two judges gave the verdict to Barry, though the referee thought Massare the winner.

Charley does not seem to have any luck in his home town. He intends to remain in the East where the jinx is unknown. Broadway Sam Roth and Harold Scadron constitute a formidable combination when discussing the possibilities of Bob Olin as a serious light-heavyweight contender. No one has been able to outtalk Sam on his pet subject, and if his word carried any weight in the boxing realm, Olin would carry every world's title in fistiana. Frankie Knapp, Brooklyn lightweight, is making a comeback, after fourteen months on the side lines. George Sheppard has taken over Harry Alexandian, Armenian lightweight from Worcester, and is doing very nicely.

Flattering reports have arrived from various localities which speak well for the drawing powers of boxing and show that all is not lost. Pittsburgh, with Teddy Yarosz and Jimmy Smith, drew a capacity crowd with thousands being turned away. Philadelphia, with Benny Bass and Cleto Locatelli, played to standing room with a tremendous mob on the outside. San Francisco, with Barney Ross and Frankie Klick, did wonderful business, and Tony Canzoneri and Baby Arizmendi in Los Angeles played to capacity. Signs like that cannot be overlooked, and it reverts back to: "Give the fans what they want, they are the best judges of boxing cards."

Ross did not fare well with Frankie Klick. He received a draw, though the newspaper accounts gave it all to Ross. Canzoneri did not have any trouble with the idol of the Mexican colony, Baby Arizmendi. He won easily. There is no altering the fact that Ross-Canzoneri is the outstanding match of the day and would attract a record-breaking crowd. The idea of McLarnin enjoying ten pounds handicap in a match with Ross is something that the fans would not stand for, particularly the Hebrew fans who have adopted Ross as their new idol. It is doubtful if they would turn out whole-heartedly for this event, for as much as they would like to see Ross emerge the winner, they would feel that the handicap in weight would be too great.

Phil Glassman started off on the right foot at the Philadelphia Arena with the Bass-Locatelli match, and it is hoped for the interests of the sport that Max (Boo Boo), who manages Bass, and is unfriendly with Glassman, will patch up the difference with his one-time enemy and unite to aid boxing. Bass received around $4,000 for the Locatelli match, which amounts to more than he has received in his last ten starts. Hoff turned down a return match with Locatelli, which would have netted Bass a similar amount, and gave the opportunity to Eddie Cool, a Philadelphia rival. Jimmy De Angelo has taken over the management of Tony Brescia, Harlem middleweight, and in his first start was shaded by Jack Rosenberg in a bitter scrap. Brescia, for a youngster, looks exceptionally promising.

The plan by the New York State Athletic Commission to begin a featherweight tournament between the various 126-pounders fared inauspiciously at the beginning. The good ones were absent, and a vast aggregation of second, third, and ninth raters were present to try their luck. The crowd grew to such size that the scheme was abandoned for the time being. The best solution to this problem would be to invite twelve of the best featherweights in the world to engage in a tournament at the Garden and divide the percentages equally. It would be easy to select the outstanding contenders in their respective climes, and by process of elimination, the best could be crowned. On paper, Freddy Miller stands out above the rest. In England, there is Seaman Watson and Nel Tarleton. France has Maurice Holtzer, a formidable aspirant. Italy will be represented by Vittorio Tamagnini.

In various sections of this country, there are Baby Arizmendi, Los Angeles; George Hansford, Hollywood; Frankie Wallace, Cleveland; Petey Sarron, Birmingham; Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh; Tommy Paul, Buffalo; Petey Hayes, Mike Belloise, Frankie Covelli, Johnny Pena, Al Roth, and Johnny De Foe from New York. There are a few others that may have been overlooked but the nucleus is there, if some one would like to concentrate on extricating the featherweight division out of a serious tangle.

Rialto Rumors—The closing of the Baer-Carnera heavyweight match virtually assures further continuance of Jimmy Johnston in the role of matchmaker at the Garden. Damon Runyon was a big help in convincing Ancil Hoffman that he ought to accept the match for Baer. Jack Dempsey gets a share of the receipts, and his assistance in the project should aid considerably in attracting further gate receipts. Dempsey is an asset to any project with which he is identified and the Garden made no mistake in swallowing its pride and accepting Dempsey's aid. Sidney Roth, who relinquished his claim to Charley Massare after the Levinsky scrap, hasn't completely forgotten the boxing game. He is seen around Stillman's Gym seeking that elusive, exceptional star in the making. Tony Martello is matchmaker for the St. Nicholas Rink and with the closing of the Garden during the circus season, he should do well. Jack Fugazy is making his own matches at the Broadway Arena, with the aid of Pete Berinati. Eddie Kid Wolfe is expected to arrive in New York and concentrate his efforts on the welterweight title. Jackie Kid Berg, not fully convinced that he is finished, expects to engage in combat with Harry Mizler, present British lightweight champion, to decide whether he is through as a headliner. If he whips Mizler, Berg will continue his career; if he loses, then he becomes retired. Harry Bloomfield, since deserting the boxing game for other ventures, has improved his position considerably and is once again prepared to enter the boxing game as a promoter.

Paul Damski, manager of Walter Neusel, says that he has accepted terms for a fight between his charge and the winner of the Len Harvey-Jack Petersen return bout in London, with Jeff Dickson, the promoter. According to Damski, he will receive 4,000 pounds for Neusel's services. If Neusel can get that amount for fights abroad, it is foolish for him to remain in this country where he cannot command a third of that amount.

The recent suspension of Al Brown by the New York State Boxing Commission, because Al has been placed under the ban in Mexico, is regarded as a joke in this country. Brown who does almost all his fighting abroad, had signed for a fight in Mexico City and then called it off to take on several engagements in Europe, and because of that action, the New York Board has ordered his suspension.

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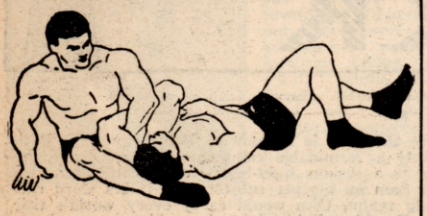

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ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

MATCHMAKER Sol Schwartz gave the local fight fans recently some fine fistic action. Frankie Eagen, the "Buffalo Phantom," substituting for Frankie Genovese, of Toronto, scored a sensational hit in winning over Eddie Dempsey, the Syracuse "Slugger." On the same bill, Al Traino advanced himself another notch, winning from Norm Cordaro. Blaise Pantano disposed of Elmer Ciccone in the fifth round, when Ciccone sustained a badly cut eye. Orlano Ozzimo won over Johnny Capuson by a knock-out in the 4th. "Big" Bill Fogarty, local heavy, and Bill Brennan, of Niagara Falls, battled to a draw in six rounds. Pat Singer won from Johnny Baker in 4 rounds.

Al Traino looks like the best prospect Rochester has developed in many years. Traino has had four pro fights. He held Frankie Eagan, former National amateur champ, to a draw in his first pro attempt, then he stopped Joe Laton, and followed that with a win over Norm Cordaro. Traino won hands down from Johnny Hoffman at Syracuse.

Solly Weinrib, who some years ago held the bantamweight championship of the South, has branched out as a manager. Solly has been developing Pat Singer, and he looks every bit a comer.

Matchmaker Sol Schwartz is making every effort to give local fight fans real hot action.

Vince Giambrone, local bantam, made an excellent showing in his return to the ring. Frankie Eagan, "The Phantom," was back again against "Irish" Eddie McGeever of Scranton in the final bout. McGeever got the decision. In another six, Connie Morris, the dusky chap from Syracuse, and Frankie Genovese drew. It was a slashing battle all the way. Orlano Ozzimo made a hit when he won from Earl Weaver by a K.O. in four heats. Mickey Devine stopped Pete Brelish in the fourth round. Jimmy Downs and Frankie Stevens battled toe to toe for six rounds to a draw.

Managers and promoters wishing information can write to Sam Porcelli, 214 Scio St.

The office of Matchmaker Sol Schwartz is at 105 Ward Bldg.

Johnny DiCarlo, Batavia manager of fighters, is very active with his boys. Johnny has Mickey Devine, Norm Cordaro and a string of other fighters.

Frankie Flynn, who stopped Dickie Carr in this city recently, is a coming youngster.

Jimmy Downs showed remarkable improvement in his bout with Frankie Stevens.

Syracuse papers were very high in their praise of Al Traino. Al has the build and punch of a middleweight, though he is a mite of 135 pounds.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

MICKEY SERRIAN, Scranton's chunky welterweight, dropped the duke to Johnny Jadick in a hard-fought ten-rounder at the Arena. Jadick kept the Scranton Rock off with a rapierlike left in the early rounds, but Serrian kept plugging and was giving the former junior welterweight champion a merry battle at the finish.

At Worcester, Mass., Serrian dropped a close verdict to Harry Devine. It was the first time Mickey had ever faced a southpaw but he gave a good account of himself and will probably get another crack at his conqueror.

Steve Halaiko outpointed Tommy Bland of Toronto, Canadian lightweight champion, in a sizzling ten-round go at the Arena. There was plenty of hard punching and clever boxing in the match. Halaiko has been undefeated in Syracuse, having won five straight here.

Jackie Brady has opened his New Deal Gym in South Warren Street and is doing nicely. Practically all the leather-pushers in this section are training there. Bushy Graham, Utica dancing master, Bucky Lawless, Auburn's Irish Terrier, and Joe (Bingo) Banovic of Binghamton are among the out-of-town battlers working out at Brady's.

To Tommy Russo—Received your letter. Am sorry, but unable to do anything for you at this time.

Babe Amos stepped in as a last-minute sub on the Halaiko-Bland card and punched out a win over Baby Joe Thompson, colorful California colored ape man of the ring. The next night at Utica, Amos beat Kid Sullivan, Watertown caveman, in a snappy six-round go.

At Utica—Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse lightweight, won from Lew Feldman of New York in a spectacular six-round slugfest before a packed house. Dempsey had Lew on the floor three times, and the bitter exchanges had the fans on their feet throughout the battle.

Lou Alpert, Utica welterweight, outpointed Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel of Syracuse at Utica. Freddie Mitchell, Utica Negro, won from Frankie Stevens, Syracuse, and Johnny Panko, Binghamton, outslugged Freddie Sallus of Syracuse.

Rochester is running popular priced shows, using boys in the central and western New York sector. Reports that Binghamton is soon to reopen are rampant along the local fistic rialto.

Sailor Pulaski, one-time middleweight champ of the navy, has turned pro and will box under the direction of Gabe Genovese. The Sailor is a marvel of physical perfection and appears to pack a wicked clout in either hand.

John Contos, Baltimore promoter, has invaded Syracuse with the grunters and groaners. The mat cards are staged on Wednesday nights and are drawing good-sized crowds. Contos opened with Jumping Joe Savoldi and Joe Dusek.

Bob Moody, local Negro heavyweight, needs plenty of work if he intends to keep his winning streak. Inactivity causes this big fellow to take on weight despite his daily training grind in the gym.

The Utica club is going to be a big money-maker. Boxing has come back there with a bang. Wrestling draws also on Thursday nights.

Bushy Graham has deserted the featherweight ranks and will now perform in the lightweight division. There are few 135 pounders in the game today who can outspeed Bushy.

SHORTS—Lou Alpert competed in more than 300 amateur fights before turning pro . . . . The Benny Erlich-Willie Dorenzo bout at Albany recently sold out the house and turned away more than 1,000 who tried to storm the doors . . . . Every promoter is looking for such fistic "naturals" . . . . A. A. U. boxing and wrestling is staged here weekly at the Alhambra . . . . Some promising kids in the making . . . . Buffalo has a new heavyweight hope in Big Boy Brackey . . . . Johnny Nelson seeks a crack at Frankie Wetanski, Utica heavyweight pride, who is now managed by Bob Levy . . . . Al Salbano is going good around Houston, Texas, and is receiving some good publicity in the local dailies every time he starts . . . . Joe Moran is still a good card here . . . . The former intercollegiate champion has oodles of color and a dynamite right-hand wallop . . . . The local colored battlers now have their own gymnasium . . . . Jimmy Davis, former Pittsburgh welter, is running the sepia sweat shop . . . . Joey Brown has shown wonderful improvement in his last two starts . . . . Boxers and managers wishing to get in touch with the writer can mail or wire their requests to 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y. . . . . The Intercollegiates held at Syracuse University were a huge success both from a financial and action standpoint . . . . George Negroni and Babe Wertheimer of the Orange boxing team won the middleweight and featherweight championships, respectively . . . . Syracuse now has International League baseball and the city is building a brand new ball park for the new club . . . . It is planned to put on some big outdoor shows here during the summer.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

TOMMY WALSH of New York won a decision over Joey Kemp of Cambridge, Mass., in the main bout of ten rounds at the Valley Arena. In a companion bout of ten rounds, Tommy Romano of Boston won over Patsy Rubinette of New York, which furnished more action than the main bout. Al Annone of Springfield, Mass., lost to Vic. Darr of Danielson, Conn., in a six-rounder. Tom Grady did well to get a decision over Carlo Dapondi of Springfield. In the opener of four rounds, Freddy Foran of Hartford gained a decision over Young Courtney of Danielson, Conn.

Vince Dundee, world's middleweight champion, easily beat Joe Kaminski of Nanticoke, Pa., in the main bout at Holyoke In a six-round semi-final, Mickey Genaro of New York defeated Eddie Mays of Hartford, but the officials favored Mays.

Louis Borisons of Boston won easily over Jimmy Riche of Hartford, Conn., in a six-round bout. Charles Eagles of Waterbury, Conn., won over Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass.

Dave Duval won over Tommy Grady, but the verdict was called a draw.

At Doc Grove's gym, the boxers from this locality are all rounding into shape. Al Mercier of West Springfield, now the New England champion wrestler, is doing well among the best in the wrestling game. Al is a fine boy and a credit to the sport.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

LARRY UDELL, of Aberdeen, S. D., but now booking out of Sioux City, is the big sensation around here at this writing. During the past month, he scored over Steve Trojack by a decision. On top of that, he knocked out Lee Savoldi of St. Paul in the fourth round.

Victor, Ia.—Young Howard Lippincott fought six slam-bang rounds to a draw. Gus Ficher scored a big upset when he knocked out Curly Lormer in the first round.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Freddie Atkinson, Cedar Rapids, welterweight comer, won a six-round decision over Kid Ripley of Charles City, Ia.

Des Moines, Ia.—Bouts staged at the D. M. C. Academy. Roy Hodson and Bobby King drew; Eddie Clark lost to Bud Hansmon; Chuck Tantilla scored a K. O. over Gene Cannon; Louis Philippe De Bourbon fought to a draw with Joie Hart; Jimmy Green and Bobby Green fought to a standstill.

Glidden, Ia.—Kid Hammer knocked out Young Goetch in two rounds; Kid Meiers won over Young Emge; Battling Simons beat Tuffy Plumley; Kid Patton beat Kayo Jones; Kid Davidson and Young Irwin drew; Battling Davis and Kid Hover drew.

Mason City, Iowa.—Roland Malcolm scored a T. K. O. in two rounds over Kid Ripley; Swede Hare whipped Al Wilson; Leonard Johnson stopped Jim Bodkins in one round; Ray Calvert beat Ralph Kneble in four; Mike Wolfe won by a kayo over Verts Stottenberg; Snibs Kid beat Matt Michels; Joe Lucas whipped Florrin Delante; Harry Lovick knocked out Burr Gunner; Earl Fox beat Jack Kelly.

Shenandoah, Iowa.—Jack King, Chillicothe, Mo., kayoed Jack Simpson of Kansas City in two rounds; Johnny Hayes knocked out Clyde Bonwell in the fourth round.

Humboldt, Iowa.—Happy Hewitt scored a knockout over Jack Mandsager; Kid Haviland lost to Johnny Gartner; Thunderbolt Stensrud and Dale Christensen fought to a draw.

Newton, Ia.—Hughie Byers and Ray Horstman fought to a draw; Young Davis and Young Niebur mixed to a draw.

Nevada, Iowa—Farrell Carr won over Jackie Hill in the main event of a boxing card; Young Hammer beat Young La Salle; "The Fighting Dutchman" beat Jimmy Tillery by a kayo in two.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Joey Slater beat Jackie Burnes in six rounds; Jimmy Kruze scored a kayo over Sailor Ryan in three rounds.

Audubon, Ia.—Young Farley knocked out Dave Parke in five; Wyman "Kid" Sweezey and Vale Falegano drew in six rounds.

Fargo, N. D.—Sherald Kennard punched out a decisive victory over Frankie Knauer in ten rounds and retained the welterweight title of the Northwest.

Grand Forks, N. D.—Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg, Canada, middleweight, defeated Mel Coleman in ten rounds.

Fargo, N. D.—Young Rightmeier, Sioux City featherweight, scored a T. K. O. over Ollie Bartlett of Minneapolis in three rounds. Al Pahl scored a decision over Al Christie.

Gettysburg, S. D.—The American Legion of this city will stage boxing shows . . . . Their first card was a sell-out crowding the Legion Hall to capacity, causing fans to be turned away. . . . . A new seating arrangement has been worked that will accommodate around 1,500 fans.

Fargo, N. D.—Young Rightmeier won over Sammy Musco in six rounds; Johnny Stanton beat Billie Lowe in a fast sixer.

The American Legion in the state of South Dakota is to be commended for the work in getting the boxing game going in their state. Boxing tournaments are being held in almost every city. There is plenty of interest among fans.

Fargo, N. D.—Ray Cossette beat Al Christie in six; Jackie Libgott won a T. K. O. over Abbie Hofer in four; Patsy Chilifone shaded Elry Bushaw in four.

THE LAST BELL—Russie Leroy, 31, former contender for the lightweight and welterweight crowns, passed away in a hospital at Fargo, N. D., after a week's illness. He began his ring career when but eighteen years old under the guidance of Jack Hurley, who managed Billy Petrolle. LeRoy retired in 1930, having engaged in 105 fights, scoring twenty-five knock-outs, and losing five times by that route. He won two decisions over Ace Hudkins in Sioux City, and also defeated Jimmy Goodrich shortly after Goodrich lost his lightweight title. He also met Young Jack Thompson, Mushy Callahan, and Pinkey Mitchell. May the soul of this great little fighter rest in peace.

WRESTLING NOTES

Sioux City, Iowa — Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, won over Art Von Saxon; Sam Leathers of New York and Jerry Monoghan wrestled to a draw; Leo Papionos tossed Cowboy Jack Ray. A crowd of 2,600 attended the show.

Des Moines, Iowa—Joe De Vito won over Billy Edwards, two out of three falls; Jack League threw Tim Murphy; Rough-House Nelson drew with George Koverly; Whitney Gloveral threw Jack O'Dell.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Ed Strangler Lewis took two straight falls from Jack O'Dell; George Koverly and Rough-House Nelson drew. A packed house was on hand for the matches.

Des Moines, Iowa—Pat O'Shocker threw Earl Wampler; Mike Brendel and Frank Buresh drew in a time limit match; Jack Vincent threw Al Schuler; Joe Hubka and Henry Graber drew in a time limit match.

Victor, Iowa—Earl Wampler scored over Joe Dusek in a feature mat bout; Ed Meske and Allen Eustace grappled to a draw; Frankie French beat Bob Jesson; and Bernie Secor beat Lee Jones.

Des Moines, Iowa—Earl Wampler threw the "Red Divil"; Pat O'Shocker threw Joe Dusek; Allan Eustace threw Bobby Jessen; Al Schuler drew with Babe Carnera.

Humboldt, Iowa—Frank Bauer won two out of three falls from Nick Olson.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Billy Edwards won two falls out of three from Art Von Saxon; Joe Devito and Rudy La Ditzi went to a draw.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—George Koverly lost two out of three falls to Pat McGill. McGill won the first and third falls. Sam Leathers won the semi-wind-up from Cowboy Jack Ray; Art Von Saxon went to a draw with Rough-House Nelson; and George Kocut won from Nick Illitch.

Cedar Rapids, Ia—Over 4,000 fans turned out to watch Art Von Saxon and Rudy La Ditzi wrestle to a draw; Young Strangler Lewis went to a draw with George Kogut; Sailor Johnson lost to Walter Logan; Joe Koverly won over Jake Patterson by foul.

Humboldt, Iowa—Nick Olson lost two straight falls to Young Zbyszko of Jefferson, Iowa, in a bout that was filled with slam-bang action.

Clinton, Iowa—Sheffield won over Tuffy Michelson in thirty-eight seconds; Don Prince pinned Young Sweitzer; Tuffy Peck threw Young Tryon.

Des Moines, Iowa — Cliff Olson threw Earl Wampler; Hans Siebert and Ray Richards drew; Henry Graber and Hack Hader drew.

Shenandoah, Iowa — Jack Claybourne threw Sailor Olson; John Ellis won over Doc Atkins.

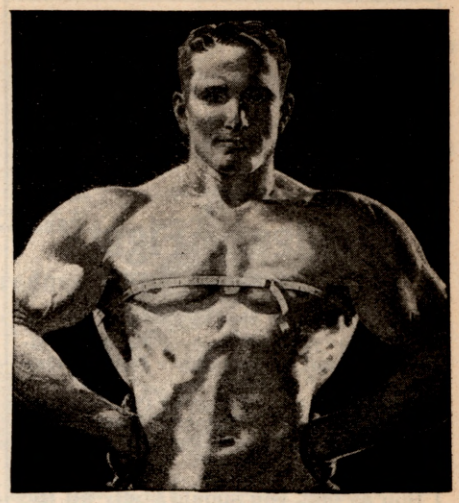
Sioux City, Iowa—Ed Strangler Lewis won on a foul from Pat McGill; Art Von Saxon drew with Jack Patterson; George Kogut threw Picardo Santos; Harry Caddell fetched Scotty Sullivan.

Marshalltown, Iowa—Jake Patterson won two final falls from Mike Markhoff; Joe Devito won over Ed Santon; Walter Logan beat Sailor Johnson; Ernie Thompson and Harry Caddell wrestled to a draw.

Newton, Iowa—Close to 1,500 fans were on hand to watch Mike Markoff lose to Lee Wykoff; Rough-House Nelson drew with Art Von Saxon.

Des Moines, Iowa—Hans Steinke threw Allen Eustace; Andy Moen and Henry Graber drew; Joe Hubka threw Stanley Mysiajek; Pat O'Shocker and Mike Brendel also drew.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Jack Gentle of St. Louis, Mo., has a good crop of fighters and would like to hear from promoters. He has such boys as Joey Forchione, Earl Taylor, Speddy Schaffer, and Larry Dundee. Mail will reach him 2333 Chouteau Avenue . . . . Johnny Miler, who fought on the Maxie Rosenbloom-Joe Knight card at Miami, formerly lived at Albia, Iowa . . . . Tommy Corbett, Omaha lightweight, won a decision over Bus Breese at Kansas City . . . . Terril, Iowa, is staging boxing shows . . . . Nick Hamek, Sioux City wrestler, is going good . . . . Waverly, Iowa, started a three-county amateur show . . . . Interest is picking up in the amateurs . . . . Breda, Iowa, is still on the wrestling and boxing map . . . . Thirty-two Iowa amateur boxers from Iowa invaded the tournaments in Chicago . . . . Bob Rush is matchmaker for the V. F. W. at Washington, Iowa . . . Carl Neiderman is back promoting at Mason City. . . . . My new Boxing Promoters' list is now ready and as usual the cover charge is only a dime, this to take care of the overhead . . . . Address 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . . Young Rightmeier, local featherweight ace, is making a tour of the Northwest.



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KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

TOPEKA, KANS.—Bus Breese beat Henry Falegano in an eight-round main event. Kenny Austin knocked out Skip Leabo in seven. Brooks Robinson knocked out Frank Molton in four. Mickey Nolan beat Red King in six. Chico Brown knocked out Gene Kinney in four rounds.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Winners in a district amateur boxing tournament: heavyweight, Bill Wiley, light-heavy—Eldon Fast, middleweight—Al Locke, welterweight—Francis Sayers, lightweight—Loris Harrell, featherweight—Truman Kennedy, bantamweight, Lefty Honn, flyweight—Joey Hernandez.

Wichita, Kans.—Jimmy O'Howell knocked out Lefty Stollicker in the first round of a scheduled eight-round main event. Bobby Hull beat Speedy Lawson in six. Al Lindsay beat Bob Linville in six. Chuck Wilson knocked out Billy Smith in one round. Roy Stanfield knocked out Jack Slattery in one round.

Fort Scott, Kans.—Baxter Calmes knocked out Fred Reese in the ninth round. Earl McGuire knocked out Ora Authard in three. Jackie Fell knocked out Ray Amer in two. Olin Loy beat Earl Parks in six. Oscar Driggs beat Ermel Berry in four rounds.

Manhattan, Kans. — Amateur boxing results: Johnny Hemphill knocked out Arthur Gear in one. Johnny Coke beat Barney Ferlemann. Kid Freeman knocked out Tony Hernandez in four. Jack Running knocked out Curly Robinson in two. Don Breese knocked out George Coke in two. Cecil Hersh knocked out Dell Fish in two. Tuffy Breese beat Johnny Valejo. Tony Lardio beat Johnny Shugart.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Winners in western Kansas amateur championship bouts: heavyweight—John Cunningham, light-heavy—Herb Dreiling, middleweight—Blondie Gallagher, welterweight—Francis Sayers, lightweight—Loris Harrell, featherweight — Truman Kennedy, bantamweight — Lefty Honn, flyweight—Joey Hernandez, junior flyweight—Billy Moyer.

Wichita, Kans.—Milt Schooley and Frank Kelly fought eight rounds to a draw. Young Gideon knocked out Jimmy O'Howell in one. Al Lindsay knocked out Ray Stanfield in one. Speedy Lawson knocked out Kid McCabe in two. Buddy Seigal knocked out Harry Hardesty in two rounds.

Lawrence, Kans.—The Haskell Indian amateur boxing team won seven out of nine bouts against Kirksville, Mo., Teachers' College. Louis Alexander beat William Murdock. Jerome Chee knocked out Mike Milligan in three. Herman Dick beat Jack Chapman. Forest Jones beat Harold Gegar. George Alexander beat George Lawrence. Henry Holleyman beat Arthur Landrum. Carl Fred lost to Dale Mustinn. Edward Hale was knocked out in one round by Jack Robinson.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tony Canzonneri defeated Pete Nebo in twelve rounds. Tommy Corbett shaded Bus Breese in eight. Joey Alcanter knocked out Mel Ward in five. Steve Ketchell beat Mickey Nolan in six. Paul Estrada knocked out Doc Hurd in four rounds.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Bus Breese knocked out Mickey Nolan in two rounds. Joey Alcanter outpointed Steve Ketchell in eight. Rusty Jones beat Kid McClain in six. Roy Donahue beat Red King in six. Kid Alfred beat Cyclone Williams in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat Hugh Light. Joey Newlan beat Jack Yager. Tony Montez beat Pat Hanlon. Jimmy Garrion won from Carol Lloyd by default.

Kirksville, Mo.—Chilloco Indian amateur boxing team beat Missouri State Teachers College. Benny McIntosh knocked out Roland Archer in two. D. V. Lidell beat Buck Hayes. Jonas Perry beat Rat Dennis. Marvin Lidell beat Joe Ordway. Ernest Tahquette beat Toy Landrum. Wilward Sharp beat Jim Swan. The Indians won all bouts.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur results at International Arena. Frankie Lee beat Cap Harding. Johnny Estrada beat Spud Malone. Bud Swanson beat Earl Kirke. Nick Resovich beat Jack Gingery. Frank Lloyd knocked out Joe DeLuca in one. Johnny Green beat Jack Jeffery. Tony Montez knocked out Finis Rich in three rounds.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Ray Keech knocked out Jack Stacey in the fourth. Jimmy Fowler beat Herby Schultz in six. Frisco Linda knocked out Cuban Johnnie Brown in two. Johnnie Brock knocked out Tony Crabtree in two rounds. Jack Dempsey refereed all bouts.

Kansas City, Mo.—Eagle Club amateurs defeated Hutchinson team four to one. Joe Amayo knocked out Kenneth Jones in two. Luther Newell knocked out Eldon Fast in one. Ray English knocked out Marvin Branson in three. Royal Coffman beat Henry Schaeffer. Jack Gingery was knocked out by Truman Kennedy in one round.

Kirksville, Mo.—Teachers' College amateur boxing team beat M. U. four to one. Frank Hana beat Roy Cummings. Harold Reiger lost to Sam Mesk. Ken Jones beat Ken Miller. Mike Milligan beat Roy Cummings. Harold Reiger lost to Sam Justice.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results. Philip Ragozzino knocked out Gordon Smythe in three and defeated Amos Tiger in four rounds. Ray Nichols beat Jack Everett. Jack Basham beat Howard Gooden. Sam Burney beat Clyde Ash. Bud Hathcock beat Dwight Dickinson. John Eagan beat Bobby Rhodes. Charley Patrick beat Ray Nedlock. Tommy Knight beat Tommy Horton.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results. Amos Tiger beat Harry Potter. LeRoy Cargall beat Kid Van Munson. Gordon Smythe knocked out Clyde Stanley in one. Charley Patrick knocked out Dick James in three. Elmer Hoag beat Hoasy Martin. Walter Anderson beat Homer Kella. Clyde Greeson beat Herman Meredith. Billy Maroney beat Lawrence Miller. Doug Ferguson beat Hugh Whittaker.

Enid, Okla.—Meyer (K.O.) Christner knocked out Jack Kilbourne in the fifth. Young Mickey Walker knocked out Tommy Decker in one round. Jack Dempsey refereed all bouts.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results. Riley Mackey beat Harry Potter. Amos Tiger beat Ray Hafford. Jack Sykes beat Tommy Knight. Clyde Greeson beat Ray Bratcher.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Sheridan, Wyo.—Fred Schultz, Midwest, Wyo., lightweight, scored a technical kayo over Dale Twing, Buffalo, Wyo., battler, in the eighth round of their ten-round go. Twing's seconds tossed in the towel after he had been knocked down ten times.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.—Fay Clark, Scottsbluff, Nebr., kayoed Tommy Simms, Denver Negro, in the second round of a ten-round bout. They were middleweights.

Fred Shank, Fort Morgan, stopped George Klein, Loveland, in three heats in a welterweight battle.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Ernie Lara, Pueblo, knocked out Mickey Moran, Walsenburg, in the fifth round of a ten-round go. Lara was knocked down twice for long counts, but showed the stuff that champions are made of by getting up off the floor to win. The pair are featherweights.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—Hershey Wilson, Colorado state lightweight champion, and Billy Vaughan, who holds the same honor in Wyoming, fought ten slashing rounds to a draw.

On the same card, Ken Disch, 150 pounds, kayoed Pete Woolerridge, 144-pound Fort Warren soldier, in the third session.

At Antonito, Colo.—Henry Jackson, Fort Garland battler, and Ernie Lara of Pueblo fought ten slashing rounds to a draw. Jackson, state featherweight champion, was extended to the limit by the nineteen-year-old kid, who is rapidly forging to the front in Colorado ring circles. Antonito, incidentally, is just about the best fight town in the state, Denver being the only city in the state that outdraws it at the gate.

At Brush, Colo.—"Chief" Stanley Fell of Lamar was relieved of his state heavyweight crown in a ten-round fray with Carl Walker of Hillrose. Fell won the title only a few short weeks ago from Walker, in a battle at Lamar, and lost it to the same man in the first defense of the crown. This Walker is the class of the big men in Colorado.

On the same card, Jake Baker, Fort Lupton, won a six-round go from Deek Schantz of Brush in a light-heavy go.

Henry Jackson, the Fort Garland 126-pounder who holds the featherweight state title, journeyed down to Albuquerque, N. Mex., and fought a ten-round draw with Tony Chavez.

Jackson is contemplating a tour of the Pacific Coast in the near future and he ought to go over big out there where little men mean something.

Emilio Martinez, Denver middleweight, went up to Idaho Falls, Idaho, and licked the Wyoming wild man, Lou Couzzens, in a torrid ten-rounder.

Emilio is matched with George Manley when the famous Denver "playboy" sees fit to return to the mile-high city.

Remember, the writer would like to have all the fight results in this section, also photos for publication in THE RING. But be sure to have them in by the fifteenth of each month. Anyone wishing information on the glove game in this section may get it by addressing the writer at P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. But be sure to inclose reply postage.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

MICKEY WALKER, who tarried here with his wife and child *en route* from Jersey City to California, still possesses that million-dollar smile . . . . Pictorial display of Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey heavyweight title bout at Soldiers' Field in 1927 in the window of Dave Barry's pub, 112 Madison Street, is creating lots of attention. Barry refereed the famous battle.

Jackie London, considered one of Chicago's most prominent boxers five years ago, now is boxing at 133 pounds . . . . Dick Axman, publicity man for boxers, wrestlers, and stage and radio entertainers, has sold several fiction stories to the Chicago Daily News syndicate . . . . Jack Kranz, Gary, Ind., heavyweight, has placed himself under the management of South Side Jack O'Keefe . . . . Nick Scalba, out of action since September 12, reports that he is ready to fight again.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Tim McGrath, veteran trainer and manager, recalled the Jim Corbett-John L. Sullivan and the Young Corbett-Terry McGovern battles . . . . The match with Young Corbett ended McGovern's career . . . . It was held at San Francisco, Mechanics' Pavilion, March 3, 1903 . . . . Ike Dorgan, manager of Ted Sandwina, German-American heavyweight, was elated over the showing of his charge since his return from abroad . . . . Vittorio Campolo, giant Argentine, won his American *debut* against Arthur de Kuh on a foul.

A picture of George Dixon; Tom O'Rourke, his manager; Trainer Joe Gordon; and Jack Lynch, another trainer; standing in front of the old Coney Island training quarters of Dixon . . . . A story by A. D. Phillips titled "When Madden Went Searching for Man to Whip 'John L.'"

The late Sam Hall, who at one time was sports editor of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, wrote the item, "Boxing Gloves First Used in Ring in France in 1818" . . . . The following were striving for laurels in the ring: Pete Sanstol, Scandinavian flyweight; Jack Fiala, New York; Pete Nebo, Indian featherweight; Ray McQuillan, Denver junior welterweight; Long Sing Que, New York Chinese boxer; Charlie Raymond, Brooklyn featherweight; and Joe Tuttle.

Duke Barry, veteran boxing man, is writing fiction . . . . Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis featherweight, preparing to leave for Evansville, Ind., and a second bout with Billy Frick . . . . Jackie London's father, Mr. Battaglia, watching his lightweight son train for a comeback . . . . Charlie Cutler, former wrestling champion, bemoaning the fact that the shutdown of After The Show, a night club, threw him out of work . . . . The old Kid Howard gymnasium, at 116 Madison Street, transformed into a shop to bet on horses, raided by police . . . . Dave Barry, at one time Canadian lightweight title-holder, specializing in Drewry's Canadian ale at his pub, 112 Madison Street . . . . Talking of old-timers. Believe Charley Harvey, manager of Steve Hamas, is sixty-nine years old . . . . Tom Heeney, stopped by Gene Tunney in eleven rounds in Tunney's last fight, refereeing in Florida.

Can a fighter do more damage with a swing than a well-placed jab or short punch? Has forearm of fighter any bearing on punching?—Ernest C. Kreuser.

Ans.—Fighter can do more damage with a short, well-placed and well-timed punch. Muscular arms have bearing on punching power sometimes.

Jack Dempsey's retirement as a boxer seems to have ended the reign of the million-dollar gate in boxing. The former heavyweight champion of the world was a principal in the five ring battles which grossed a million or over. Four were title bouts. The other was in 1927 at New York, when Dempsey knocked out Jack Sharkey for the right to face Gene Tunney in a second championship match.

The first in boxing history occurred at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, N. J., in 1921, when Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier in four rounds in a title bout before 75,000. Receipts were $1,626,580. The last was at Soldiers' Field in 1927. A crowd of 104,923 paid $2,658,660 to see Tunney successfully defend the heavyweight crown by being awarded a ten-round decision over Dempsey. The million-dollar gates were:

	Attendance	*Receipts*
Tunney beat Dempsey, 1927	104,923	$2,658,660
Tunney beat Dempsey, 1926		1,895,733
Dempsey K.O.'d Firpo, 1923	80,000	1,188,603
Dempsey K.O.'d Carpentier, 1921	75,000	1,789,238
Dempsey K.O'd Sharkey, 1927		1,083,530

Title bouts.

Buck Everett, Gary, Ind., heavyweight, is boxing in good form around Florida. In his last three matches he was awarded decisions over Tony Cancela, Frankie Edgren, and Eddie Houghton. The Cancela bout ended in the ninth round, and Everett was given the decision on a foul.

Toby Irwin, who gave Frank Klick a draw in a ten-round bout at San Francisco against Barney Ross in a junior welterweight title affair, has been refereeing for twenty years. He was a crack lightweight around San Francisco before he took out a referee's license.

There was much speculation hereabouts on how Frank Klick weighed 138 pounds against Barney Ross, ten more than he did against Kid Chocolate, whom he knocked out at Philadelphia in seven rounds last December 25. Klick was forced to come in over 135 pounds to protect Ross's lightweight title. Some believe Klick used the old water trick. This is done by drinking a quart of water, which weighs four pounds.

Charlie Retzlaff's switch from his management by Jack Hurley to Murray McLean and Mike Ferrozzo of St. Paul and Leo Kossick of Moorhead, Minn., may lower the Leonard, N. D., heavyweight's fighting ability. Retzlaff, a powerful hitter, is not the Dempsey type of fighter. He has to be driven, and Hurley used to ride him plenty during a bout.

Pete Reilly, manager of fighters, has announced that Madison Square Garden refused an offer of $35,000 for ten dates.

Arch Ward, sports editor, and Robert Lee, city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, are brilliant speakers . . . . Westbrook Pegler hasn't found himself since moving his typewriter from the *Tribune* to the Scripps-Howard newspapers. As a result some of his writings have not been up to par . . . . Leo Kautz, sports editor of the *Davenport Times*, is a pleasant individual and a real sport.

Charles Ward, sportswriter on the *Detroit Free Press*, thinks the Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions bouts were some of the best he's ever seen . . . . The *Cleveland Plain Dealer's* fight writer, Alex Zirin, was proud of the Cleveland Golden Gloves champions. All eight of them went into the quarter-finals at the Stadium, the first time a full team ever has gone that far in the Tournament of Champions.

William Gross of the *Joliet Spectator* didn't have many opportunities to cheer while his bantamweight Golden Gloves candidate, Walter Matthys, engaged in his quarter-final match. Matthys was beaten.

Louis Dan, West Side restaurateur, referees the weekly amateur contests at the 24th Ward club, 3242 Roosevelt Road. Harry Weiss is matchmaker.

Johnny Caserio, former featherweight, is the proprietor of a billiard hall at 1310 North Crawford Avenue . . . . Soldier Mickey Farr resigned from the Chicago Stadium boxing department.

I am seeking the whereabouts of Jackie Fields, Chick Suggs, Armando Santiago, Jack White, Vince Dundee, Danny Delmont, Pal Moore, Duke Barry, Paddey Mullin, Howard Carr, Bearcat Wright, Larry Johnson, Jimmy Hays.—Tiger Jack Thompson, formerly George Smith.

Ans.—The men you mention are scattered throughout the country. They probably will see this and get in touch with you.

When did McLarnin fight Mandell here? What was the result?—Harold Johnson.

Ans.—McLarnin won a ten-round decision over Mandell at the Stadium November 4, 1929.

Eddie Heverin, who is connected with the New Southern Athletic Club of Louisville, Ky., is the distributor of *Chicago Tribunes* in Louisville. He said 250 extra *Tribunes* are sold since the daily appearance of a column of boxing notes, written by your author.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

"THE boxing game is going on the rocks and will continue to be there until more hard punchers of the Dempsey caliber show up," quotes Mr. Frank Backman, manager of the world's title-holder, Maxie Rosenbloom. "Baer, Hamas, Carnera, Retzlaff, and Neusel are all hard punchers, and what the game needs is more like them."

A few hours later, after making the statement, his protege stepped into the ring at Macon, Ga., to administer a shellacking to Cyclone Smith of Fort Benning. Maxie took all the rounds by a large margin, Smith, apparently, not being at his best. Tuesday night of the same week, Maxie had shaded Gorden Fortenberry at Orlando, Fla., and as this goes to press he is slated to oppose LeRoy Brown at Charleston, S. C.

George (Big Ben) Hodge, age 20, height, 6' 2", weight, 185. Here is a youngster, who many sportswriters predict will take the place of W. L. Young Stribling in southern circles. He has participated in twenty contests, won sixteen by knockouts, lost two, and drew twice.

As it is very hard for colored fighters to get much work in the South, Chick Suggs, conqueror of some of the best colored boxers in the business, is desirous of going to the East, where he can get work, and is therefore in the market for a manager to handle his business. Chick has engaged in forty-three battles, winning thirty-six by the knock-out route, four by decision, and losing three. Anyone interested in handling Chick in the East will do well to get in touch with him at 1323 West Broad Street, Savannah, Ga.

Shining stars of the South. Not one or two but many of them. In this "many of them," eleven are included in the "first ten" by Eddie Borden. Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Clyde Chastain, Vince Dundee, LeRoy Brown, Eddie Kid Wolfe, Tony Herrera, Johnny Lucas, Jimmy Leto, Tony Canzoneri, and Jack Portney are the gladiators who are fighting for championship berths.

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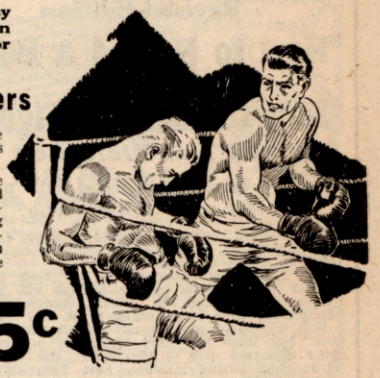

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ROUGH-HOUSE GLOVER, who formerly hailed from Jacksonville, Fla., and is now fighting out of Cincinnati, sent his challenge reeling through the middleweight ranks when he garnered a twelve-round decision over Sammy (Kid) Slaughter of Terre Haute, Ind., at Music Hall.

Glover, less experienced than the Hoosier Negro, had a little difficulty in the early rounds, but once he got through the clownish offensive of Slaughter, he pounded away to win the final verdict. Glover scored a knockdown in the ninth round.

Al Hamilton and Jess Calhoun, Cinci lightweight aspirants, boxed a sizzling six-round draw in the semifinal. In other bouts, Red Harding drew Pee Wee Weghorn, and Dick Clarke turned back Paul Thobe.

The Parkway Club promoters, Herman and Maxwell Katz, sponsored the bout in their regular style of affording fist fans plenty of action in their weekly bill at the Elm Street arena.

I am making a request to all managers within a radius of 200 miles from Cincinnati to send me the records of their fighters so that I may be able to give ratings on past performances—complete.

This appeal is open to the managers of southern Ohio and also to the promoters of this section. This column is open for news in southern Ohio. Let's make it co-operative, a hundred per cent affair.

Jackie Reid, the Newburgh, N. Y., light-heavy who is campaigning down Florida way, again beat Johnny King the southern star. The second drubbing the New Yorker handed his rival was on the Carnera-Loughran card at Miami. Watch Reid. What a great fight he and Glover would make at Music Hall.

Cliff McWhirter, the flashy Canadian featherweight who next to Freddie Miller is the best 126-pounder in southern Ohio, bulletins from London, Ontario, that his brother Lloyd will soon make his *debut* as a professional boxing promoter and matchmaker at the London Armory. Lloyd is anxious to make connections with the best fighters of all weights. He can be reached at 714 York Street, London, Ontario, Canada. Good luck, boys.

Fighters with good records should write this scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Rosie Huber is the latest woman threat in the national featherweight boxing ratings. Rosie, who is tutored by Ray Taylor and managed by Bob Bonner, recently fought Violet Bezenah of Cincinnati, women's 126-pound champion at Dayton, Ohio. . . . Lee Cox, after several weeks of continuous fighting, is now idle . . . . Joe Palmo, younger brother of Frankie, recently fought a great draw with Harry Wolgast at Middletown. . . . Hamilton is back on the fight map, with the Mosse club offering biweekly shows . . . . Batavia had two shows during the past month . . . . on the last card, Ted Graham knocked out his old rival, Johnny Mack, in five frames . . . . Jess Calhoun did not fare so well in his last start at Louisville . . . . Wishy Jones, the slugging Kentucky lightweight, stowed away Jess in the first heat . . . . Jones, by the way, also beat Pete Bat Leno in a tenner a week later . . . . Jones is a comer, watch him . . . . Lee Cox also lost out on an out-of-town go . . . . He was kayoed by Tiger Joe Randall.

Sam Stoller, the Jewish welterweight who looked like a pretty fair prospect years ago, is now a carpenter in Cincinnati . . . . Mickey Murphy, ex-featherweight, is planning a swing at the wrestling game . . . . Johnny Bass, another great featherweight of yesteryear, officiated as referee in a recent wrestling bout . . . . Joe Muchorowski, the hard-punching Polish light-heavyweight, who showed some of the greatest form of any youngster in that division in years, is out of the game for good . . . . Bob Bonner, his manager, and Muchorowski's hundreds of admirers in Ohio and Kentucky are pulling for the Polish lad's early recovery to good health . . . . Johnny Perry of Portsmouth, Ohio, recently appeared on a Chicago card.

Simon Nebloski, Russian-Jewish welterweight from Avondale, is still campaigning down in Florida and making a great hit with the southern state populace.

The Greater Cincinnati lightweight championship once again may change hands. Danny O'Keefe, who was being primed for a shot at Frankie Mieners, was handed a nifty beating by Jess Calhoun at Music Hall in eight rounds. Another lightweight bout between Johnny Alba and Al Hamilton resulted in another contender in the former, a Filipino who showed plenty of class in defeating Hamilton in an eight-rounder. Pee Wee Weghorn fought Red Harding a four-round draw in the chief prelim.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PETEY GULOTTA of New York and Lew Raymond of Baltimore fought a bang-up ten rounder before Harry Littman's Arena Club in Baltimore with Raymond taking the decision. The fight was a close one with Raymond's early lead the deciding factor.

Charlie Gomer of Baltimore knocked out Patsy Wallace of Philadelphia in round four at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va. Wallace was going along fairly good when he ran into a well-timed right smash to the jaw that put him out like a light. Leroy Dougan belted out Freddie Polo in five rounds, Phil Furr and Johnny Mays boxed even in six, and Jen Campbell scored a surprise win over Henry Irfing in a six-rounder.

Frankie Petrolle and Buster Brown hooked up in a return ten-rounder at Baltimore, and the largest house in two years was on hand. Petrolle was again the winner after a good battle. Jimmy Jones was too good for Eddie Marks in six heats, and Herman Weiner knocked out Jack Reed in two.

At the direction of Matchmaker Frankie Mann, Referee Charlie Short stopped the Frankie Covelli-Benny Britt bout in round six and declared it no contest. Dominick Nicco of Brooklyn and Young Victor of Philadelphia saved the day with an interesting semifinal of six rounds. Victor had Nicco on the floor a couple of times only to have Nicco make a strong finish, but Victor was the winner. Carey Wright had a soft one in Mickey Palmer and the fight was stopped in the second round. Bill Bulluck took a lacing in six rounds from Morris Gross of Philadelphia.

Toney Scarpati of New York was no match for Jackie Portney and the bout was stopped after the game Scarpati took a lacing for nine rounds. Joey Zodda of New York knocked out Buck Taylor in five rounds, and Harry Alexania, also of New York, bested Mike Sipio in six rounds. Frankie Cicero flattened Johnny Barrazio in four rounds, and Joe Imbrigulio took the nod over Al Beatty when the latter's lip was severely cut in the third round and he could not continue.

Ken Overlin was far too good for Roxie Allen at Portner's Arena in an eight-round feature. Ken put Roxie down in the second round for a nine count and then seemed content to go on and win as he pleased. Pete Bevens defeated Bob Lowrey in a fast six-rounder. Charlie von Reedon bested Charlie Jacobs in an eight-rounder.

Al Roth and Frankie Covelli, both of New York, fought a ten-round draw in Baltimore. Jimmy Jones scored over Young Connelly in six, and Kid Decter of Philadelphia took the decision over Joey Zodda in a very close one.

Andy Divodi, veteran New York battler, scored an upset at the Portner Arena when he hung a knock-out on Ray Bowen in six rounds. Bowen was leading at the time when he was hit by a short uppercut that caught him coming in. The round had just three more seconds to go. Carey Wright got sweet revenge over Johnny Mays in the six-round semifinal, giving Johnny the worst pasting he has taken in these parts. Mays weathered a terrific body beating and was doing fairly good at the end. Joe Green scored an impressive win over Charley Sharp in six heats, and Bob Turner of Newport News bested Sammy Britt in a slow six-rounder.

Natie Brown, Washington heavyweight, is back in the big time under the direction of his old manager, Billy McCarney.

PICK-UPS—Jack Pollock, a former local heavyweight of Baltimore, has recently been appointed a boxing commissioner in Maryland. Jack Tulluck, Alexandria, Va., sportswriter, will be appointed a boxing commissioner in Virginia. Tulluck at present is the man behind the gun at Portner's Arena, Alexandria. Frankie Petrolle has just about put Baltimore back on its feet with his bang-up fights there. Jackie Portney, at present Baltimore's only threat for a world's title, operates a pool parlor in the Monumental City. . . . Ray Bowen, Washington battler, is a shoe salesman in one of Washington's better stores . . . . Frankie Mann, the matchmaker at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va., has a son studying for the priesthood . . . . Bobby Goldstein, outstanding amateur boxer of these parts, is a brother of Goldie Ahearn, a former featherweight of note, who now operates a clothing store in the Nation's Capital . . . . Len Mahoney, former first rate lightweight of Baltimore, has been a member of the Baltimore City Police force for the past eight years . . . . Charlie von Reedon, former Florida featherweight, who is now making Washington his headquarters, is a clerk in the Federal Government when not boxing . . . . Baltimore is just loaded with good preliminary talent and Matchmaker Harry Littman is taking good advantage of this fact with bang-up prelims. Jimmy Jones is outstanding, also Harry Jeffra, Pete Galiano, Mike Sipio and Vince Serio . . . . Washington's most promising prelim. boys are Joe Green and Carey Wright.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

HARRY MIZLER, the British lightweight champion, had his first fight since winning the 135-lb. championship, with Jules Steyart (Belgium), who is the younger brother of Rene Devos. The contest was over ten rounds and was fought before a packed house at the Ring, London. Referee Johnny Summers' decision was in favor of Mizler.

Willie Unwin, the popular South African "Blond Tiger," has retired owing to eye trouble.

Haydyn Williams (Wales) scored a good victory over Jack Ellis of Battersea in fifteen rounds at the Central Ring, Wood Green.

Jimmy Vaughan, the young Becontree junior lightweight, lost by a narrow margin to Lois Botes, the South African featherweight champion, at the Chalton Ring, London.

Ex-policeman George Brown (Stepney) and Dai Beynon (Wales) furnished a hard fifteen-round bout at the Beaumont Hall, Stepney. The decision was a draw.

Nel Tarleton (Liverpool) made a good start in his first bout in England since his return from Australia when he met Nick Bensa (France) at the Liverpool Stadium and the bout was stopped in the eleventh round after Bensa had been outclassed throughout. Tarleton continued his success when he defeated Norman Dale (Newcastle) at Belle Vue, Manchester, in twelve rounds. Tarleton was put down for a count of six in the third round.

Cal Barton (Birmingham) carried too many guns for Billy Viner (Pontypool) when they met at Bargoed, and ran out a good winner on points.

At Merthyr, George Williams, Welsh bantam champion, proved too clever for Albert Lindley (Sheffield) over fifteen rounds.

Danny Evans, Welsh welter champion, scored a quick K.O. over Willie Hamilton, Scottish welter champion, in what was to have been a fifteen-round contest. Hamilton was put to sleep in the second.

At the Ulster Hall, Belfast, Jim Winters, Scottish cruiserweight champ, defeated Ernie Simmons (Dublin) in a hectic bout before a big crowd. In the supporting bout, Paul Schaffer (Canada) was outpointed by Jack O'Brien (Belfast) in eight.

At the Alexandra Arena, Stratford, Arthur Crane (Battersea) used an effective straight left in clever defense to score over George Merrit (Silvertown).

At West Bromwich, Bert Kirby scored a K.O. over Kid Leyland in the ninth, and George Marsden (Nottingham) knocked out Willie Matzner, the German flyweight champ, in the third.

Jack Hood, welterweight champ of Great Britain and holder of the European title, lost to Len "Tiger" Smith. Hood says he has had enough of boxing and will retire. He was a good title-holder.

Randy Jones (Ammanford) won the right to meet Tommy Farr for the cruiserweight championship of Wales when he defeated Charlie Bundy (Treherbert) at Swansea.

George "Kid" Nicholson was stopped by Little Minor at the Leeds N. S. C. in the ninth.

Sonny Lee (Leeds) defeated Cliff Peregrine (Ammanford) at Walsall.

Jack Petersen, the ex-heavyweight champ, repeated his K.O. victory over Reggie Meen of Leicester by K.O.ing him again in the second round at the Gramby Halls, Leicester.

In the supporting bout, Dave Finn (Stepney), a young featherweight, scored a good win over Evan Thomas (Wales).

Dick Corbett, the Bethnal Green bantam, brought home the British and Empire title when he defeated Johnny King at the Belle Vue, Manchester. King received a cut eye and this seemed to handicap his chances against the clever Corbett.

Tab Davies (Doncaster), the Pitmans champion welterweight, punched too hard for Turk Mason (Windsor) at the Stadium Club, London. Mason was unable to come out for the fourth round.

Billy Webb (St. John's Wood) seemed a trifle unfortunate in not receiving the full reward against Alf Huxley (Chiswick) in a twelve-round contest. The referee declared the bout a draw.

Fred Tennant (Glasgow) won a good bout when he met Willie Smith (Margate) at the Plumstead Baths.

Red Pullen (Cardiff) scored a victory over Jack Ellis (Battersea) at the Luna Park, Whitechapel.

At the Beaumont Hall, Stepney, Steve Goldring (Portsmouth) and Harry Lane (Old Ford) had a grueling bout and the referee declared it a draw.

Billy Ross, the young Stepney middleweight, looks like the making of a good boy. He stopped Ted Barton (Kingston) in the third.

Johnny Peters (Battersea) outclassed Johnny Croxon (Notting Hill) over twelve rounds at the Kensington Baths. Although down a few times, Croxon put up a good fight to last the distance.

It took Jack Petersen (Cardiff) ten rounds to dispose of Harry Crossley (Mexborough) at Greyfriars Hall, Cardiff, before 8,000 people.

Chris "Ginger" Foran made his debut as a bantamweight at the Liverpool Stadium when he met Jim Campbell, Scottish bantam champion, and won inside the distance.

At the Edinburgh N. S. C., the Scottish cruiser champ, Jim Winters, had an easy task when he faced Kid Scott (Sheffield) for a twelve-round contest.

On the same card, Gilbert Johnstone (Dundee) pleased the critics by the way he outpointed Frank Markey (Blantyre) in ten rounds.

One of the most notable boxing shows in British ring history was held at the Royal Albert Hall, London. The occasion was a charity attempt to swell the funds of the Jewish National Fund for the purchasing of land in Palestine. The show was organized by the Lion Hospital Aid Society and none other than Lord Melchett was the sponsor. Many famous boxers figured in the program and the affair was a gigantic success, both fistically and financially.

Two British title-holders figured in the two main events. Harry Mizler, the recently crowned lightweight king, repeated a previous points win over Jules Steyaert, tough Belgian battler, while Jock McAvoy, the middleweight boss, who shortly intends stepping on to a canoe bound for Madison Square Garden, made short work of Al Burke, the London-born redhead who learned to fight in Australia. Burke took the count in round five.

The fight of the night was the battle between Harry Mason and Moe Moss, close neighbors and keen rivals for the vacant welterweight throne. Both gentlemen are Kosher glove swingers, and it was a case of "Greek versus Greek." Ten rounds they fought. I thought Moss won at least eight, but every critic agreed that Moss won nine. Some patriotic fan came to me after the fight and said that Moss won ten and a half.

We'll leave it at that and call it a day. Moss outpunched the Whitechapel playboy. But Johnny Summers, the old welterweight champion, who was the third man, called the fray a draw.

Kid Francis, who is better known to American followers than to us, was given a draw with Len Beynon, Welsh boy. Most people thought that Francis should have copped the duke. A surprise of the evening was the one-round knock-out defeat of Kid Farlo at the hands of Norman Snow. Farlo once showed exceptional promise but lately has met with some tough breaks. But let's not take any credit away from Snow. He sure can wallop.

Benny Caplan, former amateur champ, outpointed Tommy Hyams in another set-to. Yes, when it comes to charity, the boxing fans are always first to toe the line and put their hands in their pockets.

Tommy Rogers, featherweight champion of the southern area, met Francois Machtens, champion of Belgium, over ten rounds at Birmingham and won on points.

Norman Snow (Northampton) won the lightweight championship of the southern area when he defeated by K.O. Peter Price of Worcester at Northhampton.

Eddie Pierce (South Africa) defeated Al Burke (Australia) at the Ring, London, in fifteen rounds.

Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) scored a good victory over Chuck Parker (Barnsley) at Smethwick.

Harry Fenn (Poplar) scored an impressive win over Jack Donn (Stepney) whom he K.O.'ed in the third.

Ben Foord of Durban, South Africa, gave an amazing display of pluck and courage when he met Jack Petersen (Cardiff) at the Royal Albert Hall, London. When Jeff Dickson announced that he had matched these two good-looking heavyweights for fifteen rounds, he started a rush for the booking office, and when the show began, every seat in the spacious hall was filled. Never have I seen a gamer man than Foord, and although he did not win a single round, Petersen could not put him down for keeps. The referee, Mr. Jack Smith, halted the bout in the thirteenth round with Foord in a very bad condition.

In the supporting bout of eight rounds, Maurice Holtzer (Paris), who has become a favorite because of his non-stop punching, defeated Phineas John (Wales) on points after a great bout.

Ernie Roderick (Liverpool) won on a disqualification over Panther Purchase (South Africa) in the thirteenth round at The Liverpool Stadium.

Sir Harry Lauder was a ringside patron at the Belfast Ring, when Frank Borrington (Leicester) received a narrow verdict over George Bennett (Manchester) in the main bout of eight rounds.

Larry Gains, ex-heavyweight champion of the British Empire, gave pleasure to his host of supporters at Leicester before a big crowd when he knocked out Ernst Guhring of Germany in the seventh round.

Fred Blocksidge (Canada) and Tom Curran (Walton) met in a twelve-round contest, and after an extremely hard-hitting bout, Curran won the referee's decision.

Albert Routhooft (Belgium) made a decidedly good impression when his more effective hitting gave him the lead over Bert Taylor (Birmingham) in twelve rounds.

Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) stopped Tom Larkin (Sheffield) in the eighth.

Quite a rare battle was fought between two former champions of Wales at Bargoed, Wales. Bob Morgan, lightweight, and Terrence Morgan, bantam, fought a hectic draw.

Ernie Roderick (Liverpool) gained a fine victory over Henri Baumas (France) whom he stopped in the second.

Seaman Tommy Watson, the British feather champion, was seen at his best when he met Billy Gannon (Liverpool) over twelve rounds at the Leeds Town Hall, before a large crowd. Watson carried the fight to Gannon throughout.

Micky McGuire (Newcastle) and his supporters received a mild shock at the St. James Hall, Newcastle, when he met Valentin Angelmann, the French flyweight champion, over twelve rounds. There was no doubt about the decision in the Frenchman's favor.

Tommy Rogers, the southern area featherweight champion, boxed in great style to outpoint Battling Sandjack of Egypt at Wolverhampton.

Eddie Pierce (South Africa) won easily on points over Jack Mansfield (Old Ford) at the Eastham Baths in fifteen rounds.

Dick Corbett, the Empire bantamweight champion, scored easily on points over Francois Machtens, in fifteen rounds at the Ring, London.

Tommy Hyams (King's Cross) came in as a substitute for Johnny Peters to beat Charlie Jordan (Kingston) on points at the Plumstead Baths.

You can get any of Nat Fleischer's books at my gymnasium, 3 Edward Street, London, E. Come and look 'em over.

Glen Moody (Wales) scored a K.O. win over Fred Oldfield (Doncaster) in the fourth at Walsall.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

MARCEL THIL keeps on winning against challengers for the world's middleweight title, which he holds. His latest victim was Ignacio Ara, the clever Spanish champion. The bout, which was held at the Paris Palais des Sports, attracted about 15,000 customers. The Spaniard is an exceedingly clever boxer, but Thil was his master both in boxing and heavy hitting.

Owing to the brisk boxing conditions in Europe for Jeff Dickson, he will probably have to delay his visit to the United States until midsummer. In his English promotions, he has several big matches sewed, one of which will be a return match between the former British champion, Jack Petersen, and Len Harvey, which is scheduled to take place at White City, London. Dickson has several other very important matches on, both in Paris and London, to be held during the next ten weeks.

Kid Francis of Marseilles, the bantamweight who gave Al Brown one of the hardest fights the Panama wonder ever had in Europe, was given a draw with Len Benyon in a Jewish benefit boxing entertainment which was held in London in the Royal Albert Hall.

Joe Populo, the latest French featherweight find, who is managed by the former champion, Gene Criqui, while practically a novice, has already made a remarkable reputation. In his first seven professional fights he secured six knock-outs inside of two minutes. His last fight at the Palais des Sports of Paris was against the experienced English battler, Johnny Peters. The latter kept on the defensive side all through the eight rounds and he managed to stay the full distance, but with all of his running away, he received a bad licking from the French lad.

Dick Corbett, the British champion bantamweight, defeated Francois Machtens, the Belgian title-holder, over twelve rounds on points. It made the third victory that the British champion put over the Belgian champion.

Gene Huat, the popular French bantamweight boxer, lost his title to Decico of Lyons, in a twelve-round contest. The verdict for Decico, although given in his home town, was a surprise even to his friends.

Valentin Angelmann, one of the best of the European flyweight boxers, gave the Irish champion, Mickey McGuire, a bad beating in a bout which was held at Newcastle, England. Twice the French lad had Micky down for counts of seven and eight, and Angelmann was going strong at the end of the twelve-round contest. In a previous bout a few months ago, the Frenchman lost on an alleged foul.

Otto Von Porat, the heavyweight champion of Norway, was in Paris recently. He is anxious to get a match against the colored American fighter, Obie Walker, or the Spanish champion, Paulino.

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At Havre, France, Maurice Huguenin, the hard-hitting French flyweight, stopped Young Dupuis in five rounds. The crop of French "flys" is an exceedingly good one at the present time.

It was a great shock to me to hear of the death of my very dear old pal Francois Descamps. It was back in 1919, after Georges Carpentier had knocked out the British champion Joe Beckett, that Tex Rickard, the greatest of all boxing promoters, sent me a cable as follows: "Sign up for me Georges Carpentier to meet a man in America, with a guarantee of $125,000." I had never met Descamps prior to that time. Through Leon See, I made an engagement to meet Descamps and I showed him the cable I had received from Rickard. "Will you accept such a generous offer?" "I will if the man that Georges is to meet will be Jack Dempsey, the champion of the world." I cabled back to Tex that Descamps would accept $125,000 providing Carpentier would be matched against Jack Dempsey for the world title.

Within a few days I received a cable—which I still have now—saying: "Sign Carpentier up as per your cable and send agreement on to me." I did, and I sent a signed agreement on to Rickard, from Descamps, accepting the $125,000 guarantee for Carpentier to meet Jack Dempsey for the world heavyweight title.

While the Descamps agreement which I had made was on the way to the United States, the Fox Film concern, through New York Alderman Johnny White, who represented the Fox concern, made a bigger offer to both Carpentier and Dempsey, with a greater guarantee than Rickard had made.

Before my signed agreement arrived in New York, Tex cabled me: "See Descamps at once, new agreement." I immediately saw Descamps. I did not know what the cable referred to was. "You have received another cable from Tex?" "Yes, Sparrow, beautiful," he said, as he showed same to me, which read: "Make new agreement with Sparrow, $200,000 and expenses." That was one time that I always thought that our other old departed friend, Tex Rickard, who was without doubt the greatest boxing promoter of the world, had cold feet. Tex had Carpentier absolutely sewed up for $125,000 to meet Jack Dempsey, but he fell for a call of $75,000 more.

Georges Leperson, who has been the hero of many questionable victories, received a dose of his own medicine when he lost his French featherweight crown to Francis Augier, local scrapper, on a home-town decision here last night.

Even the local fans were stunned when the victory was awarded to Augier. Leperson, who has never defended his title outside of his bailiwick, Havre, with but one or two exceptions, outboxed the challenger throughout and put over a fast finish that removed all doubt from unprejudiced observers that he had won.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

IN one of the most furious tangles seen in Manila this year, Jose Villanueva beat Harry Fierro of Chicago by a foul in the sixth round after leading comfortably in the early part of the milling. Fierro bored in from the first gong on and had the Filipino back-pedaling at short quarters, but the American was helpless at long range.

Little Pancho and Speedy Dado are on their way to Manila for a series of engagements.

Dave Shade, American middleweight, will return to America via Manila. Young Frisco, welter titlist, and Luis Logan, local light-heavy champion, are anxious to meet Shade.

Speed Cabanela and Harry Fierro were thrown out of the ring by Referee Elino Flores for putting up a comedy. Plenty of Fierro money was in sight before the bout.

Our most promising fighter of the month is Camel Joe, 118 pounds, managed by Emong Tiomico.

The report that Speedy Dado, Dave Shade, and Little Pancho are coming to Manila boosted the stock value of the fight mart here. Ambrose Palmer has been asked repeatedly by local promoters to come over and fight Luis Logan, but the Aussie has turned stone ears to them.

Baby Johnson, 126 pounds, is getting his bearings. His victories over K. O. Cabellero, Vic Amado, and Ventura Marquez place him among the leaders. Young Tarley and B. de Guzman stand between him and the throne.

AMATEUR RESULTS—The national championships staged by the P. A. A. F. saw the crowning of F. Nunag, 112, F. Gabuco, 118, A. Cunanan, 126, N. Sangle, 135, and T. Go, 147 pounds, in their respective weights. The biggest upset of the tournament was the defeat of M. Taguinod, the Columbian Institute's speedy flyweight, at the hands of F. Nunag, National University. These winners are eligible for the semi-final tryouts, which will be held next April (to select the Far Eastern Olympic Team).

FISTIC TIDBITS—Why is Paquito Lituco, Stadium publicity man, so sad and weary these days? . . . . Paquito Villa's hairs are grayer than ever, but his matches are the best in town . . . . P. Escat overhauled the fast dying *Sports Review* from cover to cover and behold! the *de luxe* edition under him was a sell-out . . . . Have you ever heard of a millionaire girl who trains and manages fighters? Well, there's one in Iloilo by the name of Miss A. Trompeta. When her fighters go to the road, she trails behind with her Rolls-Royce. Last but not least, she is a regular reader of THE RING.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS — Rush Binoy drew with Baby Johnson. Young Schmeling stopped Bob Key in fifty seconds. Little Dado trounced Dan Viranda and Joe Brazil. Tony Beltran T.K.O.'d Young Casanova in four. Joe Paraiso decisioned Johnny Custodio, while Young Santos held Speed Cabanela to an even go.

Froggie Fructuoso is now operating the Dreamland Stadium in Cavite. This stadium was held by Eddie Hart for more than twenty years. Young Santos, Cavite champion, sent Joe Rivers to the canvas for the full count in the sixth.

Malabon, Rizala—Naning Sangle and Paquito Limjengco have joined hands in running the Malabon Stadium, and the first card under the new management proved to be a washout.

San Pablo, Laguna—Terrible Pete scored over Con Cordero. Young Teddy, Laguna's newest fistic craze, is billed to meet Terrible Pete, who decisioned him in Manila a month ago next week.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JOHNNY FARR, Cleveland lightweight, proved a fistic failure for the local promoters when he was outclassed and beaten by Baby La Paz, local dusky scrapper. Farr's defeat ended his chances for a bout with Kid Chocolate here.

Prudencio Arce, the little Jack Dempsey of the featherweight division, won an eyelash decision over Santiago Alvarez of Spain. The Cuban youngster is a hard puncher and a colorful performer. Johnny Govantes beat Kid Sila, and Joe Gandin, "El Mudo," won from Young Gallard in ten rounds.

John Herrera, Cuba's light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion, scored a knockout over Angel Kid Sanchez in eight rounds at the Cristal Stadium. Marino Diaz beat Mario Valdes in six rounds. Both flyweights put up a hectic scrap.

Martin Perez, Cuba's trial horse in the light-heavyweight division, won over Frank Ortiz, and Jesus Alvarez knocked out Justino Berrio in two rounds.

Jess Losada, Cuba's popular hombre in the boxing division, is now with *El Crisol*, a new daily newspaper.

Tony Cancela, Florida light-heavyweight, came to Havana to be beaten in ten rounds by John Herrera, the Cuban champion. Joaquin Jorge and Prudencio Arce drew in the semifinal eight, and pleased the crowd greatly. In fact this bout was the cream of the program.

Marino Diaz and Kid Vallespin fought a hurricane six-rounder, with honors going to Diaz, who used a good left hook throughout the contest. Young Arango beat Kid Rapidez in four rounds, and Jesus Alvarez knocked out Young Rodriguez in two rounds.

TOPICS FROM JAPAN

By JOHNNY MASUDA

VICENTE VENTURILLO, the Nemesis of mainland fighters, arrived here for a series of fights under the management of Johnny Masuda. Venturillo tips the scales at 126.

Frank Malinao, husky Filipino scrapper, won the decision over Young Kiyomiya in a four rounder.

Al Camacho of Hawaii, after taking three trips to the resin dust, came back strongly in the fifth to send the Japanese into dreamland. The following week, Camacho lost the decision to Yoshio Nattori in eight rounds.

Kid Willie lost a questionable verdict to Young Abe at Sendai.

Jimmy Hart, colored scrapper from Stockton, has decided to hang up his gloves for good. The former Stockton boy is busy rehearsing Negro and tantalizing tunes and has decided to make ho-de-ho and hi-de-hi popular in The Land of the Cherry Blossoms.

Fighting Nelson, Dommy Reyes, and Fighting Yaba have left the shores of Japan for Manila.

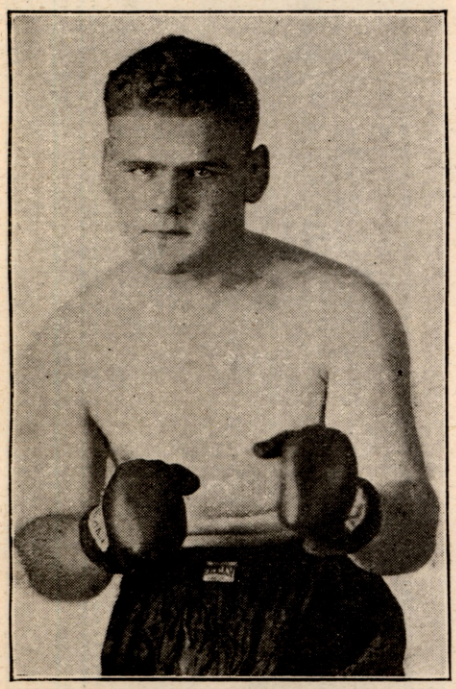
The writer's address is: c/o The Imperial Boxing Association, 5 Minami Teramachi, Yotsuya, Tokyo. If any boxers are coming here, write me.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BOXING in Boston is of the flurry variety. For several weeks there will be very little doing, then there will be a flock of shows more or less closely tagged together. There is very little system or constructive co-operation about it and public interest lapses between spasms. Thus a lot of missionary work has to be done over and over with financial results for the promoters somewhat negligible. Since our last notes to THE RING, Boston has been having another of its hush-hush periods—not a glove flying except in amateur rings. Yet, before these notes reach the public, two clubs, and perhaps three, will be going full blast, but whether merely temporarily, or otherwise, remains to be seen.

The Boston Garden, as concerns boxing, has been folded up for several weeks, but signs indicate an early thaw, at least at such a time as the management feels it can stage a contest that will attract enough of a gate to leave the institution in the black when it is over. It is now negotiating for such a match, the suspected principals to be Sharkey and Hamas, but nothing may come of it.



Red Barry, rugged, two-fisted heavyweight from Washington, D. C., managed by the eminent "Musky" Jackson.

Two other clubs, however, have come into the field—the Goodwin A. C. and the Sharkey A. C., and at this writing both have shows scheduled for the latter part of the month which seem fairly certain of materializing. The Goodwin A. C., named in memory of the late Tom Goodwin, a popular Boston promoter of several years ago, has at its head as matchmaker "Rip" Valenti, one-time manager of Sammy Fuller and other boxers of note. Behind him are supposed to be the Dan Carroll-Phil Buccola managerial groups. The other new organization, the Sharkey A. A., has as its head Dick Dunn, a former manager of the Boston Garden, also one-time associate of the late Tex Rickard, while Jack Sharkey, Johnny Buckley, and one or two others are generally credited as being more than interested in the venture. The Goodwin A. C. will hold forth in the Boston Arena, and the Sharkey A. A. at the Mechanics Building.

The launching of the Sharkey A. A. with Dunn as its promoter came about with the refusal of the Boston Garden to accept an offer made by him to take over its boxing activities for the period of one year. This offer was made several weeks ago and came before the Garden directors on March 10. The terms, not made public, would have taken the boxing business entirely out of the hands of the Garden, while in return it was to have received a stated rental, also a percentage from each tourney staged in its auditorium. The offer was similar to that made the Garden months ago by Johnny Buckley and, like that first bid, was rejected. It was declared at the meeting of the directors that all boxing in the Garden would be conducted under its own management, also that it would lay off the sport until a match could be got together that would more than pay expenses. Following this action by the directors, Dunn turned loose with his Sharkey A. A.

Despite frequent references to Jack Sharkey and his possible return to the ring, we doubt very much if he is again seen in action inside fighting ropes. At the present time, he is a Boniface, and is giving his attention to his Ringside Tavern, a huge thirst-quenching resort running through from Friend to Canal streets, not far from the North Station. To date the place has been a big success, with the number of parched throats that are being relieved a surprise. Sharkey and Johnny Buckley are putting in their days and nights superintending the place and listening to the music of the cash registers.

As may be known to many, Sharkey is the second heavyweight who has worn the ermine to cater in Boston to the wet element. Years ago, following his successful fray with Herbert Slade in New York, an event of August 7, 1883, John L. Sullivan opened a mahogany place at 714 Washington Street, Boston. Others were behind the place, but for weeks Sullivan's name blazed over the door. Finally, when John tended to become one of his own best customers and, in consequence, neglected his business, interest in the place, as well as receipts, faded. The backers of the enterprise finally closed it. Sharkey, a Dry himself, also a shrewd business man, is bound to have better luck.

Following four elimination tourneys the state amateur boxing championships were staged in the Boston Arena the night of March 5, and some very excellent boxing was seen, the best here in several years. Twenty-three bouts were staged, with an attendance of more than 3,000. The winners of the various state titles follow: 112, Gerrado Labelle, East Boston; 118, Al Kerr, Waban; 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, Tony Bent, East Cambridge; 147, James Garrett, Boston; 160, Edward Rossi, Everett; 175, Danny Ford, East Boston; heavyweight, Hildreth Erickson, Gardner.

Outstanding performers in the foregoing tourney were Abe Denner, Tony Bent, and James Garrett. These boys, leaders in the 126-, 135-, and 147-pound classes, showed themselves to be good boxers and clean, hard hitters. Should they eventually enter the "pros," as is likely, seemingly they have a future ahead of them.

The unusually fine showing of the amateurs in the state tourney can be traced to a large extent to the Irish-American A. A., and the series of boxing events this organization has been staging in its clubhouse at 390 Broadway, South Boston. With its small ring, also a hall seating less than 1,000, the place reminds one of the old-time clubs which in former days flourished in Boston and elsewhere about the state. It was in these clubs that was developed the high grade of fighting men, also subsequent trainers and coaches, who won their places in the sun 15, 20, and 25 years ago. Had we such clubs today to serve as feeders for the larger organizations, boxing would snap back very quickly. However, to the credit of the Irish-American A. A., it is carrying on manfully.

In the wrestling field, Ernie Dusek of New York and other places, who a while back gave Champion Ed Don George such a mauling in the Boston Garden ring as to bar anything like an immediate return fray, took Joe Malcewicz of Utica into camp in 1.17.42 on March 8. The bout was staged in the Garden and was rugged throughout, Dusek doing the bulk of the forcing. But one fall was required under the rules, Dusek putting that across with a giant swing and slam.

Tony Shucco of the North End, recent winner of the New England light-heavy title in a ring battle with Al Gainer, the formidable New Haven colored boy, nearly lost his new bauble to Al Rodrigues of Quincy in that city. Rodrigues was the aggressor for much of the way and several times had Shucco in difficulties. The bout went the distance of twelve rounds and was declared a draw. After it was over, it became known that Shucco had a road blister on the sole of his right foot, a painful handicap to him throughout the fray.

Honey Mellody of Charlestown, not the original by that name but a fairly new boy in the 135-pound "pro" division, is beginning to loom as a prospect in the New England lightweight division. For months he has been clicking rather regularly under the guiding hand of Billy Henderson of the Johnny Buckley combination. He scored one of his best wins at Salem, Mass., defeating Pancho Villa of New Bedford.

Another near-Boston youngster to benefit through falling into good hands—those of Barney Fox, the Sharkey trainer—is Louis Barisano of Newton, winner of last year's national amateur title in the 126-pound class. For months, following that blue ribbon tourney, Louis did very little with the gloves. A few weeks ago, however, he was picked up by Fox, put through plenty of training preparation, and turned loose in the "pros." In the Salem show, Barisano won his fourth straight in three weeks when he defeated Joe Geno, a former Golden Glover.

Lou Ambers of New York, who has scored several Bay State victories over the lightweights, to say nothing of successes elsewhere, clicked off another win at Holyoke, where he defeated Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia in Homer Rainault's busy arena.

There was an interesting session up in a Sanford, Me., ring early in the month. Elmer Bizani of Portland held Ray Lopez of Watertown, Mass., to a draw in the feature—then came the semifinal. In the second round of the semifinal one Billy Shore of Portland was stopped by J. Broillard of Sanford. He was given another chance, this time with Buck Gardett, another local light, and was stopped in the third round of that bout—two kayos registered against one victim in one show.

Handy Andy Callahan of Lawrence, once a three-title boy as regards New England honors, but now wearing only his lightweight crown, narrowly escaped a defeat at the hands of Jackie Davis, the former Cleveland lightweight, now of Boston, in the Holyoke ring. Though Callahan did a lot of holding, he won a split decision over Davis which the fans booed.

The arena in Quincy, Mass., where Sam Price is promoting, staged an interesting light-heavyweight bout in which Jack McCarthy of Boston went to a ten-round draw with Harry Allen of Brockton, both of whom are doing a comeback. Jack Sharkey added to the affair by acting as second for McCarthy, a member of his stable. Charley Longo of Boston stopped Ollie Koski of Worcester in the second heat of the slated eight-round semifinal.

Lou Brouillard, the former world's champion, recently came in for a wheelbarrow ride with Promoter Tony Argento of Worcester at the handles of the vehicle. The latter had guessed wrong as to the outcome of a bout and was obliged to take Lou, the winner of the wager, for a ride.

Joe Kaminski of Pittsburgh, Pa., but now hanging his hat up at Holyoke, Mass., encountered Vince Dundee, the middleweight champion, in an overweight bout there. The result, as was expected, was a win for Dundee. In the first two rounds, also again in the wind-up chapter, Kaminski came out of his shell and made plenty of trouble for the champion.

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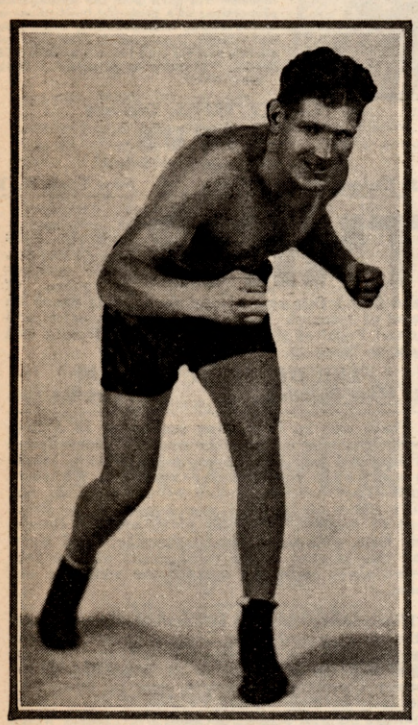
MINNESOTA FISTIC FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

IT has been a good many moons since "RING Readers" have heard anything from this state, hence, with the boxing game taking a turn for the better, we have decided to keep you posted on this and that from this section.

Promoter Johnny Salvator has been staging some dandy cards at the St. Paul Auditorium, and drawing some fairly good crowds.



Natie Brown, now fighting under the banner of Billy McCarney.

Results of the best fights staged in St. Paul during the past month are as follows: Louis Walker, local middleweight, won a decision over Arnie Arnold, another St. Paulite . . . . Larry Udell knocked out Lee Savoldi . . . . Johnny Simpson of Minneapolis won over Frankie Freeman . . . . Ted Reither won a decision over Clarence Hagberg . . . . Pat Arnold lost a hairline decision to Mel Coleman . . . . Pat Chillefone won a decision over Johnny Gould . . . . Pat Arnold took a decision over Lee Savoldi, and Larry Udell scored over Steve Trojack.

Here is what some of the old veterans of this section are doing: Jock Malone, the lad who made all the middleweights step high, as a beer parlor . . . . Johnny O'Donnell, former lightweight, is working in the courthouse . . . . Billy Light is teaching boxing here . . . . Al Van Ryan is working at the Armour Packing Company . . . . King Tut has a beer parlor at Minneapolis . . . . My Sullivan is making plans for a comeback and is working out every day at the Ringside Gym.

Rochester, Minn.—Bobby Reier of Stillwater, Minn., won a decision over Kid Ripley of Charles City, Ia. Bobby Haas lost on a foul to Bennie Arnold; Frankie Kouba won over Lefty Hern; Jackie Rich beat Young Hansen.

Jack Hurley, manager of Billy Petrolle, is at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., seriously ill with stomach ulcers . . . . Jack Gibbons, son of Mike, is handball champion of the St. Paul A. C. . . . . Young Jack is still in the fight game and has the makings of a comer . . . . Johnny Salvator, local boxing promoter, has his hat in politics . . . . Murray McLean, Mike Ferrozzo, and Leo Kossick have taken over the management of Charley Retzlaff and will start him on the comeback trail . . . . Rene Barrett is another one of their heavyweight prospects.

Here is a list of the boxing managers and a few of the boys they have: Murray McLean and Mike Ferrozzo, located at 1742 Margaret Street, have a number of good boys . . . . Frankie Roberts has Jackie Libgott, weight 140 pounds, and Jackie Neitz, a tough welter, and can be reached at 184 E. University Avenue . . . . Abie Harris, c/o Pioneer Press, has Clarence Hagberg, 215 pounds, Pat Arnold, 170 pounds, and Danny O'Shea, 118 pounds, all good fighters. Jack Hussey over at Minneapolis has Johnny Datto at 130 pounds. . . . Jack Brouwers, c/o Ringside Gym, has Jimmy Gibbons, 205 pounds, Mel Colman, 160 pounds, Irish Kennedy, 145 pounds, and Eddie Smith, 130 pounds.

Boxing promoters here are Johnny Salvator, c/o Capitol City Boxing Club, St. Paul; Tommy O'Loughlin, c/o American Legion, Minneapolis; Jerk Doran, c/o Minneapolis Boxing Club.

Redwood Falls, Minn.—Bronko Nagurski of International Falls, Minn., threw Billy Evans of Oklahoma City in straight falls.

Rochester, Minn.—Abe Kashey pinned Allan Eustace in a very good wrestling match.

Readers wishing to send me boxing news can reach me at 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. Please mail same to me not later than the fourteenth of each month. If you wish a reply to your letters, please inclose a stamp.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

TOMMY TIMLIN has unearthed a young heavyweight who is raising havoc in the amateur ranks by winning knock-out after knock-out. The young fellow's name is George (Big Boy) Brackey. He is making his home in Lackawanna, on the outskirts of Buffalo, and his string of K.O. victories has the whole town talking. Brackey was originally from Canton, Ohio, and once was with the redoubtable Jimmy Dunn of Cleveland, who is one of the best teachers of boxing in the world and a corking good manager along with it. The pickings were so lean in Cleveland that Brackey decided to locate in Lackawanna where his mother now lives.

Manager Timlin shot him into amateur competition and he waded through the ranks of the local behemoths and only Earl Conway of Niagara Falls stands between the big boy and the Western New York championship.

Can Brackey take it? That's the question fans have been asking. Well, Brackey fought Walter Potter, former collegiate heavyweight star, and took two smashes on the chin that sent him down for two nine counts, almost out. Instead of quitting, as many heavies do, he got up and forced Potter to withdraw in the next round. Potter claimed an injured hand.

Vince Plunkett is keeping Steve Halaiko busy. Steve fought a draw with Mickey Serrian, whipped Tommy Bland twice, and also defeated Werther Arcelli at Boston.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo featherweight, who is on the Pacific Coast with George Blake, is on the shelf with a broken collar bone.

Bob Clary, veteran bantam, is the proud daddy of a baby girl. Bob is boxing in good form and ready for all comers at 118 to 120 pounds.

The wrestling game is skidding fast here and the writer looks for a boxing boom soon.

Steve Haliako who stepped into first class company when he whipped Werther Arcelli.

Ed Delivuk, matchmaker of the Buffalo Sporting Club, is very ill at the Buffalo General Hospital with heart trouble.

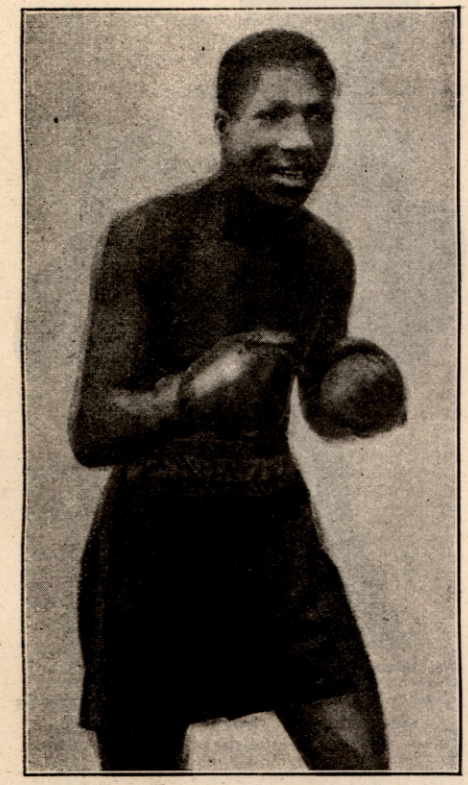
GOSSIP HEARD AROUND TOWN — Information has come to this department that a new open-air bowl for boxing is a strong possibility for Buffalo this summer . . . . Also that a new club will be in the field before long . . . . The only gym operating here is the Mimeo at Jefferson and East Eagle . . . . The town needs a downtown training quarters . . . . Formerly there were three in operation, the Crescent, Red Carr's, and Jack Singer's . . . . Red Carr has a likely looking middleweight in young Hartnett, New York State amateur champion . . . . He punches very well . . . . Carr was formerly manager of the light-heavyweight ace, Jimmy Slattery, now retired from ring competition . . . . Jimmy Duffy, great lightweight of other days, is still a deputy sheriff at Lockport, N. Y.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

STEVE McPHERSON, the globe-trotting wrestling promoter, who has traveled extensively in the search for good wrestling spots, has decided to move to Cleveland. He is enthusiastic about the Public Auditorium here and thinks that Cleveland could be revived into the leading wrestling center of the country.

While boxing is being staged in the smaller clubs, the Public Auditorium is going ahead with big league wrestling. McPherson has lined up an innovation for the fans for his first show of the season and he will insist on two out of three falls. It has always been "one fall and the winnah" heretofore.

Walter Taylor has started wrestling and boxing at the Equestrium. He is drawing around five hundred for boxing and doing a little better on his wrestling shows.



Gorilla Jones, one of the most formidable middleweight contenders, now campaigning on the Pacific Coast.

I have Johnny Risko's okay for the Public Auditorium to box Max Schmeling, Steve Hamas, Walter Neusel, or Charley Massare. Danny Dunn would prefer to take on Schmeling but if he cannot be obtained, he is willing to accept any of the aforementioned group. This will take place at the opening of the baseball season, which was always a good date for Cleveland fight crowds.

Poor Joe Glick came here to fight Joey Spiegal, a tough southpaw from Pittsburgh, and after taking a licking found that he received $36 for his services. The last time Joey showed here was against Billy Wallace and he got in the neighborhood of $3,000, which shows the difference in the times.

Eddie Mead is due to arrive from Miami very soon. He had Johnny Farr whip Eddie Shea there but he got beaten by some kid in Cuba. It takes a good manager like Mead to keep the veteran Farr going every week.

Johnny Risko met an unexpected upset in Miami when he was beaten by Bob Godwin, one of the South's leading light-heavyweights. Johnny always needs a fight or two to get himself in condition and Risko always finds himself looking bad in the first fight or two.

He still feels that he is capable of whipping the headliners of today and would like nothing more than a return match with Max Schmeling or Max Baer.

If Frankie Wallace returns from the Coast soon the chances are that he will be called upon to meet Lew Feldman, flashy New Yorker, who whipped Jimmy Vaughn and Phil Zwick here. Wallace got a tough break with George Hansford on two occasions there, getting a draw in the first and losing the second, though the papers thought Wallace won both of them.

Patsy Perroni is training around New York but happens to find it tough to get started. He has contracts signed with several managers and even that can't help him get started.

Jimmy Vaughn is punching like a heavyweight since he put on a few extra pounds. He scored knock-outs in his last two starts.

Frankie Van is refereeing out on the Pacific Coast—and had a tough one to decide with Babe Triscaro in there against Joe Tei Ken. One judge called it a draw; one gave it to Babe; but Van raised the Coast idol's hand.

The Alabama Kid, who has decisively defeated Sammy Slaughter and Paul Pirrone, won his fight at the Coliseum on the Joe Glick card.

Little Babe Triscaro is still the hit of all the banties around California rings. He is improving with every fight.

Frankie Wallace, another Cleveland boy, has taken California by storm and drew with George Hansford in his first go, though the experts thought Frankie won.

The Cleveland amateur Golden Glove team went over big at Chicago and brought back several winners.

Johnny Papke and Billy O'Donnell piloted the teams up to the windy city.

Charley O'Connell is running amateur shows aroud Cleveland and still conditioning Chief Matowitz' heavy patrolmen.

Bryan Downey is around Cleveland and is going to bring his fighters here from Chicago—and open up a gymnasium down town.

The Downs Brothers, Ollie and Johnny, have taken over the Moose Club and are running weekly amateur shows—and doing well.

With no baseball outside of Sunday games occasionally at the Stadium, there will be plenty of big fights pulled this summer. The boys are trying to induce Steve McPherson to get into the boxing racket here.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THE fifth show of the Diamond Belt tournament was held at the Floral Park before a packed house and was sponsored by the Jefferson A. A. of North Bergen. The summaries follow:

(147-Pound Class—First Round)

Joe Gardell decisioned Al Lemanski in three rounds. Steve Decker won on a T.K.O. over Frank Dematini in the second round. David Clark won on a T.K.O. in the first round over Steve Brodowertzy.

(160-Pound Class)

Joe Clarino won on a T.K.O. over Angelo Calabrese in the first round. Stan Kal won on a T.K.O. over George Anett in the first round. Henry Nofere won on a foul in the third round over Bob Karlson. Joe Yocco won on a T.K.O. in the second round over Ted Tickey. Stan Bal decisioned Pat Dempsey in three rounds. Percy Decker won on a T.K.O. in the first round over Jim Carrich.

(127-Pound Class—Second Round)

Joseph Gross won on a T.K.O. over Vito Gernino in the third round.

The Oakland A. A. got under way with a good card recently. Harry Carlton returned to the wars against Pedro Nevies and after dropping the latter eight times, won the decision. In the semifinal, Bucky Keyes beat Ernie Ratner in eight. Howard Rogers kayoed Jimmy Wilson in the first round of a scheduled eight. Al Morenz beat Baby Jack Dempsey in six rounds, Eddie Massie beat Nick Natalie in four, and Johnny Toomey lost to Marvin Hart in the opening four-rounder on the bill.

The quarter-final round of the *Jersey Observer* Diamond Belt Tournament was held at the home of the Jersey City Hello Bills. The summaries:

(126-Pound Class—Second Round)

Andy Lutz won on a T.K.O. in the first round over Gene Liparini. Frank Avenso won a decision over Vic Conticchio in three rounds. Ed Gray decisioned Joe Weber in three rounds.

(147-Pound Class—Quarter Finals)

William McDonald beat Joe Gardell in a three-round decision. Marra Stanton won a T.K.O. over David Clark in the second round. Harry Hurley decisioned Steve Decker.

(160-Pound Class—Quarter Finals)

Joe Clarino beat Stan Bal in a three-round decision. Percy Decker won on a T.K.O. in the first round over Jack Curley.

At Newark—Humberti Arce stopped Don Petrin in eight rounds. Allie Rowan finished Maxie Fisher in four rounds. Jack Ennis beat Frank Zammoris in six rounds. Frankie Litt kayoed Benny Mazzie in three, while Paul Cortlyn outpointed Eddie Morofsky in the opening four-rounder.

The Diamond Belt mitt wielders entered the home stretch at the West New York Co-operative Hall, where the last of the quarter-finals were reeled off. The winners will fight for the precious Diamond Belts donated by the *Jersey Observer*. The summaries:

(118-Pound Class)

Frank Bodine won on a T.K.O. in the first round from Bud Cleary. Joe Dixon won on a T.K.O. in the first round over Harry Simms.

(126-Pound Class)

Bobby Eggloff won by decision over Andy Lutz. Charlie Marrone won by a T.K.O. in the third round over Emanuel Castelite. Frank Arenoso won by decision over Ed Gray in three rounds. Sam Pizutto decisioned Frank Bassilo.

(135-Pound Class)

Terry Reilly decisioned Harold Dunbar. Louis Pean decisioned Joe Kronk. Bill Marshall won on a T.K.O. in the second round over Gene Guliano. Ed Matyka won on a T.K.O. from John Chropuff in the first round.

(147-Pound Class)

Joe Gross decisioned Jim Leahy. Joey Fasano beat Tony Mack in a six-rounder in Paterson, and Ernie Torres at Elizabeth in an eight.

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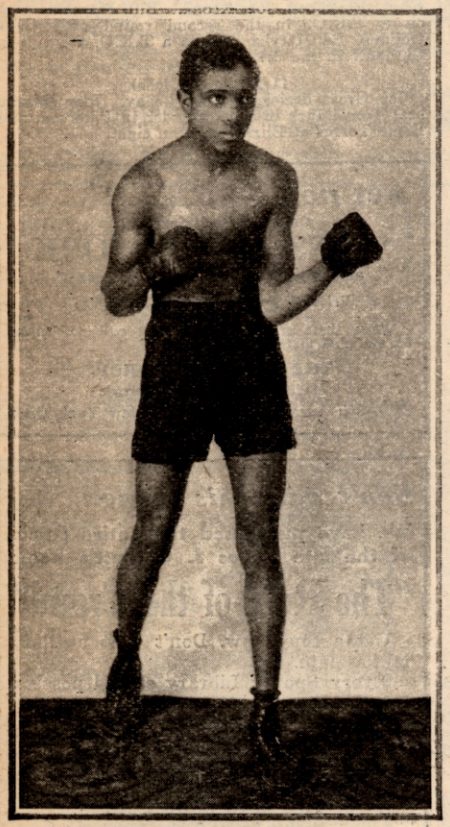
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ERNIE MAURER, Detroit's outstanding bantamweight, has been beaten just once in his professional career. Bobby Leitham, Canada's best bantam, was the boy to turn the trick. Ernie reversed the decision in a return bout, however. Slim McClelland gave Detroit's favorite the decision after ten hard rounds at the Naval Armory in Detroit, although many of those present thought that the fiery Canadian had earned the duke.

Frankie Martin, Montreal, a stablemate of Leitham, made a hit in the semifinal, although he lost the award to K.O. Morgan in six rounds.



Sammy O'Dell, great-looking prospect from Akron, Ohio—now fighting successfully on the Pacific Coast

Manuel Cantera, former Detroit amateur, returned to the ring in a preliminary to outscore the veteran Cliff Chick over the six-round route. Jackie Sherman and Georgie Van der Hayden, Detroit favorites, won their fights in other bouts. Sherman beat Frankie Thomas, Baltimore middleweight, while the former international amateur champion beat Carl Fasnaugh of Toledo.

After promoting the Leitham-Maurer show, Scotty Monteith came back with a show at Arena Gardens. He brought in Georgie Annarino, a bantie from Newark, Ohio, to box Leitham. Annarino lost the decision after ten fast rounds but was signed for another bout at the same club.

Frankie Martin outpunched Frankie Wolfram of Winnepeg in the ten-round semifinal.

George Van der Hayden, promising featherweight, kayoed Battling O'Brien of Toledo in the third round of a prelim, and Jackie Sherman stopped Charley White, a stablemate of O'Brien's, in three cantos. U. S. Chocolate, clever Detroit featherweight, outpunched Ralph Barnett, a good colored boy from Lansing.

Frank Erne is still running high-class boxing shows at the Hazel Park Arena every Friday night. He has wrestling on Tuesday nights. His outstanding show of the month was the revival of the flyweight division. Erne brought together Johnny Thomas, Pontiac Negro, and Bobby Gignac, ex-amateur star from Lansing, over ten three-minute rounds for the state title. Sam Hennesey gave the decision to Thomas.

Foster Young and U.S. Chocolate met in the six-round semi-final and battled six hard rounds to a draw. Ralph Barnett outscored Otto Worth of Detroit in the main preliminary. Dave Runyan, Pontiac, won the first round but was flattened in the next by George Sutka, sturdy Wyandotte middleweight. Jimmy Crawford, Detroit, easily defeated Bobby Nichols, Pontiac, in the curtain raiser.

Art Butterfield of Flint staged a good show for the I. M. A. in that city. Lou Scozza, veteran light-heavyweight, disposed of Harold Anderson, Flint favorite, in the sixth round when he dropped Anderson for the count.

Georgie Van der Hayden met defeat for the first time in his professional career when he lost an eight-rounder to Orville Drouillard of Windsor in an eight-rounder on the same card. Georgie Quackenbush of Grand Rapids scored over Goldie Edenburn, Traverse City, in a sixer.

Jack Bano Rosenbaum, Lansing fight manager, kept his boys busy during the month. Rosenbaum takes care of Bobby Gignac, one of the best 112-pounders in the state; Foster Young, a dandy featherweight; and Ralph Barnett, 130 pounds. He also has Lin Harvey, 160; Ford McGinley, 120; and Norman Gignac, a brother of Bobby, at 120.

Silent Mike McNulty, who formerly made Detroit his headquarters, is in the sunny southland with two Michigan boys. Johnny Miller, Mike's heavyweight, defeated Al White of New York on the titular card in Miami, while Dario Mareno, the Kalamazoo featherweight, had several bouts. He lost close decisions to Russell Gonzales and Gilbert Castillo, and boxed a draw with Baby Joe Guzman.

The Golden Gloves finished up, and Grand Rapids and Detroit sent eight boys each to Chicago, where they boxed in the tournament of champions. Al Nettlow, featherweight from the Naval Armory in Detroit, won the title in his class, while Joe Louis, Mt. Olive A. C., had little trouble taking the honors in the 175-pound division. David Clark, Mt. Olive A. C., was runner up in the welterweight class, while Johnny Bommarito, Saginaw, Patsy Urso, Detroit, and Pete Gregaitis, Grand Rapids, were semifinalists. There were a lot of good amateurs brought out during the Golden Gloves. Some of the best are Joe Nadeau, Cib Black, Stan Ceislak, Gerald Britton, Harold Jones, Walter Smigel, Edgar Waling, Joe Sworek, Dan Maranda, Pee Wee Edgerle, Gary Rosette, Joe Belski, Charley Stewart, Joe Miehielove, Alex Lawson, Johnny McGowan, Chet Anisko, Dorsey Sage, William Kozar, Joe Curry, Amsey Rinnson, Major Brown, Gordon Jeffery, Harold May, Tony Petroskey, Vic Black, Ward Snider, Percy Jones, Joe O'Signac, Ade Lemmer, Verne Bouger, Gus Orysz, Walter Wosinski, Bobby Rings, Harvey Totzke, Barney Gemelli, Pete Loverix, Lorenzo Pack, John Baluck, Rene Dene, Vic Zywicki, and John Mitchel.

Boxing is doing fairly well all over the state at this writing, and with the coming of the outdoor season, should improve considerably. Wrestling is still standing the fans on their heads, and promises to continue to do so. Nick Londes is running banner shows at the Detroit Olympia, and Adam Weismuller has weekly roughhouses at Arena Gardens. About every good-sized town in Michigan has weekly wrestling now. This writer recently put out a list of wrestling promoters, and one can get this for a quarter, as well as the list of boxing promoters. Either of these lists may be purchased from me, 25 cents apiece at Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.

Boxing returned to Jackson with the Koppy-Shea go. These boys met in Toledo some time ago with Koppy winning, and this time Eddie knocked out his Toledo opponent in the third round of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Several Michigan boys are campaigning in other parts of the country. During the month, Mickey Misko, Saginaw middleweight, beat Tommy Habel at Chicago. Johnny Stroppa, Detroit lightweight, drew with Gene Higgins at the same place. Bert Paxton, colored light-heavy from Detroit, lost an eight-round decision to Ford Smith out in Washington, while Leonard Bennett, a welterweight who formerly made Detroit his home, lost to Freddy Steele, and drew with Johnny O'Keefe at Tacoma.

There have been no professional shows at Kalamazoo recently, but there are some pretty good boys who make their headquarters there. The only gymnasium is at the Park American Hotel, and is run by Andy Ness and Freddy Hoffman.

Ward Snider of Flint won the Grand Rapids Golden Gloves championship, and turned pro right afterwards. He didn't even accept the invitation to box at the Tournament of Champions in Chicago.

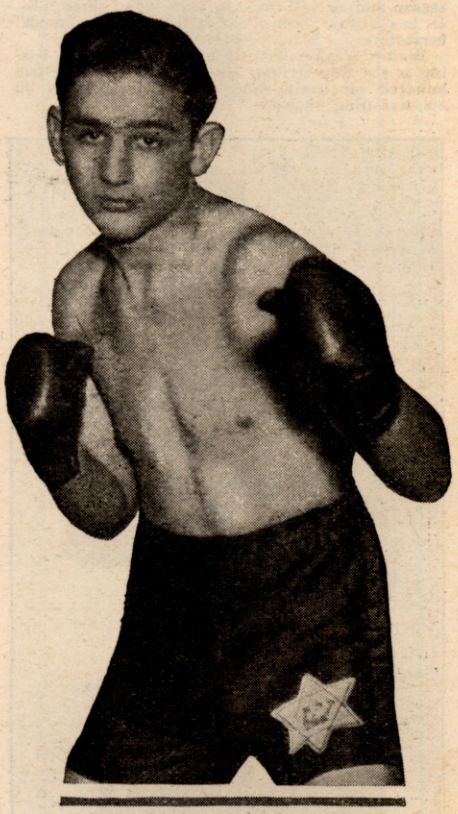
Seal Harris and Frankie Simms, a pair of heavyweights, met in the feature match at Ypsilanti. Harris won the nod. Henry Palmera, Cleveland, knocked out Paul Delaney, Buffalo, in the second round of the semifinal.

Pee Wee Gale gave away six pounds to Johnny Sucarde of Detroit in a six-rounder and was held to a draw. Franklin Young defeated Nick Carter, and Bobby Thomas, Saginaw feather, scored over Jimmy Crawford of Detroit.

Promoter Cullen at Maine City ran two shows there last month. Shaker LePoirs, Port Huron feather, defeated Young Jim Corbett, Algonac favorite, in the main go of his first show.

In his second attempt, Harley Merriman, Deckerville heavy, returned to the wars and lost a close decision to Leon Nichols of Pontiac. Young Jim Corbett stopped Kid Minton of Pontiac; Shake LePoirs technically kayoed Bobby Nichols of Pontiac in the fourth round; and Ernie Conklin, Port Huron light-heavy, kayoed Harry Ritz of Cleveland in three rounds.

Gerard Campbell of Alpena put on another show, and the Alpena favorite, Kid Stevens, scored over Tony O'Cello of Detroit. Tommy Meeking, veteran Windsor welter, stiffened Joe Kolonich of Mikado in the first round. Ernie DeQuoy, Alpena, outslugged Al Belasker, Mikado, in a sensational scrap. Norman Cooley and Billy Prieur, Alpena boys, were other winners on the card.



Jackie Sherman, Detroit's youngster, who is making rapid strides in the welterweight division.

Holman Williams, Detroit welterweight, held the hard-hitting Harry Robertson to a draw in a main go at Hazel Park. Red Casson, Chuck Doris' rugged bantam, made a wonderful finish to beat Speedy Johnson of Pontiac in the semifinal.

Frank Kapanowski took the six-round decision over George Sutke in another Hazel Park main bout. Billy Gerbe defeated Joe Schlagyi, and St. Louis Kid defeated Red Russell of Detroit in six-rounders, and Cecil Lothery whipped Young Ritchie in the four-round curtain raiser.

Harry Fine, veteran Detroit welter, was too tough for Billy Gerbe in eight rounds at Hazel Park. Oscar Cook stowed away Jack Dolak in the last round of their six-session skit. Dick O'Grady, Detroit, licked Joe DeMaris, Hazel Park, in four rounds.

Here is how the Michigan boys stack up at this writing.

HEAVIES: Alex Borshuck, Johnny Whiters, Harry Nelson, Eddie Dorian, and Eddie Anderson.

LIGHT-HEAVIES: Harold Anderson, Charley Long, Oscar Cook, Jack Dolak, and Leon Nichols.

MIDDLES: Freddy Heinz, Jackie Sherman, Frank Kapanowski, George Sutka, and Dave Runyon.

WELTERS: Harry Robertson, Harry Fine, Jimmy Cholak, Holman Williams, and Billy Gerbe.

LIGHTS: Eddie Koppy, Johnny Stroppa, Manuel Cantera, Ivan Harburn, and Georgie Quackenbush.

FEATHERS: Johnny Mitchel, Orville Droillard, Georgie Van der Hayden, Foster Young, and U. S. Chocolate.

BANTAMS: Ernie Maurer, Ken Offet, Bobby Thomas, Red Casson, and Pee Wee Gale.

FLYS: Johnny Thomas, Bobby Gignac, Charley Mitchell, and Baby George Dixon.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

HARRY DUBLINSKY, Chicago's whirlwind left jabber, continues to win in New Orleans and consequently increases the "gate" intake each time he appears for Martin Burke at his Coliseum arena. In his ten-round affair with Billy Hogan, Gus Wilson's welterweight *protege* from Piermont, N. Y., Dublinsky proved he has nothing to fear from the latest crop of fistic lights. He lost only the first stanza.
The next week Dublinsky took on New Orleans' speedy southpaw, Irving Berlier. Berlier was dropped twice before being tolled out in the fifth round.

In opening Jimmy Guest's new and largest outdoor arena in the South at Houston, Texas, Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight champion, displayed dazzling form in completely outclassing Don LaRue, Canadian and holder of the Texas 160-pound belt, in a ten-round set-to.

Eddie Flynn, New Orleans middleweight, could only gain a draw with Charlie Marshall in ten rounds at Biloxi, Miss.

Johnny Chong, young Chinese welterweight, has been the only one so far to break the winning spree of George Salvatore of New England in Texas rings, performing the feat at Beaumont recently.

Emile Bruneau's charges have been faring poorly away from home of late, his welterweight hope, Pete Boscareno, New Orleans, suffering a knockout from the fists of Johnny Blalak in the fourth round of their go in Mobile.

The punitive expedition of three natives of Mexico into fistic circles of New Orleans sadly fizzled. First Rudolfo Camacho, featherweight, was repulsed by Al Jerome, New Orleans, in the fourth of a scheduled ten-rounder. Then Midget Aztec ran afoul of Jimmy Fitzsimmons, Orlando, Fla., bantamweight, in the fourth of their tenner, while Manuel Hernandez, also a bantam, lost all the way to Angelo Musso, New Orleans. Joe Saille scored over Santos Hugo, Filipino bantam, in eight heats.

A number of preliminary lads showed exceptionally well during the month. Nick Camaratta, 125, won two from the best of the local youngsters in defeating Benny Mastasi and George Holmes. Bill Hogroder, 124, lost to Merlin Springer, but there was much doubt expressed, and Desmond Diggs, 133, reversed a previous loss when he beat Adam Cook. Jimmy Beeson, middleweight, returned to the wars and technically kayoed Eddie Manuel.

Although he lost each time, Jimmie Fitzsimmons, Orlando, Fla., received the plaudits of the fans. His conquerors, Joe Saille and Joe Fryou, bantamweights of New Orleans, were extended by the Florida lad.

Curtis Mullen, Greenwood, Miss., welterweight, returned from a sojourn in Texas and Florida arenas to pound out a victory over Gene Tillman, Mobile, on one of Charlie Barrett's popular cards at Mobile. Leslie Rush, Mobile middleweight, lambasted Moon Couns, New Orleans, around for eight rounds to win the semifinal. Battling Burroughs, 145, Pascagoula, Miss., decisioned Claude Platt.

It looks as though Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' brilliant bantamweight, and Dewey Cannon, equally important in Mobile, will carry on their feud indefinitely. Their latest bout at Mobile ended as a draw in ten rounds. Jimmy Barrett, brother of Promoter Barrett, eked out a win over Moon Couns, 160, in the semifinal. Irving Schaffer, Mobile, won easily over Mike Cusimano, New Orleans lightweight.

Leslie Rush and Jimmie Barrett, the Mobile 160-pounders advanced themselves to the main event, met each other, and Barrett is again back in the semifinals, after losing to Rush in ten rounds at Mobile. Irving Schaffer and Russell Tucker drew.

One of the greatest contests ever staged in New Orleans, taken from a standpoint of assimilating and dispensing punishment, took place on one of Louis Ovalasiti's all-Negro weekly cards in New Orleans. The contestants, K.O. White, New Orleans, and Levi Young, Houston, Texas, lightweights, punched without hesitation for ten rounds with White emerging the victor.

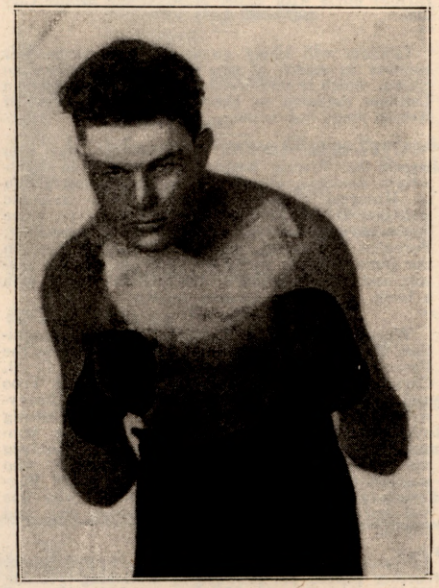
OUTCROPPINGS — "Broadway Johnny" Cox severed his matchmaking job with Morris Sigel and is assembling a stable of boxers at Houston . . . . Max Huddle, erstwhile Golden Gloves participant in Chicago, was technically kayoed by Gus Campbell, West Palm Beach, Fla., middleweight, at Biloxi . . . . Jack Dempsey has been refereeing in some of the smaller communities hereabouts . . . . Amateur boxing is being revived in New Orleans after several months of quietude . . . . A list of active promoters in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama can be obtained from this writer for twenty cents. The address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

AS classy a bunch of welterweights as may be found anywhere in the world are now showing their wares in the Lone Star State. With Tony Herrera, Tracy Cox, Willard Brown, George Salvadore, Ralph Sikes, Richie Mack, Pat Murphy, Midget Mexico, Bobby Garcia, and Curtis Mullens leading the parade, and with Lou Beard and Frankie Graham rapidly growing into the class, it looks as if any welter heading this way had better be well loaded.

Richie Mack, cagy Dallas veteran, was the outstanding performer of the past month. He beat Cecil Lozada in Dallas, hopped to Mexico City and trounced Manuel Villa, Mexican lightweight champ, and drew with Kid Azteca, rated last month by THE RING as the fourth ranking welterweight. He added more prestige by giving the highly touted Billy Hogan of New York a fancy beating at New Orleans. Looks like Mack is headed for the top.

Tracy Cox turned in a sensational five-round knock-out over Eddie Ran. He also beat Ray Kiser and stopped Manuel Zermaneo in one round. Cox is one of the heaviest punchers in the game.



Clyde Chastain, now fighting as a light-heavyweight and doing good enough to keep Texas alive on the boxing horizon.

Willard Brown turned in a couple of nice fights, handing out bad beatings to Sonny Sofio and Lope Tenorio. There is talk of Brown and Cox meeting again in Dallas.

George Salvadore kept his winning streak intact by winning over Johnny Chong, Pat Murphy, and Bobby Cox and stopping Curtis Mullens in seven.

Cecil Lozada beat Pat Murphy twice. Both were close and great fights. Bobby Garcia, clever Houston Mexican, flattened Chuck Evans in seven rounds at Hot Springs.

The state now boasts of three good light-heavyweights. Clyde Chastain, Wilson Dunn, and Bob Davey. Chastain won a close decision over Dunn at Dallas. Davey, a Houston boy, who made his name around Michigan, looks like the best of the three. A stiff, short puncher, he celebrated his return home with a one-round K.O. of Jack Sanders.

Don La Rue has been having it pretty much his own way in the middleweight ranks. He beat Babe Kiser twice, drew with Al Salbano, kayoed Ace King, but lost a great fight to Ralph Chong. A match between La Rue and Hy Liter, El Paso Jewish flash, should be the berries.

Other results over the state:
Pat Murphy kayoed Red Hughes; Babe Kiser beat Billy Light; Frankie Graham showed his class by stopping clever Bobby Battilia in seven; Jimmie Lacoume beat Frankie Garcia; Sonny Sofio did a great job kayoing Johnny Chong; Ed Dunaway won over Ace Devoe; Louis Arriola beat Paul Dempsey; Jay Conlon flattened Buddy McClutcheon; Cullen Williams and Roy Calamira fought ten rounds to a draw; Wilson Dunn kayoed John Pisano in six; Joe Montana beat Bobby Calmes; Kid Leva beat Johnny Page; Charley Light beat Lou Thomas.

Babe Kiser won from Charley Light; Bill Johnson beat Eddie Edwards; Frenchy LeFevre trounced Joey Martinez; Benny Carroll decisioned Al Gordon; Lou Beard leveled his heavy artillery at Nick Santos and K.O. Kitchens but the best the judges gave him were draws; Benny Lindsay beat Bobby Murray; Paul Dempsey won over Sailor Berrera; Johnny Hernandez beat Jesse Villa; Young Wallace lost to tough little Mike Pereira; Joe Murray was kayoed by Johnny Lindsay; Lindsay also stopped Howard Parker but was beaten by Johnny Lacille, promising Galveston lightweight.

Louis Arriola kayoed Blondy Franklin; Alex Huffpauer broke Roy Garza's winning streak; Garza stopped Mike Pereira; Pereira beat Louis Hasso; Johnny Page kayoed Kid Leva; Jimmy Lacoume flattened Bobby Reid; Reid was also stopped by Frenchy LeFevre but won over Jodie Gason; Eddie Murdock drew with Johnny Ferrell; Popeye Huber kayoed Ernie Beckworth; Sammy Alfano drew with Chuck Woods.

George Brown lost a disputed decision to Ed Dunaway; Frankie Graham beat Mike Woolsey; Chief Paris, classy Oklahoma Indian, kayoed George Williams; K.O. Kitchens beat Chato Gonzales; Nick Santos beat K.O. Kitchens and Bill Miller but lost to Johnny Freeman; Davy Jones drew with Bobby Clark; K.O. Kitchens beat Bobby Burns; Burns kayoed Sal Garcia; Albert Farrar kayoed Fred McWilliams; Howard Parker beat Joe Murray; Bob Armstrong won from K.O. Walton; Sal Garcia drew with Johnny Page; Charlie Light kayoed Sailor Seaman.

Popeye Huber drew with Eddie Edwards; Ace King stopped Eddie McMillen and Bedford Pitts but lost to Joe Dundee; Dundee also beat Tiger Le Mon; Perry Knowles won from Frankie Limon; Cotton Whitaker drew with D. Greenfield; Jodie Cason drew with Enrie Epps and beat Chico Alvarez; Marlin Owens kayoed Jimmy Mallory; Billy Parks stopped Dizzy Dugan; Pat Anderson dropped Will Tate; Ervin Berlier beat Manuel Castro; Johnny Lacille gave Paul Dempsey a pasting.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST
By HARRY ANDREWS

TONY Herrera won from Lou Avery, clever Oklahoman, at Fort Worth. Hy Liter, coming Jewish middleweight, kayoed Tommy Collins, Kansas, in three rounds.

Richie Mack beat Cecilo Loysada in ten rounds. Roy Calamira won from Cullen Williams in eight. Young Senna beat Johnny Page in four. Frenchy Lefever trounced Ernie Epps in four.

Hy Liter continued his rise by taking a ten-round decision over Paul Ladd, clever Arkansas middle, at Dallas. Wilson Dunn, wild Oklahoma Indian, technically kayoed Jack Sanders in six rounds.
Cullen Williams and Ray Calamira drew in ten. Cullen should have gotten the nod.

Jack Kilburne, Tulsa, beat Otis Ludlow, Vick, Okla., in the ten-round main event at Amarillo.

Wilson (Indian) Dunn scored a technical K.O. over the fat-paunched Pennsylvania miner, Johnny Pisano, in six rounds. Jimmy Lacoune kayoed Billy Williamson in six.

Juan Zuriga won the Mexican feather title from Joe Conde in twelve rounds at Mexico City. Kid Pancho beat Willie Davies in the semifinal of ten rounds.

K.O. Christner, Akron, Ohio, kayoed Jack Kilburne in the fifth round at Enid, Okla.

Tracey Cox beat Ray Kiser in ten at Dallas. Kiser proved he has seen his best days. Babe Kiser, 155, beat Charlie Light in the semi.

Eddie Ran beat Cowboy Eddie Anderson at El Paso.

Fans, managers, etc., send your notes from any part of Texas, Oklahoma, or Arkansas to the writer at Crisp, Texas.

I have received my copy of *How to Second and Manage a Boxer* and want to say it is the best book on boxing I have ever seen. The medical end of the book is worth $100 to any young second or manager. Nat Fleischer has really helped a much neglected end of the manly art in this book. Get Your Copy Now!

Clyde Chastain won a close verdict over Wilson Dunn in Dallas. The fans booed, but the verdict was O.K.'d — Clyde won. Johnny Page, 139, kayoed Kid Leva, 136, in three. Jimmy Lacoune kayoed Billy Reid in three.

The writer picked Steve Hamas to beat Herr Maxie, and did he click! Hy Liter and Paul Ladd are two fine prospects. After watching a few of the big mat bouts here, we still prefer boxing. Barney Ross and Tony Herrera will have it out in Texas for Junior welter honors, and Barney will win. Billy Edwards, Glen Wade, Paul Jones, and Abe Kaplan are the leading mat men down here.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S ring season is now under way, according to plans announced at the time of going to press. Jules Racicot, youthful promoter of 1931 and 1932, is back in a promotorial role for 1934 and has had his applications for fourteen dates at the Mount Royal Arena granted by the Montreal Athletic Commission, starting on April 4th and 18th, and continuing with fortnightly cards. Popular prices will prevail.

Alec Moore, the shrewd Forum matchmaker, will also get going this month though no announcement has yet been made. Alec has to wait until the hockey season is terminated and the ice removed before lining up a program, and at this writing the amateur teams are engaged in their Allan Cup play-downs and either Les Canadiens or Maroons may drag out the N. H. L. play-offs to the Stanley Cup finals. However, Moore is not likely to lose much time as soon as King Hockey's sunset is seen on the horizon, so the prince of sports will soon be flourishing under the Moore and Racicot regimes.

Bobby Leitham, fiery Verdunite, should be a prominent figure on the coming local cards. Bobby made his mark in Detroit when he split a pair of furious duels with Ernie Maurer, the Motor City idol.

Leitham will likely go to England again this summer in search of the British Empire bantam crown, which is now worn by Dick Corbett, whom Leitham defeated in the course of his tour of British rings last winter.

Al Foreman, Montreal's lightweight star who wears the British Empire and Canadian lightweight diadems, should be another big attraction in Montreal rings this summer. The dynamic Britisher is a hard man to match, however, since opponents are hard to entice into the same ring. Foreman figures on making this his last year in the game, since it marks his fifteenth straight season, and plans to wind up his brilliant career with a bang.

Western Canada is bidding for ring recognition. Alberta has a couple of contenders from the Peace River district in the proteges of C. B. Carignan of Fairview, Alberta, namely, Jack Tebo and Kid Osborne. Tebo is a two-fisted heavyweight battler, while Osborne is a hard-hitting middleweight claimant of western Canada honors. A couple of good prospects from Winnipeg are Ernie Heatherington, a middleweight who has lost only one of his ten bouts, and Bill Bagley, a twenty-one-year-old 169-pounder who has had but four pro engagements, losing one and scoring knock-outs in the others.

Frankie Martin, Bobby Leitham's stablemate, further proved his prowess by walloping Frankie Wolfram in Detroit. Martin scored handily and confirmed the impression that Wolfram's advancing days are over. Gibbs has an unusual asset in the pair, as Leitham wears the Canadian bantam crown while Martin ranks next to him.

Something should be done about fighters claiming to be Canadian champs when they fight in the United States. Tommy Bland, Toronto's overgrown lightweight or junior welter, takes a licking in Syracuse and headlines carry story about Canuck lightweight champ being defeated. It might interest some to know that Bland won an elimination tourney staged amongst a poor lot of fighters a year and a half ago or more and never defended it until he was deposed by Al Foreman in Montreal last fall. Foreman won decisively to earn the right to wear the crown for a second time, the first time any fighter has twice won the Canuck crown.

The vacant Canadian flyweight title may have an owner this summer, judging by the claims going on at present. Quebec City is boosting the claims of Young Lamothe, a lad who has yet to meet defeat, and his manager says he will tour Canada to establish the claim. He won't have to go far as Greggie Gregersen is keen to meet him if he comes to Montreal, or will go to Quebec if he doesn't. It is likely that Jules Racicot will get them together for a titular battle unless Toronto's Steve Rocco figures to provide contention as well.

Amateur boxing is going strong in both Toronto and Montreal. A quartet of lads went from Montreal to the Queen City's big intercity meet at the Maple Gardens and broke even. Steve Neri exposed his chin for a knock-out wallop in 55 seconds of the first round from Don Maitch, Toronto heavyweight, and Myer Alper, Y. M. H. A. idol, lost a close battle to the more experienced Toronto featherweight, Mel Glionna. However, Maxie Berger, Y. M. H. A. flyweight flash, and Tommy Osborne, University Settlement's dynamic lightheavy, came through with sterling performances to make it "even-Stephen."

Montreal's city amateur ring kings were determined after three nights of torrid battling. The new champs, comprising an entirely new slate, are as follows: 100, Mickey Hennessey, St. Albans; 108, Maurice Lafreniere, Richelieu; 112, Maxie Berger, Y. M. H. A.; 118, Douglas Marsh, Black Watch; 126, Henri Pilotte, St. Zotique; 135, Joe Marsh, Black Watch; 147, Joe Coughlin, Griffintown; 160, Henri Auger, Nationale; 175, Tommy Osborne, University Settlement; heavyweight, Steve Neri, C. N. R. A great lot of champs, these boys, and yours truly will be greatly surprised if some of them don't represent Canada at the British Empire Games in London, England, in August. The next big amateur event here is the Provincial Championships on April 23, 24, and 25 at the Mount Royal Arena under the auspices of the Y. M. H. A. Boxing Club.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's rising lightweight star, is one of the most promising prospects in Canadian ringdom. After a brilliant amateur career of more than eighty-five battles, of which he only dropped two by decisions, the nineteen-year-old Ottawa favorite proved his prowess in the moneyed ranks, winning all his seven bouts to date, five by the kayo route. He is a popular performer in Toronto, where he scored impressively, and looks to be headed for the heights under the guidance of Julius Goldberg. That lad has color, class, speed, and two-fisted punching ability.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

"TIGER" WARRINGTON, the Liverpool N. S. heavyweight, K. O.'d the fast fading Billy Holm, erstwhile Durable Dane from Cape Breton, N. S., in the sixth canto after a fair exchange. Warrington should be matched against real opposition now. "Tiger" Murray, protegé of your scribe, did well in his first appearance in a Liverpool ring, since his invasion of Toronto last summer, when he held Tommy Falls to a draw

Bobby Allen and Jimmie Boyne are to tangle in the near future for the lightweight title of the Maritimes, and should produce some fireworks.

Cape Breton boxing has been at a low ebb since the Foreman-Allen joust. The promoters are in the red plenty.

St. John, N. B., is to continue this summer in the promotion field.

Vic. Butland, Moncton, N. B.'s, gift to the light-heavy wrestling ranks, is looking for bookings and is a good performer. He knows the game.

Moncton Police, under Inspector H. Harris, will stage boxing cards this summer with the help of the two well-known promoters, M. J. Shea and yours truly, and will bring the game to the fore in the Hub city. They are to open a first-class gym., and will have in their stable such good boys as Stevie (Kid) McDonald, "Tiger" Murray, "Kid" Hart, Young Jimmie Silver, Carl Tremaine, and Young Eddie Mitchell, all main-bout boys, and some Maritime titles will change hands this year.

Any boy unattached in this section wishing a manager, or boys wishing to perform here, please get in touch with the writer, c/o Maritimes Sports Graphic, Moncton, N. B.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE Mose Butch-Freddie Miller bout at Motor Square Garden and the Massare-Reds Barry heavyweight contest which preceded it in the same ring were the leading fistic events here. Butch carried a sixteen-bout winning streak into the ring, but it was broken when Miller scored decisively over the ten-round route.

Anson Green, colored Homestead slugger, dropped the duke to Tommy Rios, bouncing Mexican gladiator, fighting out of Wilmington, Del.

Nat Litfin, Bill Simendinger's featherweight, who was beaten by Mose Butch previously, came back on all fours to pound out an easy ten-round decision over Frankie Wolfram, star Canadian walloper. In another ten-spot on the card, Jackie McFarland from Ohio edged out Johnny Durso, Smoky City lad. The show was held in McKeesport.

Battling Gizzy captured every round over Don Asto, Uniontown, at McKeesport. In the main ten-rounder, Joe Bazzone, McKeesport, was given a boxing lesson by Cocoa Kid of New Haven, Conn.

Al Quaill, acknowledged leading amateur in these parts, since turned pro, is figuring on doing his fighting in New York. Phil Goldstein, former lightweight boxer, is handling him.

Boxers or managers in this locality—send your news to the writer, Donora, Pa., before the fifteenth and it will be used here.